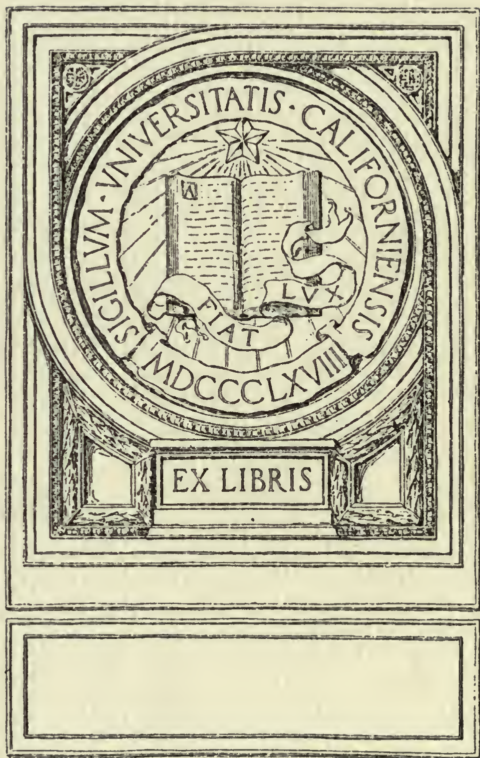
CARPENTER'S GEOGRAPHICAL READER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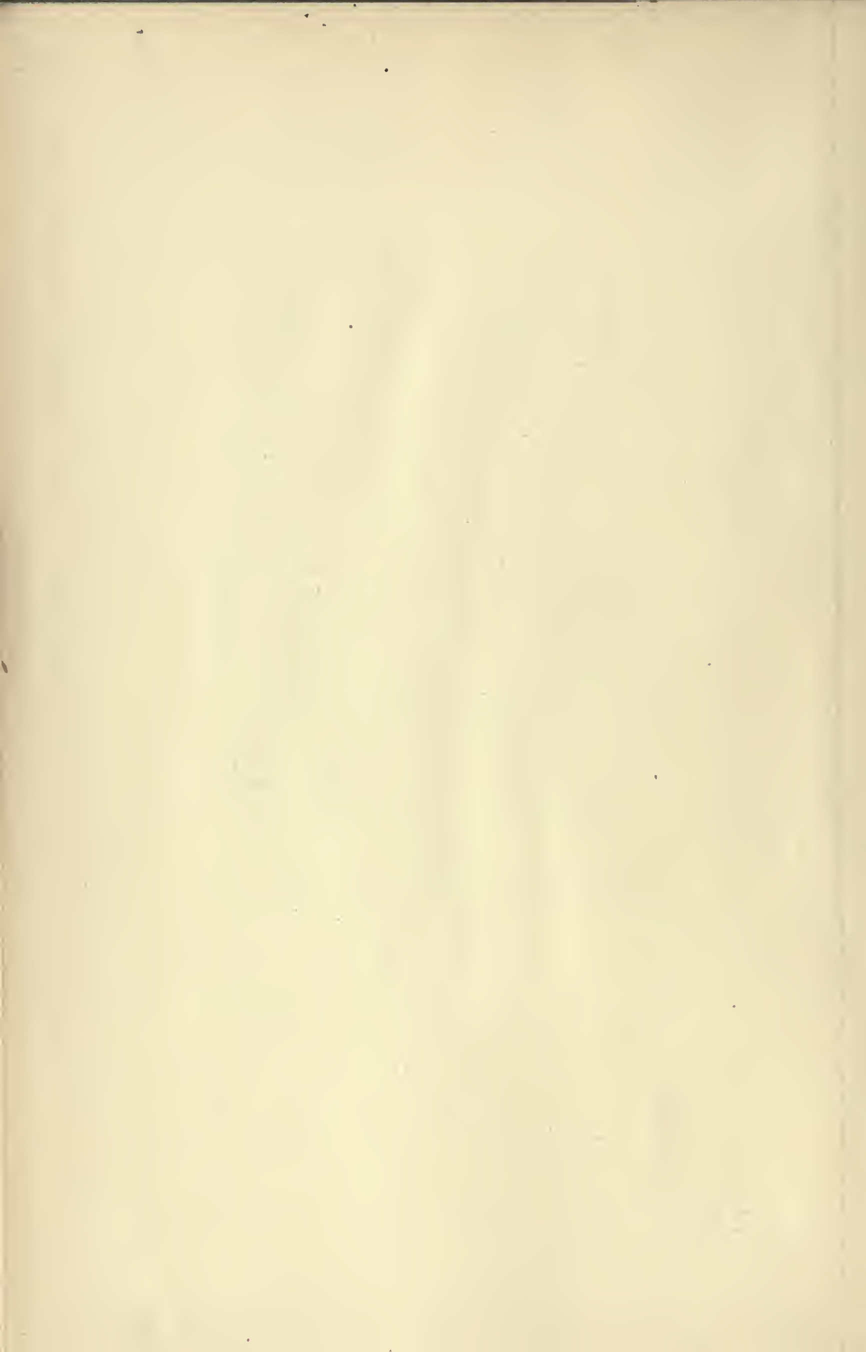

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Frontispiece

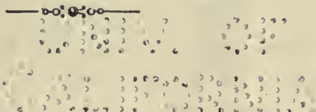
JAPANESE SCHOOL CHILDREN.

CARPENTER'S GEOGRAPHICAL READER

ASIA

BY

FRANK G. CARPENTER



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1911

BOOKS BY
FRANK G. CARPENTER

Introduction to Geography

AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE CHILDREN

Geographical Readers

NORTH AMERICA
SOUTH AMERICA
EUROPE
ASIA
AFRICA
AUSTRALIA AND ISLANDS OF THE SEA

Readers on Commerce and Industry

HOW THE WORLD IS FED
HOW THE WORLD IS CLOTHED
HOW THE WORLD IS HOUSED

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CARP. ASIA.
E. P. 53

PREFACE

THIS book is intended to be used as a reader in connection with the study of geography. It is hoped that it will put life into the skeletons known as the maps and clothe them with the flesh and blood of human interest, making the various countries and peoples of Asia a living whole in the minds of the children. It may be used also for the teaching of reading, the story holding the pupil's attention and at the same time giving him an introduction to the study of geography and training him to think along geographical lines.

Instead of the title chosen, the book might be called "A Trip over Asia with the Children"; for it is the record of a personally conducted tour of the Asiatic continent which is supposed to be made by every child who reads it. It is the children who do the traveling over seas and lands, and it is they who visit their little world brothers and sisters, seeing them at their work and their play, staying with them in their homes and learning just how they live. It is the children who, as they travel over the several countries, observe the geographical features which have so much to do with making those countries what they are, and in creating the industries and the place which their inhabitants have in the commerce and work of the world. In these travels the children learn things by their own experiences and observations. They study the oceans on the steamers, and see the work of the great rivers as they travel upon them in boats. It is the same with the

plains and the lowlands over which they go on foot or on horseback, or by steamer and car, and so also with the mountains they climb and the deserts they traverse upon camels. They study the civilization of the various peoples while amongst them, learning how each is governed, how educated, and all about its industrial life, and especially those features of it which are more or less related to the United States.

The changes of this twentieth century which are still going on in the various countries of Asia are made prominent, and also the influence which those changes may have upon us and the rest of the world. In the description of each country, the author has aimed to leave in the mind of the pupil a definite whole comprising the things he should know concerning it.

The book is to a large extent the result of the original researches of the author, who has made repeated tours to the countries described, including two journeys around the world, during each of which Asia formed a large part. Many of the descriptions were written on the ground amid the scenes pictured, and the most of the illustrations are from photographs made by the author especially for this volume.

To make the text easier to read, the pronunciation of the more difficult geographical names and foreign words is indicated, using Webster's diacritical marks.

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TRAVELS THROUGH ASIA

I. INTRODUCTION

THIS book is to be the story of our travels through the grand division of Asia. Each one who reads it is to be a member of the party, and we shall go together across the oceans and over the mountains, valleys, and plains, noting for ourselves the many strange things and peoples we see. Our journey will be a long one. We shall travel in a westerly direction, and clear around the world before we get back to our homes.

The first men to make the trip round the globe started out about four hundred years ago. They embarked from Seville, Spain, in five little sailing vessels under the command of Ferdinand Magellan, a Portuguese, who had entered the service of King Charles V of Spain. The first stage of their journey was across the Atlantic Ocean to Rio de Janeiro, where they discovered its beautiful bay. They then coasted along the eastern shores of South America to the Strait of Magellan, which was named after their leader. Passing through that strait, they came into the Pacific Ocean, and crossing it landed in the Philippine Islands.

That was almost two years after starting, and the fleet had suffered many disasters. One of the ships was lost before reaching the Strait of Magellan; and, shortly after

that, another deserted, and returning to Spain, reported that the rest of the fleet had been destroyed. A third vessel was burned while in the Philippine waters, and Magellan lost his life there while fighting with the natives of one of the islands. The remaining two ships were taken by the survivors to the Moluccas in the Dutch East Indies, where one of them, the *Victoria*, was refitted and loaded with spices. It was brought back to Spain by way of the Cape of Good Hope and the west coast of Africa, and in September, 1522, came to anchor in the harbor of Seville, having completed the first voyage ever made around the world. That voyage took a little more than three years, and it was full of dangers, hardships, and disasters. The trip around the globe can now be made in less than three months; and if one does not go into the interior of the countries, the travel is as safe and as comfortable as any we have at home.

This tour of ours, however, is not a mere sea trip around the world. It will require many long journeys, and some of them will be difficult ones, embracing all sorts of experiences. We shall go on water and land, by canoe and by steamer, on foot and on horseback, by train and by carriage, and in some of the wilder regions shall need elephants, camels, and perhaps yaks to carry our baggage. We shall make many long jumps, and at times, like Hop o' my Thumb, the little fellow who wore the seven-league boots, may take miles at one step.

We shall get to Asia as quick as we can, and after leaving there come home without stopping. The exploration of a continent is a vast undertaking, and Asia is the largest of all the world's grand divisions. It contains almost one third of all the dry land upon earth. It is larger than North and South America, and both Europe and Africa

RELIEF MAP OF ASIA

could be spread out upon it and leave enough room around the edges for half the states of the Union.

Asia is a land of mountains and plains. It has the loftiest plateaus, and the highest peaks known to man. Mount Everest, in the Himalayas, is over twenty-nine thousand feet high, its top being often hid in the clouds at a point almost six miles above the Indian Ocean which lies just below it. The continent has many mighty rivers, such as the Ganges, the Amur, and the Yangtze; some of its regions are among the best-watered parts of the globe, and many of our journeys will be upon boats. It has also vast deserts; and upon the high dry wastes of Mongolia, Tibet, Persia, and Arabia we may travel on camel-back for thousands of miles and be in sand and rock all the way.

This wonderful country has all sorts of climates. Its northernmost parts are hidden by ice, while the lands farthest south lie not far from the Equator. Northeastern Asia extends out into Bering Sea, almost touching Alaska. On the Siberian tundras we shall need furs and sleeping bags to keep out the cold; and in the south shall almost roast in the thinnest of cottons. In the north we may use dogs and reindeer to drag us over the snows; while in Siam and Burma, elephants will carry us on our way through the jungles.

A country of so many climates and soils should raise all kinds of crops. In northern Asia and on the highlands of India, wheat and other hardy grains are produced in abundance, while lower down are to be found cotton plantations. Asia is a land of tea and silk. It has some of the richest of rice fields; and it yields fruit of every description from the pears, apples, and peaches of the north to the bananas, pineapples, and mangosteens of those regions which lie in the tropics.

Most interesting of all, however, are the people. Asia has always been one of the most important parts of the world as regards its population. History tells us that it is the oldest of all inhabited countries, and it is believed by many to have been man's first home. Our own ancestors of the long ago are said to have come from India, whence they made their way north into Europe. They populated that continent, and later some of their descendants crossed the Atlantic to found the New World. Asia also contains the lands of the Bible. It was the birthplace of Jesus, and the home of Adam and Noah and of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.

The whole earth is said to have about sixteen hundred million people, and of these more than nine hundred millions are Asiatics. They number, therefore, more than one half of the whole human race, and, considering the world as one vast family, are largely in the majority. Let us stop for a moment and see what that means.

If all the men, women, and children on this big round globe could be gathered together into one field, more room would be needed for the people of Asia than for all of the others. They would take up more than half of the field, and as we looked at them they might seem very strange. One third of the whole crowd would be of the Mongolian race, having yellow skins, and eyes which are slanting and of the shape of an almond. The majority of the Mongolians would be Chinese, the boys and men having their heads shaved up to the crown and long braids of black hair hanging down from their scalp locks. There would be millions of gayly dressed Chinese women hobbling along on feet so tied up that they could not move about without pain, and a vast number of Chinese children dressed in gowns. There would also be millions of brave little Japanese men

as straight as an arrow and Japanese girls with yellow babies tied to their backs. There would be yellow-skinned, slant-eyed men from Siam with their hair standing out over their heads like the bristles of a shoe brush, and light brown men from Burma with their hair done up on the tops of their heads.

There would be hundreds of millions of dark-faced people from India with features like ours; and here and there, moving in and out through the crowd, yellow-skinned Koreans in gorgeous gowns which fall from their necks to their feet. There would be many men wearing turbans and gowns, and some dressed only in sheets. There would be silk-clad maidens from Burma with plugs in their ears as big around as your thumb, and dark-faced Hindu women wearing white cotton, and with rings on their fingers and bells on their toes. There would be sober-faced Persians of a sallow complexion, Arabian Bedouins as black as a negro, and fur-clad Siberians with copper-hued faces. There would also be Syrians, Armenians, and Turks, each in his own costume, but having many things in common with the rest of the crowd.

If we should continue to watch these people from Asia, we might observe that they do but few things as we do. Most of them sit on their heels instead of on chairs, and millions of them use wooden pillows and sleep on the floor. The majority of the men dress in gowns of one kind or other, and many of the women go about with veiled faces. We should find that their religions and ideas are different from ours. Millions of these people worship the prophet Mohammed; others take the laws of life as laid down by Confucius; while many follow the teachings of Buddha, a prophet who lived more than five hundred years before Christ.

Moreover, if we could follow them to their homes, we should discover that each race and country has more or less civilization, and that in some respects many are quite as advanced as ourselves. They have mighty cities containing hundreds of thousands engaged in all sorts of trade. Some nations have millions of farms as well kept as we keep our gardens, and also stores and factories and temples and schools without number.

In many places the people can show us ancient structures which are still among the world's wonders. Of these are the walled cities of China, the feudal castles of Japan, the Golden Pagoda in Burma, and the beautiful Taj Mahal at Agra, North India. We shall also find many modern buildings in course of construction, and shall learn that these eastern countries are changing and their people are adopting many of the inventions and ways which, until within a few years, were common only to us and to the others of our race in the lands of the west. But we shall see all this much better as we proceed with our travels.

2. FROM AMERICA TO JAPAN ON A BIG OCEAN STEAMER

OUR first trip is to be across the Pacific, and we shall sail from America for the land of Japan. The Pacific is the largest of the oceans. From north to south it is more than three times as long as the distance from New York to San Francisco; and between the Western Continent and Asia, as it goes toward the south, it spreads out in the shape of a gigantic fan, forming, as it were, a great liquid wedge between our world and that on the other side of the globe. The edge of the wedge is driven in between

the two great bodies of land at Bering Strait. At that point it is less than forty miles wide, a distance so short that it is said on clear days one might sit in his reindeer sledge in Alaska and see the cold hills of Siberian Russia. The wedge widens rapidly as we go to the south, and if we attempted to cross it along the line of the Equator, starting

"The ship itself is a wonder."

in South America, we should travel ten thousand miles before we came to the Moluccas, the group of islands where Magellan's ships landed on the other side of the Pacific.

If we sailed from Lower California along the Tropic of Cancer, we should have eighty-five hundred miles to go before we reached China; and from San Francisco to Yokohama, Japan, a little farther north, the distance is about forty-five hundred miles. This last route is along one of the great highroads of the Pacific Ocean, but a still shorter way can be found by going to Vancouver or

Prince Rupert and taking a Canadian vessel, or by sailing on one of the big American steamers from Puget Sound to Japan. The latter route is the one we shall travel.

Our vessel is one of the greyhounds of the Pacific. It is propelled by steam, and the distance is now a matter of hours rather than space. It will take us from ten to twelve days to go from North America to Asia, and we shall be quite as safe on the boundless deep as in our own house at home.

The ship itself is a wonder. It is one of the palaces of the ocean, and is made almost altogether of steel. It is about five hundred feet long, and more than fifty feet wide. It is long enough to stretch the whole length of the average city block; and it would fill the street from side to side. The vessel is as high as an eight-story house, and it has as many rooms as a large hotel. It has its parlors and kitchens, its sleeping rooms and bathrooms; and it contains a butcher shop, a bakery, a carpenter shop, and all sorts of machinery. The dining room is so large that several hundred can sit down to the tables at once, and we find the food quite as good as that we have at home. Our waiters are yellow Chinese boys dressed in blue or white gowns, and we order by the numbers which are marked opposite each dish on the bill of fare.

We are delighted with our cabins, the little rooms which form our homes throughout the voyage. Each room accommodates two of us, and we sleep in two narrow beds or bunks built against the wall one over the other much like the berths of a sleeping car. The room has a sofa as well, and also places for washing and hooks for our clothes. It has an electric bell, by which we call our Chinese room boy, and it is lighted by electricity.

The great steamer has hundreds of such rooms. They

run from story to story, down to the lower decks, which are filled with a cargo of wheat, flour, and other merchandise which we are taking from the United States to our customers in Japan and China. The whole interior of the ship including the machinery is incased in a shell of steel not much thicker than your little finger, and it is this alone that keeps out the sea. It is in this shell that we are to travel over more than four thousand miles of water without once coming in sight of land. We tremble a little as we think of the dangers, but the captain says that the loss of life on big ships is comparatively small, and that we are really much safer than we should be on land.

Soon after leaving, we go down below the decks to see the mighty machinery which is noiselessly but steadily forcing our great vessel on its way through the ocean. The engineer tells us that his engines represent twenty thousand horse-power, and that it would take a compact line of two-horse teams more than twenty miles long all pulling at once to equal their force. He shows us the fuel that is daily required to feed them, and says it takes several thousand tons of coal to make the steam for each voyage. It is a big dwelling house that uses twenty tons of coal in one year. Our steamer burns several hundred tons every day, and enough in one voyage to supply a hundred such homes with fuel all the year round. Indeed, many a large village does not use so much coal in twelve months as we shall consume in the two weeks we are traveling.

We stay awhile, far down in the hold, watching the half-naked Chinese shoveling the coal into the furnaces. It is hot, and the perspiration stands out on their yellow skins as they throw the black lumps into the fire. There are thirty-two of them so employed, and they are divided

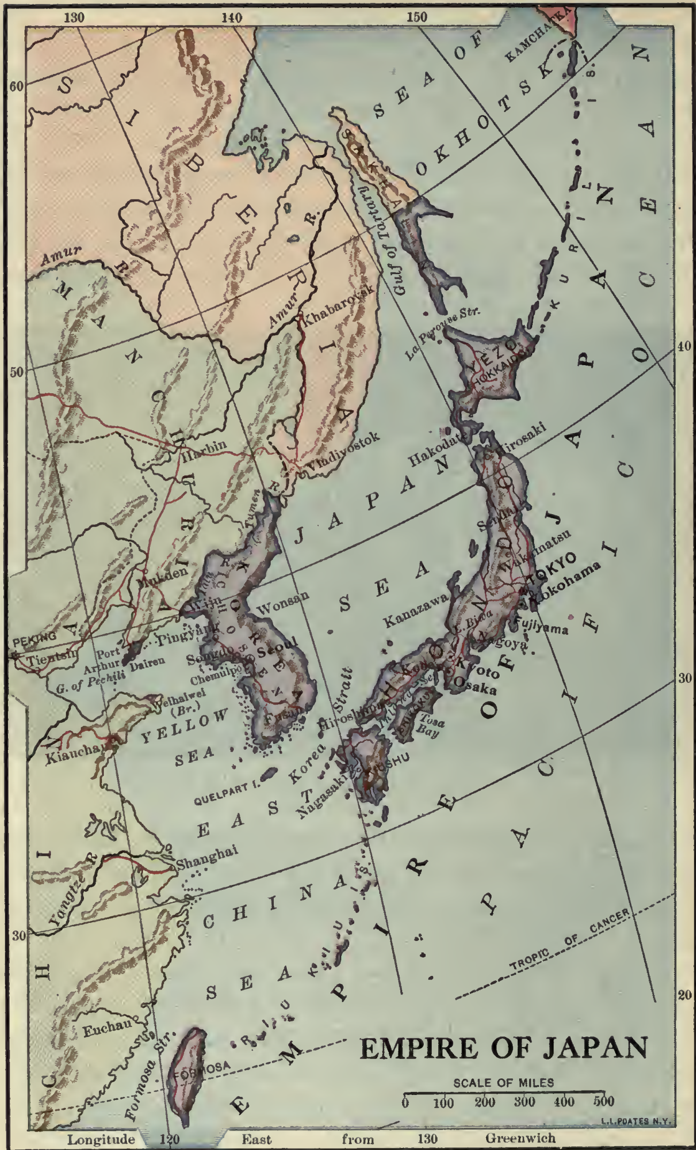
into gangs of eight, each laboring six hours at a stretch. The shoveling goes on all day and all night, never stopping from the beginning to the end of the voyage.

Coming again upon deck, we find ourselves far out at sea. There is no land in sight, and the captain tells us we shall see none for ten days, or until we reach the islands along the east coast of Asia. We shudder at the possi-

"The shoveling goes on all day and all night."

bility of breaking down in these watery wastes of the Pacific, where we might float for days and weeks without meeting a steamer; and we wonder what we should do in case of a wreck.

We feel a little safer a few days later when the captain says we are just off the Aleutian Islands, and that the course here is so near the shores that the passengers can sometimes hear the foxes bark as the ship goes by. We next approach the Kuril (kōō′ril) Islands, a rocky chain belonging to Japan, and then turn to the south and sail for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EAST CHINA SEA
PACIFIC OCEAN
EMPIRE OF JAPAN
CHINA
KOREA
KURILE IS.
SAKHALIN
Gulf of Tartary
La Perouse Str.
YEZO
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HONDO
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Vladivostok
Tumen R.
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Wiju
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several days well out at sea along the Japanese coast. The weather now grows steadily warmer, and it seems to us we can almost smell the land of Japan. We go southward some distance out from the island of Yezo, and have sailed halfway down the coast of the great island of Hondo, when one morning our Chinese boy awakes us with the cry that land is in sight and that we shall soon be on Asiatic soil.

3. THE ISLAND EMPIRE OF JAPAN

JAPAN! What a wonderful country it is! It is the island empire of the Far East, one of the most beautiful lands on the other side of the globe. Lying as it does in the deep waters of the western Pacific, the country winds in and out like a snake from southwest to northeast, a distance of more than two thousand miles. This snake is made up of hundreds of mountainous islands, and it drags its length through almost every climate known to man. Its tail, formed by the island of Formosa, lies in the warm waters just above our Philippine Islands, flapping as it were upon the Tropic of Cancer. It thus makes Japan our next-door neighbor.

Farther north the snake sinks the lower part of its trunk under the waters of the Kuroshiwo or Black Current, a green island speck showing out here and there, and then rears it up for eleven hundred miles in the islands of Kiushu (kyōō′shōō′), Shikoku (she′ko-kōō), and Hondo, embracing every gradation of the Temperate Zone. Its gigantic head is Hokkaido (hōk′ki-do) or Yezo. This lies in the cold waters of the northern Pacific, and is shrouded in snow during the long winter months and at times bedded

in ice. Still farther north, running out like a horn from one side of the head, is the lean Kuril group which almost reaches Kamchatka in Russian Siberia, and on the other side the island of Sakhalin (sa-ka-lyēn′), the northern half of which is still subject to Russia. Japan controls also some of the mainland in southern Manchuria, and the peninsula of Korea now belongs to the empire.

The main portion of this snake embracing the islands of Hondo, Shikoku, and Kiushu forms the principal part of Japan. It is the home of most of the people; and it contains all the great cities. It is that part of Japan which has most to do in the work of the world, and it is there that much of our time will be spent. The climate of this section is delightful, and the air is so loaded with moisture that even in winter the land is emerald green. Now and then the snow falls on the northern part of the island of Hondo; but the green grass shows out through the white, and the plum trees are in blossom in the midst of our winter. The country is one of forests and flowers. The people call it the land of the chrysanthemum, and the camelia and magnolia grow wild upon its green hills. The cherry tree is cultivated for its blossoms, and while it is blooming the Japanese have picnics when old men and old women, young men and maidens, and even the children wander about through the trees, and, inspired by the sight, write verses of poetry which they tie to the branches.

There is no land in the world which has a greater variety of beautiful scenery. Japan is composed of mountains and valleys. It has many small plains, and the plains and valleys are covered with farms. It has beautiful lakes, and numerous rivers flow down its green hills. Hundreds of waterfalls give it fine water power which is now being applied to the running of factories.

Many of the mountains are lofty, and all are so clad in verdure that one can hardly believe that the whole country

"That cone is Fujiyama, the famous sacred mountain of Japan."

was once made up of volcanoes. As we come near the coast on our big ocean steamer, the sight that first meets our eyes is a white mountain cone which hangs like a silver cloud on the western horizon. It increases in size as we come nearer, and a long hazy blue line of coast shows out below it through a thin veil of mist. That cone is Fujiyama (fo͞o-je-yä′ma), the famous sacred mountain of Japan. It is more than twice as high as Mount Washington, and during the greater part of the year is covered with snow. Fujiyama is an extinct volcano, and it may some day again burst forth. As we come nearer still, we can see the vapor arising from another volcano on an island

farther off to the south, and we are told that we shall be traveling in and out among volcanic islands as long as we stay in Japan. The country has about fifty steaming volcanoes, and there are other mountains which although now quiet may at any time break into eruption. The islands contain more than one thousand hot springs, where the people enjoy steam baths given by nature.

A land like this is sure to have earthquakes, and Japan has so many that its capital, the city of Tokyo (to′kē-ō), is said to feel one or more shocks every day of the year. In the past the people believed that the trembling of the earth was caused by a gigantic fish which lived in the sea and now and then bumped its nose or struck its tail against the shores in its anger. To-day the Japanese have as correct a scientific knowledge of earthquakes as any other people. Connected with the Imperial University is a professor of earthquakes, and we can find out more about such things here than in any other part of the world.

Indeed, it is quite likely that we may feel an earthquake during our tour, and if it should be a serious one, I am sure we shall never wish for another. One happened about two centuries ago which destroyed the Japanese capital, and in which two hundred thousand people lost their lives. The same city had a terrible earthquake in 1855, during which sixteen thousand houses were thrown down and many people were killed.

It was in 1894 that I narrowly escaped death in a great earthquake in Tokyo. At that time the ground rose and fell like the waves of the sea. It cracked open in many places, and some of the buildings connected with the palaces of the Emperor were thrown down. The Parliament Houses were damaged, the home of the United States Minister was almost wrecked, and several foreign

buildings were entirely destroyed. When the first shock came, I was sitting in a room on the second floor of a large office structure, belonging to the government, talking with one of the officials. All at once the walls began to move and the floor trembled under my feet. At the same time the clerks began to run through the halls, and my Japanese friend cried out: —

"It cracked open in many places —"

"It is an earthquake! Come, we must run!"

We did so, only to see the greater part of the building fall to the ground immediately after we had left it. Since then I have visited Japan several times, and have felt many slight shocks, but none which has caused any great damage or loss of life.

One of the most important features of Japan is its numerous fine harbors. The chief farms and factories are

nowhere far from the sea, and the people can send their products cheaply to market. Almost every island has beautiful bays, and west of Kobe (kō′bĕ) is the Inland Sea, a long, narrow strip of the ocean almost shut in by islands, abounding in inlets and harbors in which the water is quiet all the year round. These excellent harbors have aided in making the people a seafaring nation, and we shall learn that their ships now go to all parts of the world.

Another interesting feature is the great ocean currents which wash the shores of the islands, tempering their climate at all times of the year. One of these is the Kuroshiwo, or the Black Current, whose waters in fine weather are of an indigo blue and ashy pale on cloudy days. The Kuroshiwo might be called the Gulf Stream of the Pacific. It is warm, and it acts as a hot-water plant to increase the heat of the eastern side of the islands along which it flows. At the same time the western shores are made cooler by cold ocean currents flowing down from Siberia. These currents bring vast numbers of fish into the Japanese waters, giving employment to several millions of fishermen, who use more than four hundred thousand boats in the work. The fish are delicious, and we shall eat them in our travels all over Japan.

But let us take a little closer view of the islands which compose the Japanese Empire. Some of them are mere rocks jutting out of the ocean, and many are no bigger than a good-sized farm. There are others as large as some of the states of our Union, and all together they comprise enough territory to support many millions. The total area of Japan is far greater than that of the Kingdom of Italy, and it is more than half again as large as Great Britain and Ireland. If all the land of the world could be

collected together and divided into three hundred and twenty-five fields, that belonging to Japan would be more than enough to cover one of them. The five largest islands running from Formosa to Yezo contain most of the land. Formosa is about twice the size of the state of New Jersey, Shikoku and Kiushu taken together equal the state of West Virginia, Yezo is as big as Indiana, and Hondo is as

"The Ainos live in rude huts —"

large as New York and Ohio combined. In addition, on the mainland of Asia is Korea, which is about twice the size of Ohio.

As to Yezo and Formosa they are to the rest of the empire as our partially settled territories are to the most populous states of the Union. Yezo might be called the Japanese Alaska, and it has, among its population of more than a million, a few natives, called Ainos, who are not much more civilized than our Eskimos. They live in rude huts and have so much hair that they have been nick-

named the hairy men of Japan. Formosa, which was gained by war from China, has many savages who live in the mountains. Some of them are head-hunters, of whom but little is known. Formosa has also many Chinese. It produces a vast deal of rice, camphor, and tea.

Japan proper has all together more than fifty million people, and with Korea and Formosa over sixty-five millions. The great majority of them are on the island of Hondo, which is so large that the people speak of it as the mainland. It forms the heart of Japan, and contains Tokyo, the capital, where Parliament meets and where the Emperor lives.

It is upon Hondo that have taken place the chief events of Japanese history. It has been the residence of the emperors since the days of Jimmu Tenno, who lived six hundred and sixty years before Christ, and it was the seat of the great revolution of a half century or so ago by which Japan came out of her seclusion and made herself one of the great powers of the modern world. It was of this island that Marco Polo wrote when he returned from China bringing his stories of Cipango, an island off the coast of East Asia which was loaded with gold, and it was this land that Christopher Columbus hoped to reach first when he started out on his new route to China and discovered America. We shall look in vain for Japanese gold, although Marco Polo said that the very dogs of the country wore golden collars and that "the roofs and floors of the Emperor's Palace were entirely of gold, the latter being made in plates, like slabs of stone, a good two fingers thick."

The islands of Japan have very little gold, although they produce iron, copper, and silver, and have large deposits of petroleum and coal. Some of the coal mines extend far

out under the sea, and there is one such mine, in the western part of the empire, which has more than fifty miles of tunnels all under the ocean, some of them lying sixteen hundred feet below the surface of the water.

4. YOKOHAMA, A JAPANESE SEAPORT

IT is at the island of Hondo that we come to anchor at the close of our voyage. We have left the open sea, and entered the great Bay of Tokyo, and are now lying inside the breakwaters in the harbor of Yokohama surrounded by shipping from all parts of the world. There are steamers from China, Formosa, and Siberia lying at anchor. There are great German ships which have made the voyage from Hamburg by the Mediterranean Sea and the Suez Canal. There are English vessels from Southampton and Liverpool, French steamers from Marseilles, and craft of various kinds from Australia, South America, and the United States. There are English, German, and American men-of-war, belonging to the squadrons which these nations keep in this part of the world; and many queer-looking native boats or junks with sails ribbed with bamboo poles from different parts of Japan. There are also Japanese steamers coming in and going out, as well as fishing craft and freight boats of all kinds. There are steam launches from the hotels, which have gathered round our ship; and many little passenger boats called sampans paddled by brown-skinned men who motion us to jump in and ride to the shore.

We wait until the health officers have finished their examination to see that none of us has any infectious

disease, and then give over our baggage to the little brown men in the sampans. They stow it away and lend us a hand as we step into their boats. It is but a short trip to the wharves; and within a few moments we are at the customhouse, where clerks in uniform examine our trunks, looking for opium and goods to be taxed.

Leaving the customhouse, our first sight is a crowd of jinrikisha men waiting to be hired. They are lusty brown fellows dressed in loose-fitting shirts and short tights of blue cotton. They wear stiff round hats covered with blue and of the size and shape of a butter bowl turned upside down. Their legs are bare to the thighs, save for the straw sandals held on to their stockingless feet by straw ropes across the insteps and toes. Each man stands by his jinrikisha and motions us to get in, pointing to his stout legs as he does so as though to say he can go very fast.

"— other jinrikishas dart by us —"

As we take our seats we see other jinrikishas dart by us filled with all sorts of people. Some are occupied by ladies and gentlemen, others by children going to school, and some by business men on the way to their offices. The jinrikisha is the cab of Japan. It is like an old-fashioned baby carriage with two wheels as large as those at

the front of an American buggy. It has a pair of shafts just wide enough for a man to stand between them; and it is usually pulled by one man, although he is sometimes aided by another who pushes behind. Some of the best runners can drag a jinrikisha carrying one passenger eight miles an hour, and many will travel almost as fast as a horse. We pay ten Japanese sen or about five cents of our money a trip. The rate for an hour is ten cents, and we can drive our human steed all day long for one dollar.

It is in jinrikishas that we explore Yokohama. We ride around The Bund, the wide road which skirts the sea, behind which are the principal exporting houses, clubs, and hotels. We are then pulled through the streets which lie farther back, and take short tours out into the country, passing by miles of queerly shaped houses, many of which have windows and walls of white paper. We spend some time in the stores, go to the post office for our mail, and then come back to the hotel for the night.

Yokohama is now one of the great ports of the world. Its population is already about as large as that of the city of Buffalo, and it grows very fast. The place is especially interesting to us because it marks the beginning of our relations with the Japanese people and also the opening of Japan to the trade of the world. This event occurred about the middle of the last century, when Yokohama was but a small fishing village. It was at that time that our Commodore Perry landed here and made the first treaty between Japan and the United States. Before that the Japanese would have nothing to do with foreigners. They refused to allow them to come into their country. They knew but little about us and our civilization, and did not care to trade or associate with the rest of the world.

When Commodore Perry showed them the presents he

had brought from America to give to the Emperor, they were greatly surprised; and this was especially so when they saw some telegraphic instruments, and a toy railroad train. The Japanese had not heard of such things, and it was hard to make them believe that they were of practical use. They opened their eyes wide when they saw that messages in their language could be sent over the wires quite as readily as in English. They were anxious to ride upon the toy train, and in order to show how it worked, Commodore Perry and his men laid a circular track outside Yokohama, and the little cars were run around this, carrying a few passengers each trip. The cars were so small that the Japanese could not get inside them, but they climbed upon the roofs and held on tight, their gowns flapping in the breeze as the tiny steam engine carried them flying around the track. To-day Japan has more railroads in proportion to its size than any other part of Asia. It has trunk lines connecting all its chief cities, and electric cars in the principal towns. The country has thousands of telegraph offices, and its people send telegrams by the tens of millions a year. Both the telegraph and railway systems belong to the government; and we are told that they are well built, and well managed, and are run at a profit.

When Commodore Perry landed, Japan was doing almost no business with the rest of the world. It was secluded, and its people were backward in all branches of modern civilization. To-day Japan is one of the chief exporting and importing nations. Its commerce amounts to many hundred million dollars a year, and several thousand foreign vessels annually enter its harbors to bring in or take away goods. The empire has some of the best of modern steamers, and Japanese ships start out every week for China, India, and Europe, and eastward across the

Pacific Ocean to us. It has vessels going to Manchuria and Siberia, regular lines to Korea and Formosa, and also some to Australia which stop at the Philippines on the way. It has large fleets of steamers and sailing vessels and more than twenty thousand junks and other native sailing craft. From being the most secluded of nations, Japan has become one of the most open and hospitable. It now welcomes all strangers and trades with all parts of the world. Its people are noted for their courtesy and refinement. They are active and progressive, and are esteemed by all as a very great nation.

5. TOKYO, THE CAPITAL OF JAPAN

IT is about a half hour by train from Yokohama to Tokyo. The two cities are only eighteen miles apart, and the sea is in sight almost all the way. We are carried through green fields spotted with blue-gowned, big-hatted men and women, half doubled over, weeding the crops. We pass numerous orchards of pear and plum trees, the branches of which are so trained upon framework that they form green roofs shading the ground; and go by village after village of thatched houses with smoke coming out at the ends of their roofs. We see some large factories on the outskirts of Tokyo, then shoot through a maze of dark-colored houses, and finally land in Shimbashi, one of the busiest parts of the Japanese capital.

Leaving the cars, we make our way with the clattering throng to the doors of the station. There are hundreds of passengers, many of whom wear wooden sandals, which clap on the stone floors as they walk. All are polite, and

they bow again and again almost to the ground upon meeting their friends.

Outside the station hundreds of jinrikishas are waiting. Their blue-coated, bare-legged owners stand in the shafts, and an official at the door hands us a check bearing the numbers of the men we may call. At the same time he motions to certain of them, who trot up and offer their cabs. We fix the price per hour for the service, and upon taking our seats tell the human steeds that we want to see the whole city, and ask how long it will take. They reply that such a ride would consume several days, at the least. Tokyo is one of the great cities of the world. It contains more than two millions of people, and its area is many square miles. It would require all morning to walk from one side of it to the other, and if we took horses we should need at least a day to go around it.

Our guide suggests that we take a view of the city from one of the watch towers upon which men stand day and night to look out for fires. There are many such scattered throughout Tokyo, and they rise so far above the rest of the buildings that from their tops we can see the whole city. We stop at one near the station and climb up. We are high in the air, with the Japanese capital spread out below us. At the south is the blue Tokyo Bay, with many white sailing ships floating upon it, and at the north and east we can look beyond the city to the green fields and trees of the country.

The town which lies under us is like nothing we have in America. There are no tall, ungainly structures as in New York and Chicago, and no ragged streets with buildings of all shapes and sizes jumbled together with vacant lots showing out here and there. In the chief business center and about the Imperial Park are some foreign structures,

but most of the city is a level of one-story and two-story houses with many great temples rising out of green parks.

"We take a view of the city from one of the watch towers."

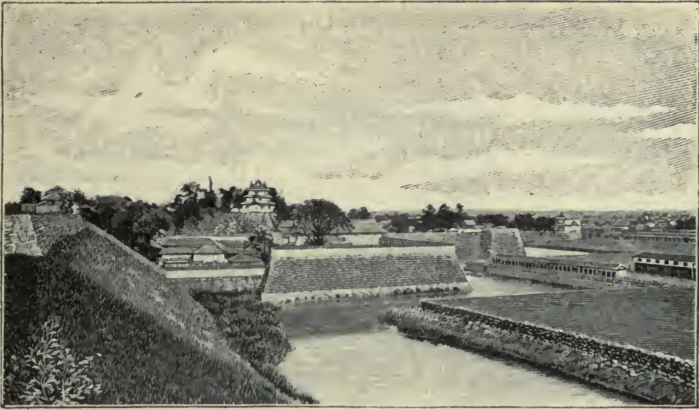
The houses are built along the edges of streets without sidewalks. They are roofed with black tiles and have walls of unpainted wood turned gray by the weather, marking the streets with long lines of black and gray. Beginning at the bay, they run far back into the country. They border both sides of the Sumida (sōō'me-dä) River, which here flows into the sea, and are inclosed in a network of canals, upon which junks and native craft of all kinds move to and fro.

Notice the trees, the lakes, and the silvery waterways! Did you ever see anything more beautiful! There are trees everywhere, and here and there are wide, open places such

as the parade grounds of the soldiers and the great parks surrounding the temples where the people come to worship according to their religion, of which we shall learn more farther on. That forest at the east with the twelve-storied tower rising above it is Ueno Park, noted for its many cherry trees whose blossoms in spring seem to fill the air with pink clouds. In it is the zoölogical garden, and near by are the University and other large schools.

On the western side of the city we can see Shiba Park, where are several grand temples, and right in the center is the vast expanse of ground, beautifully rolling, in which the palaces of the Emperor stand. These grounds are surrounded by three wide moats or ditches, walled with stone. They are filled with water, and crossed by great bridges guarded by soldiers. Between the two outside moats are many fine modern structures of brick and stone, not unlike the public buildings of our National Capital. They are occupied by His Majesty's Cabinet, and contain much of the machinery by which the empire is governed.

But let us climb down from the watch tower and take a jinrikisha ride through the streets. Our men will go as slow or as fast as we please, and we can stop them at the interesting places and get out and walk. How queer it all is! Except on the Ginza, which is the chief business street, and in a few other places where foreign blocks have been erected, the buildings are more like the bazaars of a fair than the substantial structures of an American city. There are but few large houses and only now and then one which has more than two stories. The heavy ridge roofs extend far out over the walls, and the floors are high up from the ground. The outer walls are made in sections which slide in grooves back and forth. They are pushed aside during



" These moats are filled with water."

Fruits and Vegetables.

the daytime, and we can see all that goes on within. We look in vain for windows and doors. The rooms are divided by walls of latticework backed with white paper, through which the light comes. These walls are also in sections which move in grooves one inside the other. In going from one room to another, we push aside a section of the wall instead of opening a door, and we can throw several rooms into one.

The Japanese are naturally modest, but their ideas of propriety are different from ours, and we observe strange scenes of family life as we ride through the streets. Here a slant-eyed maiden is making her toilet. She has pushed back the wall of her home, and we can see her as she sits on her heels on the floor before a little round mirror and primps and powders and paints her lips red, while the people go by without noticing anything strange in her actions. Next door is a family eating dinner. They sit or kneel on the floor, and each has his own table of the size and height of the box of a bootblack.

A little farther on we stop at a store. The merchant sits flat on the floor with his goods piled around him, and the floor is his counter. We sit there as we shop, hanging our feet out into the street. As we do so, the wall at the back is moved wide apart, and the merchant's family comes out to see what we buy. The little boys have almond eyes and short hair and the girls slant eyes and long hair done up just like their mothers. Now our shopping is finished, and we ask the cost of the goods we have purchased. The amounts are handed to one of the boys, who figures up the sum upon a box of wooden buttons strung upon wires. By moving these back and forth he can add and subtract as quickly as we can with pencil and paper, and we find the boy's figures correct.

But let us turn from the shops to the people. The streets are not narrow, and we are not jostled as we move

A Dry-goods Store.

through the crowd. The hundreds of queer-looking men, women, and children who pass us are the soul of good nature, and they treat us as brothers. They smile and bend low as they meet one another, and when we stop at their stores or enter their houses, they bow again and again almost to the ground. We try to be polite in return, but the Japanese back is more elastic than ours. We soon grow stiff with the unusual motion, and feel that even the India-rubber man of the circus might wear himself out with bowing in a tour through Japan.

Clatter, clatter, clatter! What a noise the people make

as they go along the street! They wear curious sandals of wood or straw, and their stockings are foot mittens, in which the big toe has a separate place. During wet weather the sandals worn have blocks on the bottom about three inches high, so that the whole nation becomes that much taller whenever it rains. At such times the girls pull their gowns up to their knees, and the boys tuck theirs under their belts, to keep them from being spattered with mud. All the people carry umbrellas which cover the upper parts of the body, and the streets are filled with bare yellow legs raised upon stilts which seem to be carrying queer-looking bundles.

The Japanese dress is peculiar. Both men and women have on long, flowing gowns extending from their necks to their feet. These are folded across the body in front and fastened at the waist with a sash. The chief difference in the dress of the sexes lies in the sash, that of the man being little more than a belt, while that of the woman is more than half a yard wide and so long that it can be wrapped several times around the waist and tied in a great bow at the back. The sash is often of the finest of silk, and is the most expensive part of the costume. The gowns of both men and women are open at the front, being folded across the person and held together by the sash. Girls are taught

"— figures up the sum —"

to walk so as not to pull their dresses apart. They take short steps and turn their toes inward. One odd feature of the dress is the sleeve. This is made very full and sewed up at the wrist so that it can be used as a pocket. The colors of the clothing are exceedingly modest. Most of the people wear blacks, blues, and grays, and it is only the very little children who have on the bright, gaudy hues which many suppose to be most liked in Japan.

How busy every one is! As we go through the streets we observe that the stores and houses are filled with workers. There are crowds at the shops buying goods, and peddlers by hundreds hawking their wares. There are porters by

A Shoe Store.

scores with great loads on their backs, and servants carrying baskets fastened by strings or ropes to the ends of a pole which rests on the shoulder.

We see children in groups playing about everywhere.

Many of the little ones are at work, and in some sections every house contains an industry of one kind or another in which the children do much of the labor. There are also many on their way to and from school, and of these we shall learn more farther on in our travels.

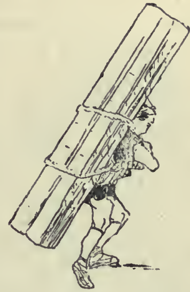
Girls in Summer Dress.

We pass many people going to the theaters, the plays of which last from morning till night, and meet family groups bound for the temples, each person carrying his lunch that they may have a picnic in the groves after their prayers. Jinrikishas pass by us carrying statesmen to the Houses of Parliament, and other jinrikishas are seen here and there in which are bare-headed ladies who are going out calling or taking the air.

There are but few horses and carriages and very few automobiles. The street cars are everywhere, and the electric roads will take one to any part of the city at a much lower fare than those of our country. We observe that the people use the cars freely, and also that modern machinery is doing away with hand labor in many of the shops.

Nevertheless, we are impressed with the fact that human muscle is still performing a large part of the work of Japan.

Observe that little post-office wagon which is carrying the mail from one side of the town to the other. It is pulled by a man who wears a blue jacket and tights. The dray behind it belongs to one of the big wholesale establishments, and it is taking a load of goods to the train. The motive power consists of those two almond-eyed men who are harnessed in front and of others who are shoving behind with both heads and hands. Their muscles stand out like thick cords as they work, and the sweat is rolling down their brown skins in diamond-white streams.



Porter with Lumber.

As we go through the side streets we see that they are still watered by hand, each householder being required to

"— taking a load of goods to the train."

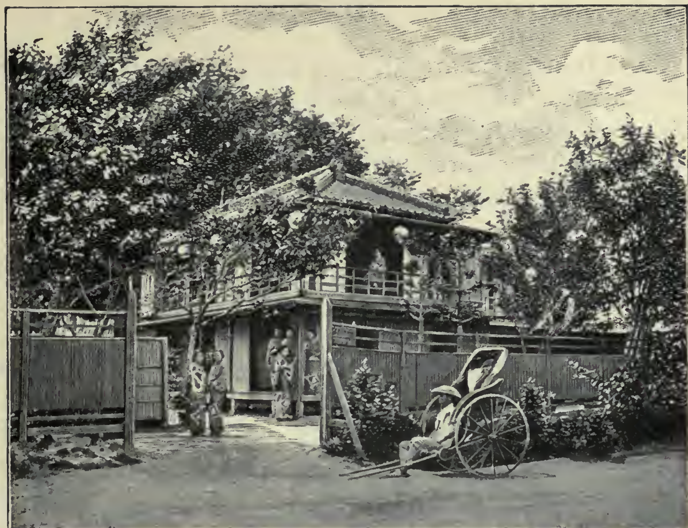
lay the dust in front of his dwelling, and we observe others of the old customs, which our civilization is fast crowding out. The stores of the main business sections are changing. They now have counters like ours and sliding glass windows. There are some large department stores, with concerts and shows to attract customers. Tokyo has an excellent telephone service, and there are telegraph lines through all parts of the town. At night the main streets are lighted by electricity. We meet newsboys on every corner, and soon realize that the Japanese capital has become a modern city very different from that which stood here in the days of Commodore Perry. It is now one of the world's greatest capitals, with most of the modern improvements of New York, Paris, or London.

6. HOME LIFE IN JAPAN

THE best place to study a people is in their own homes, and we can learn much by spending a night in a Japanese house. These people live simply, and although there is some difference in the comforts of the rich and the poor, the home of the well-to-do family which we shall visit to-day will serve as a type for that of Japan.

We take jinrikishas and soon reach our friend's dwelling. It is an unpainted frame building of two stories, with a heavy roof of black earthenware tiles supported by gray wooden posts which rest upon stones. We can see clear through the house and get a glimpse of the beautiful garden lying behind. The outer walls have been pushed back for the day, and the air rushes through on all sides.

We see almost the whole house before we leave our jinrikishas and wonder at first if the family has not moved

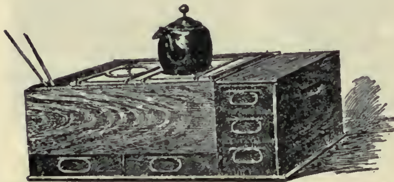


"These people live simply."

"We can see clear through the house."

away. The rooms are all bare and there is nothing like our American furniture in sight. Where are the tables? There are none, for the Japanese do not use tables like ours. Where are the chairs? Those cushions which lie on the mats take their places, for these people prefer to sit on the floor.

How clean everything is! The road at the front is well swept. We can see ourselves in the strip of bare boards which runs round the inner walls of the house like a porch, and the rooms back of this are covered with matting of the cleanest white straw. This matting forms the carpet of Japan. It is not woven in strips like that sent to America, but in soft mats three feet wide, six feet long, and twice as thick as this book. Each mat is bound around the edges with black cloth, and when all are fitted closely together over the room, the floor is covered with panels of white bordered with black. The mats are the same everywhere, and the size of the room is known, not as so many feet wide and so many feet long, but by the number of mats required for the floor.



Hibachi.

How is the house heated? There are no stoves in sight, and no cellar or basement in which a furnace might be hidden. The house has no chimney, and we see no signs of stovepipes. The heating is done by little brass-lined boxes filled with ashes, in the center of which a handful of charcoal is burning. These boxes are known as hibachis. They are common all over Japan. They form a poor means of heating; and, as winter comes on, the people

keep warm by putting on more underclothing, so that the nation appears to be growing fatter and fatter as the weather grows colder. But how can they cook without stoves? They have little clay ovens in which they put charcoal, and they boil and fry over the coals.

Let us go into the house. As we approach, a little maidservant comes to the front. She gets down on her knees, spreads out her hands on the floor, and bumps her head on the mats, in order to show us respect. She asks us to take off our shoes and come in. The Japanese never wear shoes in the house, and we have already learned that it would be far more polite to keep our hats on than our shoes. So, in our stocking feet, we step up into the house, and take our seats on the cushions.

Winter Costume.

Very soon some of the family come in. They bow low, kneeling down and bending again and again to the floor. As they rise, they draw in their breath with a loud, half-whistling sigh, as though they were overcome by the honor which we are conferring upon them by calling. We suck in our breath, as we bow in return. Then the maid-servant brings in a little box of charcoal for lighting our pipes; for in Japan every one is expected to smoke. She next fetches a tray, which she

places before us on the floor. It contains a porcelain teapot and some tiny cups, each about the size of half an egg-shell. She again falls to her knees and offers them to us with a bow. We drink in Japanese style, sipping the tea with a loud noise to show that we like it.

But here come the children who have been playing in the garden back of the house. They are dressed like their parents, and they bow to us in the same way. They are very respectful; for all Japanese children honor their fathers and mothers, and for one to have a bad child is disgraceful. The mother takes one of the little boys in her arms and rubs her cheeks against his. It is in this way that the Japanese show their affection. They do not kiss or shake hands, though boy friends and girl friends often go about with their arms around one another's shoulders.

"— a porcelain teapot —"

What is that on this little one's back?

That is a doll. The little girl is carrying her baby. The Japanese mother often goes about with the baby tied to her back, and the children sometimes do the same with their dolls. As soon as a girl is old enough, she is taught to take care of her little baby brother or sister that way, and as we ride through the streets we shall see many children with live babies hung to their shoulders. A girl of eight or nine years will often carry a baby so tied, and take it about as she plays. The baby blinks through its queer eyes at the great world around it, and, when it grows tired, it drops its head on its shoulder and goes fast asleep, while the little nurse keeps on making mud pies, playing ball, or otherwise amusing herself.

"We shall see many children with live babies hung to their shoulders."

Our Japanese friends invite us to take supper with them and stay overnight. They entertain us in the parlors, which are at the back of the house. Soon they tell us that the bath is prepared, and that as the honored guests we are to have the first turn.

The Japanese are exceedingly cleanly, and every well-to-do home has its own bathroom. It is a sign of good breeding to ask a guest to have his bath first. The custom is such that all the family, no matter how many the children, bathe in the same water and in the same tub and the servants get in at the last. This seems strange to us, but we learn that no soap is used until after leaving the tub. One cannot cleanse himself without soap, and the hot water in the tub is used merely to open the pores of the skin. After leaving the tub, the bather has a basin of water and soap with which he washes all over, rinsing himself clean with fresh water. There are public baths in all the Japanese cities, and in Tokyo alone there are more than ten hundred in which several hundred thousand people bathe daily. The cost is but one cent a bath, so that even the poorest can keep himself clean.

The little maidservant comes and leads us to the bath. It is a neat little room with movable walls of white pine. She pulls a section back, and we enter. In one corner a stream of cold water flows through a wooden pipe into a barrel, from which a trough carries it off into a little brook in the garden outside. From this barrel we shall get cold water after we are through with our bath; and with that shining brass basin which we see on the floor, we can pour cold or warm water over our bodies after using the soap.

The bathtub is of wood. It is much like a short, oval barrel. Under it burns a fire of charcoal with a stovepipe running up through the water at the back of the tub, this

pipe being protected by a strip of white pine which keeps one's body from touching it. The water steams slightly, but from its appearance it is no warmer than milk when fresh from the cow. So, having undressed, we jump in. Whew! How hot it is! The water is almost boiling, and we gasp as we sink, half scalded, to the bottom. We quickly climb out, finding our skins as red as a beet, and the little servant, who stands outside the wall and peeps in, giggles, as she enters and hands us our clothes. The Japanese are fond of hot baths, and the people of all ages, from grandparents to babies, half scald themselves every day.

"Each has his own table."

By this time supper is ready, and we enjoy a Japanese meal. We sit on the floor as we eat, and each has his own table, which is not quite a foot high and little more than a tray. The first course is sweet cake and candy with sake, a beverage made from fermented rice. It is brought in by a little maidservant, who kneels down and bows low as she hands it to us. Next comes a soup made of beans, and with it some raw fish cut in slices, and served with a queer sauce called soy. This is of a dark brown color, and is made of a mixture of vinegar, salt, and fermented wheat. Then there are salads and pickles of various kinds. There is a dish of stewed

"The rice is brought in —"

eels, and after that some green pears as hard as a stone, so served because the Japanese like this fruit green.

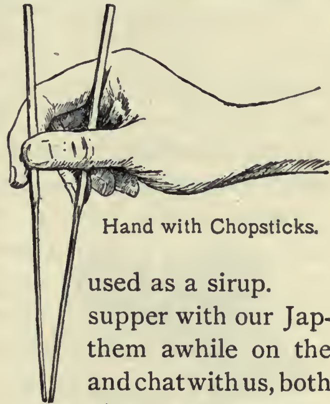
The supper closes with rice and tea. The rice is brought in to us in a round wooden box of the size of a peck measure. It is offered again and again; for the theory is that no one need go away hungry if he has plenty of rice. The tea is served in little cups, and we observe that our Japanese friends sometimes pour hot tea into their rice.

Japanese Family at Dinner.

Throughout the meal we watch our friends eat, and as far as possible imitate them. The soup is served in bowls of the size of a large coffee cup. Each has his own bowl, and we sip the soup by raising the bowl to our lips. As to the fish, rice, and salad, we do our best to eat them with chopsticks, but it is no easy task. If you will balance two long slate pencils between your thumb and two fingers, and try to pick up grains of rice or bits of other food with their ends, you can see how we eat. It takes a long time,

and it is only the politeness of our Japanese friends that keeps them from smiling as our food drops on its way to our mouths.

The Japanese eat three meals a day; a breakfast on rising, a dinner at noon, and supper at sunset. They seldom have more than two courses, and eat less than we do. They are good cooks, and many of their dishes are fit for a king. They make delicious fish soups, and have fish cooked in all sorts of ways. They eat but little meat, except that of fowls; and butter and cheese are not common. Rice takes much the same place that bread has with us. It is usually steamed so that each grain is separate from the others, and is eaten without sugar as a cereal or vegetable, and not as a pudding. Some of the people are so poor that they cannot afford rice, and millet and other grains are used in its stead. The Japanese have delicious sweetmeats, and they make one kind known as midzu-ami, which is much like fig paste or a stiff candy jelly of the color of honey. This is delicious; and, moreover, it is of such a nature that it will digest other foods, the weakest stomach being able to stand it. It is also used as a sirup.



Hand with Chopsticks.

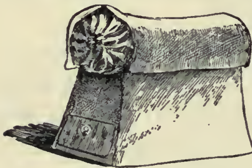
After we have finished our supper with our Japanese friends, we sit with them awhile on the floor. The neighbors come in and chat with us, both women and men smoking little pipes as they talk. We play games with the children, and the girls show us their dolls. In this way the evening rapidly passes, and at last, our callers having left, the time comes for sleep.

Now there is a commotion. The servants go out and

pull the sliding walls to, until the whole building is a well-closed box ventilated only through the cracks at the corners. They have shut up the house for the night. For some time we have been wondering where we should sleep. We have seen no sign of a bed, and when our friends take us

"We have been wondering where we should sleep."

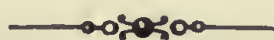
upstairs to the room in which we are to stay, we find it as bare as the parlor below. Our little maidservant, however, goes to one side of the room, and slides back a board which hides a recess in the wall. From this she pulls out armful after armful of soft thick comforts or quilts, and lays



"— the size of a brick."

them upon the matting, one over the other, turning down the top one for a cover. We look about for sheets, and are told that the Japanese do not use them ; but the maid gives us long cotton kimonos as nightgowns instead. We ask for pillows, and she hands each of us a block of wood of the size of a brick, with a roll of soft paper on top. She shows us how to fit this under the neck, allowing the head to hang out over the edges. We try it, but find that though

it may do for Japanese children who are accustomed to it, it will not do for Americans; and so we roll up our coats and use them instead. The house grows quiet. We are tired with our long day's sight-seeing, and within a few moments have dropped off to sleep and are dreaming of home.

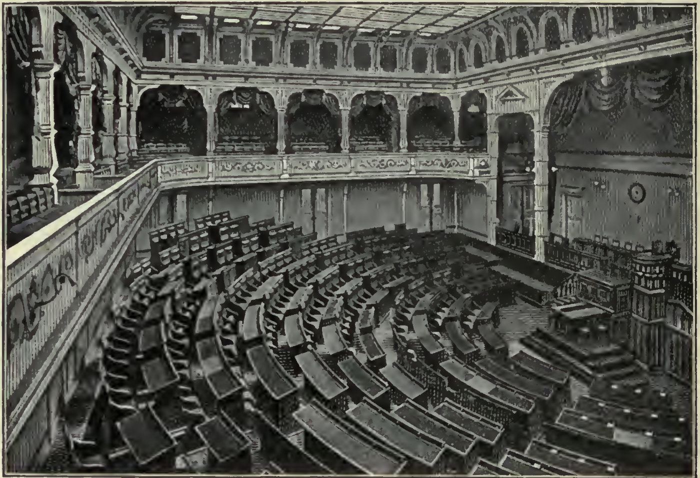


7. THE EMPEROR. HOW JAPAN IS GOVERNED

THE chief object of our travels to-day is to learn something of how the Japanese Empire is governed. It is ruled by an Emperor through his Cabinet and Parliament. The Emperor is the Executive, and his powers are somewhat like those of our President. He has the right to make treaties with other nations, and he can at his will declare war or peace. His Cabinet consists of nine Ministers, who are at the heads of the great departments which carry on the government. They correspond to our department secretaries at Washington; and include Ministers of the Treasury, State, War, and Navy, as well as of Agriculture, Justice, Interior, Education, and Communications, the last having to deal with the Postal Service and also with railroads and telegraphs.

When Commodore Perry came to Japan, the people had a feudal system much like that of Europe during the Middle Ages. The country was divided up into states, owned by daimos, or lords, each of whom had many samurai, or soldiers. These lords and their retainers formed the Japanese army, and their commander-in-chief, called the Shogun, was the real ruler. The people were heavily taxed and they had but few rights. The Emperor was supposed to be too holy to rule, and was kept secluded in his palaces in Kioto, in central Japan.

These conditions continued for some years after Japan was opened to the trade of the world. Then the greatest men of the empire decided that the country should have a modern government. They came together and overthrew the Shogun, and in 1868 made the Emperor the actual ruler. They formed a constitution and established a parliament elected by the people. Now all the laws are made



Parliament House, Interior.

by the Parliament, and the people themselves say who and what shall be taxed. The members of Parliament vote all the money for carrying on the government, and in this way every one has his own rights, and the Japanese are almost as free as ourselves.

The Houses of Parliament correspond to our Congress. There are two Houses, an Upper and a Lower. The Upper House is much like our Senate, or perhaps more like the English House of Lords. It represents the nobil-

ity, most of its members being chosen from the noble families, although some are appointed by the Emperor on account of their learning or for the services which they have rendered the state. The Lower House corresponds to our House of Representatives. Its members are elected by the people, only the men being allowed to vote. Parliament meets much like our Congress, and its business is done in about the same way. The members discuss all measures relating to public affairs, and by a majority decide what is best to be done.

It is not a long ride from the palaces to the Parliament Buildings. There is a big wall around them entered by gates, inside which we see hundreds of jinrikishas with barelegged men in butter-bowl hats and blue tights and jackets, waiting for their employers, the members of Parliament. We enter and find the Houses very like those of our Congress at Washington and the scenes much the same.

Leaving here, we drive to the Emperor's Palaces. His Majesty has a vast estate in the heart of Tokyo, made up of hill and valley, with lakes, and streams, and beautiful woods. As we saw from the watch tower, it is surrounded by wide moats filled with water, where great lotus flowers float upon their green leaves. On the banks are many widespreading pine trees centuries old.

We cross the moats on bridges of marble, and, passing soldiers and servants in European clothes, find ourselves in the home of this mighty ruler. It is far different from that of our President. The palaces consist of many one-story buildings constructed after the style of Japanese temples. They cover acres and have hundreds of rooms. In some of them the walls are sliding screens of plate glass which move in grooves so that they can be shoved back and several rooms thrown into one. The ceilings are decorated

with the finest embroidery, and some of the walls are covered with brocaded silks like that of a ball dress. The floors are inlaid in a sort of a wooden mosaic, and the matting upon them is as soft as thick moss.

We pass through hall after hall, and at last reach His Majesty's presence. He is dressed in the uniform of a general of his army, and looks not unlike some other Japanese we have met. He is much revered by the people. Any Japanese man would give up his life for the Emperor. His soldiers rush into battle shouting his name, and they esteem it a glory to die in his cause. This respect for the Emperor is a part of the education of the Japanese schoolboy. A promise to be true to His Majesty is hung on the walls of every schoolroom; and in case of a fire that promise is the first thing the children are instructed to save. The people think so much of him that they keep their heads bowed as he goes through the streets.

The Emperor is a hard-working monarch. He loves his subjects, and most of his time is taken up in the affairs of the government. He has Cabinet Ministers who bring him daily reports from all parts of the empire; and in time of war it is he who directs the movements of the army and navy. He devotes himself also to the arts of peace, and does all he can to develop Japan.

The Empress is also greatly beloved by the people. Her Majesty has her own palaces inside the moats, in which she lives with her secretaries and servants. She wears foreign clothes upon all state occasions, although when at home she prefers Japanese gowns and Japanese ways. Her Majesty is at the head of many movements for the advancement of women. She sometimes visits the schools, and she has established a great school of her own for the daughters of the princes and nobles.

On our way back from the palace we pass many policemen, and we observe that good order is kept everywhere. The police have foreign clothes much like those worn by the police of America. They carry swords and clubs, and sometimes tie their prisoners with ropes and drive them on their way to the jail. There are now police stations all over the empire, and life and property are quite as safe as in any part of our Union.

We can go through the country as freely as though we were in Europe or the United States. Japan is now on an equal footing with all other lands, and travelers have the same rights. The police will not stop us and ask us as to our business. The Japanese are a courteous people, and everything, excepting the fortifications, is shown to the stranger.

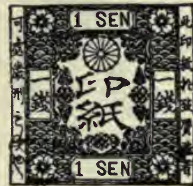
"They tie their prisoners —"

There are courts everywhere, and all are allowed a fair trial. The greatest penalty that can be inflicted is death by hanging, but this is only for murder. Most other crimes are punished by imprisonment and fines, and for small offenses the fines are sometimes as low as five cents.

We shall next visit the Department of War which regulates all matters relating to the Japanese army. The country has now one of the best armies of the world, and its arrangements are such that it will always have plenty of soldiers. We see the schoolboys everywhere drilling. They begin as soon as they are strong enough to carry a gun and go through their exercises under the command of real army officers. At the age of seventeen every boy

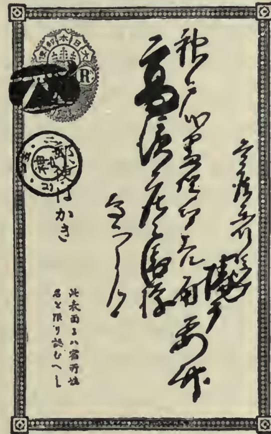
"We see the schoolboys everywhere drilling."

is expected to enter some branch of the army, and after he becomes a man he has seven years to serve as a soldier.



Japanese Postage Stamps.

The Japanese navy is one of the strongest of the world. The country has naval schools, and it has shipyards in which great gunboats are made. It has also many large war vessels which have been constructed in Europe, and it is well able to defend itself from invasion by other nations and to stand up for its rights.



Post Card.

We find that one of the most important officers of the Emperor's Cabinet is the Minister of Communications, who manages the railroads and also the postal and telegraph systems. In the past Japan had no means of transportation except horses or men, and all letters were carried by messengers whose chief costume consisted of a cloth about the waist and a coat of tattooing. The service was so expensive that only the rich could afford to send letters. Then an

American from our Post Office Department was brought out to Japan. He showed the Emperor how we carried our mails, and His Majesty ordered that the same system should be introduced here.

The present postal arrangements are good, and letters are sent all over the country for less than two cents apiece. The government makes its own postage stamps, and picture postal cards are sold by the millions. If we should call at the Post Office Department, we might learn that its service is now handling more than a billion post cards and letters a year, and that it carries many million newspapers and books. Connected with every post office is a savings bank in which the children are urged to deposit their pennies; and there is also a telegraph office at which one can send a fifteen-word message to any part of Japan for ten cents.

"We shall meet Japanese postmen —"

We shall meet Japanese postmen on the streets of every city we visit. They wear blue clothes, and their blue-mittened feet rest on straw sandals. They deliver the letters at all the houses, and collect from the mail boxes at the street corners just as our postmen do.

Our next visit is to the Treasury Department to learn something of the money of the country. These people use coins of gold, silver, and copper, and they also have paper bank notes, made in their own Bureau of Engraving and Printing. The unit of value is the gold yen, worth about

fifty cents, but this is not coined, a silver yen of the size and shape of our dollar taking its place. Each yen contains one hundred sen or cents, and each sen ten rin. There are fifty-sen, twenty-sen, ten-sen, and five-sen pieces of silver, and there are also nickel coins of five sen. The copper pieces are two-sen, one-sen, one half sen, and one rin or one tenth of a sen, the latter being worth about one twentieth of one cent of our money.

8. JAPANESE CHILDREN AT SCHOOL. BOOKS AND NEWSPAPERS

EVERYWHERE we go in Japan we meet many children going to school. We can easily know them, for the law requires that all school children shall wear the same costume. The boys have on kimonos over which are worn a sort of divided skirt that falls from the waist to the ankles. They also wear caps. The girls have kimonos and very full dark red or plum-colored skirts with heavy plaits. Their skirts fall to the feet, or rather to the foot mittens, which end at the ankles. They go bareheaded, most of them carrying paper umbrellas.

There are now public schools everywhere in Japan, and the education they give is quite as good as our own. There are kindergartens for girls and boys up to six years and schools of different grades for those who are older; as well as high schools, business schools, schools of manual training, and great universities. All children are compelled by law to attend school until they are ten years of age, and they may go to the high schools if they wish.

Some Japanese families are so poor that they need their children to help them; and such children are put to work

Japanese boys at school.

in the fields, the stores, or the factories, when they have passed the age at which they are required to attend school. Many thousands of boys and girls continue their education until they are grown, studying the same things that are taught in our country. After leaving the schools, not a few go to the colleges, and some graduate at the great universities. All the schools have physical exercises, and the girls, as well as the boys, go through their gymnastics on the playgrounds.

In some respects the studies of these children are more difficult than ours. Our alphabet has but twenty-six letters. That of Japan has forty-seven, and in addition there are so many word signs in the language that an educated man must know thousands of characters. Some of the signs mean whole words or short sentences, and there are curious ends and crooks which have to be learned.

Let us visit a primary school and see the children at study and play. It is early, and the little ones dressed in their uniforms are tramping along on their wooden shoes through the streets. Some have their books done up in bundles with cloths wrapped about them, and others carry ink bottles attached to strings tied around the necks of the bottles.

Here comes the teacher. We can hear him afar off as he clatters along on his white wooden sandals. He wears a gown of dark gray, and spectacles cover his eyes. When he comes up, the children bow down almost to their knees; and, as they rise, suck in their breath as a polite mark of respect. The teacher does likewise. He smiles as he approaches the schoolhouse; and, placing his sandals outside, walks in and takes his seat at his desk.

The children also leave their shoes in the hall. They have desks like ours, and the schoolroom with the maps

"The girls, as well as the boys, go through their gymnastics."

on the wall and blackboards remind us of home. But see! How queer the books are! They begin at the back instead of the front, and the lines run up and down the page instead of across it. What curious letters! It is hard to tell one from another; they make us think of the characters we see on the tea boxes of a grocery store.

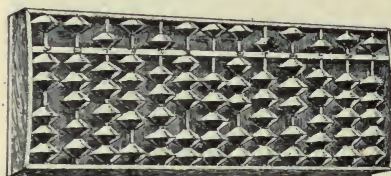
Here is a class of five boys learning the alphabet. The teacher makes the characters on the blackboard, and the boys copy them on sheets of paper, singing out their names as they do so. Do they write with pencils or pens? No, they have brushes much like those we use for water colors, and they paint the letters with black India ink. Notice how they hold their brushes. Their hands do not touch the paper; the brush is almost vertical and, instead of writing across the page from left to right, they begin on the right hand side of the sheet and paint the lines from the top to the bottom. Each child has an ink-stone beside him. Upon this he puts a few drops of water, and then rubs the stone with a little black cake of India ink, thus making his own ink as he writes. No blotters are needed. The paper is soft and porous, and sucks in the ink as it comes from the brush. They also write with the pen, and for this they use the same kind of ink that we do.

A Writing Lesson.

There is a little boy learning to count with the soroban. He has a box of wooden buttons as wide as this book and about a foot long, like the one we saw the bookkeeper use in the store. The buttons are strung upon wires. They

represent units, tens, hundreds, and thousands, and, by moving them up and down he is able to do sums of addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division more quickly than we can with pencil and paper. It is said that any sum in arithmetic can be performed upon the soroban, even to the extracting of square root and cube root.

In some of the schools we shall find translations of American textbooks, and many of the scholars will tell us that they think their hardest study is English, because everything connected with it is wrong end foremost. They must begin at what seems to them the wrong end of the book. They write from the other side of the page, and the sentences go across the page the wrong way. They also find the pen awkward to handle, but they feel they must learn to write English; for their country is now a world power, and it does a great business with us and other nations speaking that language.



The Soroban.

The Japan of to-day is a land of books and newspapers. Nearly all the books used in the schools are made in Japan, and tens of thousands of new ones are published each year. The newspapers, like the books, begin at the back, and their columns run horizontally across the page instead of up and down it. The lines run up and down the columns instead of across them, and one reads from the top of a line to the bottom and then goes to the top of the next line to the left, and so on, until he finally reaches the end of the sentence. This is marked by a little circle, or the Japanese period, instead of the dot that we use. The newspapers

驚くべき日本の大發明

顔の艶と白美にする妙薬

艶顔水

不思議にも日にやけたる顔のあれ

美しき艶

化粧

意外の美貌

證據

本舗 森下喜野

吉川屋たんの灸

洋服買入 前田商店

發賣元 佐々木玄兵衛

下澤商店

第百三十二國立銀行

諸預り金利子割合

驚く可き豫言の的中 諸賢に告ぐ

權大教正佐藤親元翁

千事千中

觀理術學

大倉甚平

傳授料の半額

申込所 觀理學會本部

婦人小兒專門醫士

家方安神丸

諸賣藥所 快心堂

油

支那藥百味湯

輸入元 永福號藥店

安川榮次郎

脚氣根切灸貼術

三將軍丸

壽福堂

雪の艶

回生病院開業廣告

元祖本舗 吉田辰太郎

西鄉醫學士

菊池醫學博士

諸公債株式賣買所

有松絞

太田善七

眼病一洗

原政房

片岡株式商店

(71) Japanese Newspaper, one Page.

contain advertisements, editorials, stories, and telegraphic dispatches.

It takes a vast number of characters to form the type for one paper; for a thousand letters may be used on the same page. Indeed, the characters are so many that boys are employed by the printers to run from case to case and collect the type as required.

9. JAPANESE CHILDREN AT PLAY

BUT how about play? Are the lives of Japanese children made up of nothing but school and hard work? No, indeed. They play as well as study, and they have quite as much fun as we have at home. There are large playgrounds connected with the schools, and they engage in athletic sports of one kind or other at every recess. They have more play time during the school day than our children, for on the average fifteen minutes are taken off from each hour for them to go out and drill or run around the grounds and do as they please.

The Japanese play basket ball, football, and cricket. They exercise as soldiers, and we see little companies with flags marching about here and there. They have all sorts of playthings, and there are toy stores in the cities. There are peddlers who wander over the country selling nothing but toys; and men who carry little ovens or stoves with real fire in them about the streets, and who have sweet dough for sale. A boy or girl can hire a stove, for an hour, for less than five cents, and the stove man will furnish the dough and look on while the child makes up cakes and bakes them. Sometimes the man cuts out Japanese letters, and the child cooks them and learns their names as he

plays. There are also men who sit in the streets and mold animals, jinrikishas, and other things of rice paste for children, for a very small sum.

The dressing of dolls is a favorite pastime for girls. There are three days of every year during which the people celebrate the Feast of the Dolls. At this time all the dolls which have been kept in the family for generations are

"— selling nothing but toys —"

brought forth, set upon shelves covered with red cloth, and admired. Some of them represent the Emperor and the Empress, and are treated with great honor, receiving the best food of the feasts, to which the dolls are served three times a day. After the three days are ended, these dolls are put away; but the little Japanese girl has other dolls with which she plays the year round.

There is also a day devoted to the boys. We shall know it by seeing great balloonlike paper fishes floating in the

air from sticks fastened to the roof of each house in which a boy baby has been born during the year, and also from other houses where the parents are glad they have boys.

The Japanese make kites of all kinds and shapes. Some are singing kites, which give forth a music like that of an Æolian harp as they float in the air, being kept steady by two long tails, one tied to each lower corner. Others are of the shapes of dragons and babies, eagles and butterflies, and of all sorts of animals.

Some kites have their strings coated with powdered glass for a length of thirty feet from the kite. This part of the string is first soaked with glue, after which the glass is dusted upon it. As the glue hardens, it holds the glass particles, and the string becomes as sharp as a file. It is so made for kite fighting, a sport in which the boys try to see whose kite is the strongest. As they fly the kites through the air, each tries to make his string cross that of his fellows, and to pull it this way and that so as to cut the string of the other in two. In such cases the owner of the victorious kite has the right to the kite which has been cut loose.

The Japanese have games of instruction as well as of play. They have puzzle maps made of pieces of wood, and by putting them together they learn the shape of Japan and of the world. They have a game much like our "Authors," called "One Hundred Verses of One Hundred Poets," which teaches them the names and best sayings of the great Japanese scholars. They have also plays which teach morals. For instance, one of their games is like our "Pussy Wants a Corner"; but in Japan the "pussy" is known by a name which represents a Japanese devil, and the corners of the room are called the Harbors of Truth, in which places only can safety be found.

The Japanese are a moral people, and the children go to church much as we do at home. They often play about the churches or temples, and picnic under their widespreading trees. The Japanese have two great religions. The oldest is Shinto, which means "The Ways of the Gods." It consists largely of the worship of the heroes of Japanese history. The other is Buddhism, which was introduced into Japan about 600 A.D. It is one of the world's greatest religions, and we shall see more of it in Siam and Burma.

Japanese Priest.

Connected with these religions are gods of many kinds. Every house has a little shrine in it, before which the people place offerings; and there are public shrines and temples devoted to religion in all parts of Japan. Some of these are considered especially holy, and pilgrims by the thousand, with staves in their hands and with baggage tied to their backs, walk from one to another to offer their prayers.

We meet Buddhist priests, who go about with shaved heads, and we spend hours in admiring the temples which have been erected to Buddha. They are one-story structures of wood, with heavy roofs of black tiles. Many are of vast extent, and the interiors of some are gorgeous with carvings. They have rooms papered with gold leaf and walled with paintings by the Japanese masters. They contain images plated with gold.

(76) Dai Butzu.

Japan has one statue of Buddha known as the Dai Butzu (dī boot′so͞o), which is among the great art works of the world. This we visit at Kamakura, a small town on the seacoast not far from Yokohama. The statue is made of bronze plates so fitted together that the joints cannot be seen. It is an immense sitting figure as tall as a four-story house. It has eyes of pure gold, and there is a great ball of silver in the middle of its forehead. We get some idea of its size when we find that its bronze thumbs are so large that six of us can sit on each of them and have room to spare, and that its golden eyes are each three feet in length.

10. JAPANESE FARMS AND FARMERS

WE shall now leave Tokyo for a trip through the country. We want to see how the people live outside the cities, and also to learn something of Japanese farming. How shall we travel? We might go by railroad and ride from one town to another almost as fast as on our trains at home. We should find the cars quite as good. They are filled with Japanese, some of whom, not used to foreign benches and chairs, squat on the cushions, with their feet tucked beneath them. Japan is fast building railroads. Trunk lines now connect all the main centers, and the rates of fare are exceedingly low.

The railroad, however, is too quick for our journey. So we shall take jinrikishas, with two men to each carriage, and shall ride almost as fast as though we had horses. One man will pull in the shafts, and the other will push hard behind when we go up the hills, or by a rope will harness himself to the front and run on ahead. We soon get

over our shame at driving our almond-eyed brothers, and poke our human steeds in the back and urge them to hurry.

The roads are good. There are villages at every few miles, and we stay at night in country hotels, where we sleep on the floor. The landlord's children watch us with wonder as we come in. When we have gone to our rooms, they sometimes poke their fingers through the paper walls, and, gluing their eyes to the holes, watch the strange foreigners as they undress and get into bed. Some of them have never seen an American, and our straight eyes and fair faces seem to them very queer.

"They are filled with Japanese—"

We have several rainy days on our journey, during which we pass farmers and travelers wearing the waterproof cloak of Japan. This is a sort of long shawl of rice straw, which, with the big straw hat above it, makes the wearer look like a gigantic yellow bird trotting along upon human legs.

We cross now and then over mountains so steep that we must leave our jinrikishas and go up in kagos (kä′gōs). The kago is a framework hung to long poles which are carried on the shoulders of men. We squat inside the kago cross-legged, and hold on for dear life as our men take us over the stones, through rushing mountain streams, and along precipices, going up hill and down.

We enjoy the beautiful scenery. Japan is made up of mountains and valleys, and the moist air keeps nature refreshingly green. The mountains feed many short rivers, and brooks by the hundreds gurgle down the green hills. These people understand irrigation. Some of the streams are dammed up in the mountains, and the water is carried from one place to another through winding ditches, so that one stream feeds many farms. The hills are often cut into different levels or terraces, over which the streams flow successively on their way to the valleys.

The mountainous nature of Japan is such that less than one sixth of the empire is under cultivation; but that sixth gives more than half of the people constant employment, producing enough to feed the entire population. The soil is no richer than ours, but the Japanese so increase its fertility by good cultivation that one acre often yields from three to five times as much as the same space does in America. It is said that there are farms in Japan which for centuries have given two crops every year.

"— the waterproof cloak of Japan."

How queer the farms are! The whole country looks like a garden, with ponds of silvery-white water showing out through the green. There are no very large fields, the average tract being less than two acres in size. The crops are of all shades and colors, from the gold of ripe wheat to the green of fresh sprouting rice. We look in vain for

fences, houses, and barns. The Japanese have no fences. They do not live on their farms, but in villages of thatched

A Farmer's House.

wooden houses strung along the main roads. There is no need of barns, as the crops are sold almost as soon as they are harvested.

There are but few sheep in Japan, and in some parts of the empire very few horses and cattle. In many places the people would look upon sheep as wild animals. Cattle are still largely employed as pack animals, and their meat is used more and more every year. There are now over one million in the country.

Breeds of fine horses have been brought in for the army, and there are many pack horses in some parts of Japan. Ponies are used for hauling, and we often pass one hitched to a cart and led by a big-hatted peasant. The

draft horses are shod with straw shoes; the straw is so braided that it forms a round mat about half an inch thick, which is fastened to the animal's foot by straw strings running around the leg just above the hoof. Each pack horse has a stock of fresh shoes tied to his saddle, and the farmer who leads him changes his shoes as soon as they become worn. Such shoes cost less than one cent a set. The distances through the country districts are often measured by the number of shoes which the horses wear out while traveling, and it is said that the average horseshoe will last for a walk of over eight miles.

We observe that the farmers of Japan have been less affected by our civilization than the people of the cities. They live much as they did in the past, and have many of the customs of old Japan. We occasionally see Japanese women who seem very homely. Their heads are shaved close to the scalp, and they have no sign of eyebrows. Upon inquiry we learn that they are widows, who keep their heads shaved in order to show their grief for the loss of their husbands.

Many of the peasant women look pretty until they open their mouths. We then notice that their teeth are as black as a pair of new rubber shoes. They are wives who are destroying their beauty to show their husbands that they do not care for the attentions of others. The men in some cases have their heads shaved on the top, with the long locks at the side and the back fastened up on the crown of the head in a stiff queue like a door knocker. This is the old style of wearing the hair, and was the usual fashion when Perry came. As time goes on, these old-fashioned customs grow less and less common, and they will doubtless in time disappear.

The farm hands of Japan wear but little clothing when

at work in the fields. The weather is hot in the summer, and some have on nothing except a flat hat of white straw, as big as a parasol, and a cloth tied around the waist. We meet half-naked children with tools on their shoulders, on their way to the fields. We see barefooted women clad in big hats and blue cotton gowns. The women and men labor away side by side, and the children have their share in the toil.

How hard they all work! They dig up the ground with

Plowing Rice Ground.

mattock and spade, and all sorts of seeds are planted by hand. The harvesting is done the same way, and we see that it is human muscle unaided by machinery which still makes the greater part of the bread of Japan.

The crops are of all kinds. The land is exceedingly fertile, and nearly everything can be raised. We see patches of wheat, barley, tobacco, and cotton, and of other plants which are strange to our eyes. We go through thousands of rice fields. Rice is the most important crop of the country, for it forms the chief food of the people. The

majority of the world's inhabitants eat more or less rice, and for at least one third of them it is the principal food.

"— and set out the young sprouts in the mud."

There are almost as many different kinds of rice as of apples, and Japanese rice is one of the best. It requires great care in its cultivation. The grains must first be sowed in wet seed beds. They sprout in four or five days, and within a month or six weeks are ready for transplanting. In the meantime the rice fields have been flooded, and the farmers now wade through the water in their bare feet, and set out the young sprouts in the mud. They flood the fields again and again during the summer. They keep the rice free from weeds, and by the latter part of September the crop is ready for harvest.

Rice grows much like wheat or oats. At first the plants are a beautiful green, but as they ripen they become a bright yellow. The straw is then cut off close to the ground with a sickle, and is tied up in little sheaves which are hung over a pole resting on legs, so that the heads of the rice do not touch the ground. The grains are pulled

from the stems by drawing the straw through a rack which has teeth like a saw, and are then laid away to be husked as required. We find rice fields in all the lowlands. There are many in Hondo, Shikoku, and Kiushu, and also in Formosa, the latter being farmed by the Chinese who live there.

On some of the farms, after the rice has been harvested, barley and wheat are sown as a second crop, and barley and rye are often ground up with rice and used for food. Beans are much raised, and on the highlands buckwheat, millet, and sorghum. The sorghum flour is made into dumplings, and the buckwheat is used for the manufacture of macaroni.

Cleaning Rice.

We stop now and then at the tea fields which are to be found throughout the greater part of the empire; and, as we get nearer Kyoto (kyō′ tō) in central Japan, we spend a few days in the region of Uji ($\overline{oo}$′je), where the tea grown is especially fine. One kind is known by a Japanese

word meaning "jeweled dew." It is worth from five to eight dollars a pound. It is in Uji that much of the tea for the Emperor is raised.

The tea plant is a kind of camellia. It grows much like the American box. In Japan it is carefully cultivated in hedges which rise to a height of from three to five feet, and which are usually about two feet in width. In a tea garden the hedges run in parallel rows from one side to the other, the rows being about as far apart as those of a potato field. The leaves, which form the tea of commerce, look somewhat like those of a rose bush. Their color is a bright green.

"—the hedges run in parallel rows—"

The plants produce their best tea from the fifth to the tenth year, and some are said to live longer than the life of

a man. They are plucked several times during each season, the first crop being the best. The work is done almost entirely by girls, who pick out the bright, new, green leaves from the old, dark ones. They put the leaves in great baskets and carry them off on their backs.

Rolling and curing Tea Leaves.

The leaves are dried in the sun, and are then steamed and dried again. That part of the crop intended for export is shipped to the tea factories, where all the moisture is taken out by rubbing the leaves about in great iron bowls set in ovens. The rubbing is done by women and men, under whose hands the leaves change their shape and become the little, hard, twisted things we buy as tea in America. After the leaves are thoroughly dried, they are sorted by Japanese girls and are then packed in boxes for shipment.

Another interesting occupation, followed in many localities throughout Japan, is the rearing of silkworms. The cocoons are spun by the worms, which are fed upon mulberry leaves, and both the cocoons and the raw silk reeled from them are exported in great quantities to Europe and the United States. The country has many mulberry orchards, and its exports of raw silk and silk goods bring

in several times as much money as any other article raised or made in Japan.

On our trip across the country we learn that the government is doing much to encourage the farmers. It has lecturers who go from district to district teaching them which crops will pay best and how to raise them. There are many experiment stations; and the people raise all sorts of grains, just as we do. There are schools where one can learn how to rear silkworms, and the farmers have banks supported by the government at which they can borrow money at very low rates.

II. COMMERCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL JAPAN

RIDING through tea gardens, mulberry orchards, and countless patches of cotton and rice, we come at last to Kyoto, the old capital of Japan. It is a beautiful city not far from Lake Biwa (bē′wa) and within an hour's ride of Osaka (ō′zä-kä), the Chicago of Japan. The region about Kyoto and Osaka is one of the busy parts of the world. There are factories of all kinds scattered over the country, including villages devoted to the making of porcelain, cotton, and silk goods. Kyoto is famous for its silks, and its people have long woven the most beautiful fabrics on the rudest of looms. They now have also the finest of modern silk mills run by electricity supplied by the falls of Lake Biwa.

Osaka has many large cotton mills, and there are others employing thousands of hands at the seaport of Kobe, which by train is only an half hour away. We visit the mills, and find many children at work. Little ones not as old as ourselves are tending the looms, laboring all day for

less than one cent an hour. They are bright-eyed and healthy. They look up and smile at us as we pass.

Making Straw Braid.

In other places we go into the factories where straw braid is made, the children sitting on the floor and plaiting the straw into the shapes for which it is used for bonnets and hats. We go through mills where are made the Japanese rugs of jute and cotton to be shipped to America, and in Kobe visit a great ironworks and shipyards where enormous steamers are built. There are other fine shipbuilding yards at Nagasaki (nä′ga-sä′kē) and at Wakamatsu (wä′ka-mät′so͞o) is a government foundry making all sorts of iron and steel.

We are surprised at the skill of these people. They do almost everything well, and export goods of every description to all the world's markets. The wages are much lower than ours. The people live simply, and it is said

that they could easily thrive upon what we of the United States waste. In the past everything was done by hand, but they are now introducing our labor-saving inventions, and are making more and more goods every year.

Nevertheless, much of the manufactures are still produced in small shops. There are whole villages composed of little establishments devoted to the making of porcelain such as is shipped to America. In these places the clay is modeled by hand, and the men and women sit on the floor and paint the beautiful and curious designs found on Japanese china. In other establishments we see boys carving rats, monkeys, and other figures out of ivory tusks. We visit shops where Japanese lanterns are made, and

Cobbler, Using Feet.

some in which men and boys are turning out umbrellas and fans. There are also carpenter shops, cooper shops, and woodworkers of every description.

As we stay awhile at each place, we notice that the Japanese laborer has what is equal to four hands and twenty fingers. He is usually barefooted, and he works so much with his feet that they serve as two extra hands. He can hold all sorts of articles steady by pressing them between the soles of the feet, as, for instance, the cobbler who thus makes wooden shoes. His toes are equal to ten extra fingers, and he can pick up a peg or pin with his toes.

We also observe that some Japanese methods of work seem to be the direct opposites of ours. There is a carpenter planing a board. He pulls the plane toward him instead of pushing it from him as our carpenters do; and when he uses the drawing knife, he pushes instead of

Japanese Cooper.

pulling, as would seem to us to be the natural way. The American begins his house with the foundation. The Japanese builder makes the roof first. He puts it together

in pieces upon a scaffolding of poles, and then fills in the framework beneath. The logs are often brought to the building, and the boards sawed out by hand as they are needed. In the older lumberyards of Japan the sawmill is an almond-eyed, barelegged man, who stands on top of a log or beneath it and pulls or pushes his saw until he has cut the log into boards.

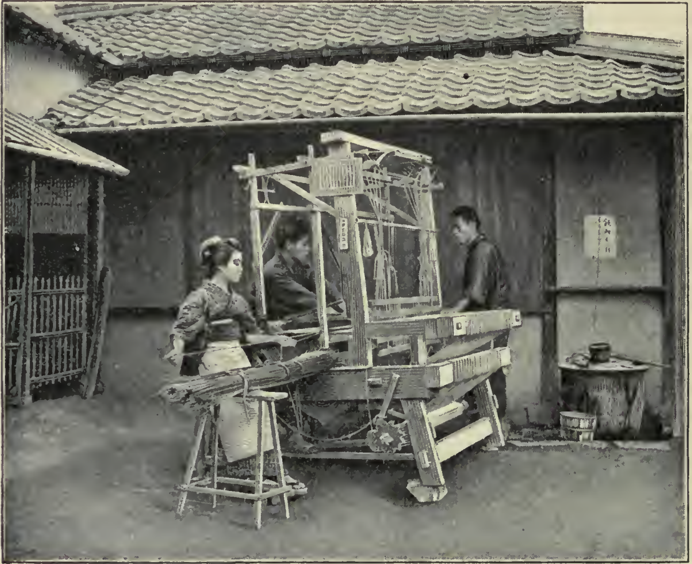
Sawmill.

We spend some time in Osaka, the commercial capital of the western part of the empire. It is as large as Philadelphia and has many manufacturing villages in its suburbs. It has cotton and silk mills, and factories for making matting and rugs. It has many great wholesale establishments and also exporting houses which ship goods to all parts of the world.

During our stay here we learn much about Japan's foreign trade. We are told that the commerce of the empire now amounts to about five hundred million dollars a year, and that it includes many articles which are shipped not only to China and other parts of Asia, but also to the various countries of Europe and the United States. As we go through the factories, the men often tell us that they are working on goods intended for us; and we learn that the United States is Japan's best customer, and that it sells us millions of dollars' worth of goods every year. Is it not strange to think that many of the Japanese children and

grown-ups are all the time working to supply some of our wants, and that at the same time we are making things which are sent back to them in exchange!

We buy of Japan much more than she buys of us, and her trade with us is increasing. A great deal of the tea we drink comes from Japanese bushes, and much of the



Making Matting.

silk goods made in our mills is from cocoons reared in Japan. Many of our houses are furnished with Japanese rugs, and our most beautiful mattings come from Japan. On the other hand, we are shipping to Japan many different kinds of machinery. We are sending her leather, iron goods, and kerosene, while much of the raw cotton used in her mills is raised in our southern states.

There is one export in which Japan surpasses all other countries. This is camphor, a drug of which we buy many tons every year. There are camphor groves scattered throughout the central islands, and great forests of camphor trees in Formosa. In the village of Tosa in western Japan is a group of thirteen trees over one hundred years old, which it is believed will produce about forty thousand pounds of crude camphor.

The camphor tree is an evergreen of the laurel family. Its trunk is somewhat like that of an oak. It grows to be fifteen feet in diameter, rising twenty or thirty feet from the ground before the branches begin. Some trees are several hundred years old.

In the production of camphor the trees are cut down and chopped up into chips, and the chips are then boiled until the sap and oil in them rise up in a steam. This is conducted through pipes kept cool by cold water running over them. As the steam strikes the cold pipes it condenses and forms a deposit of oil and camphor, from which, the oil being pressed out, comes the camphor of commerce.

From Osaka a half hour by rail takes us to Kobe, the chief seaport of central Japan. It lies at the entrance of the famed Inland Sea, through which we pass on our way to Korea. We travel in a Japanese steamer, floating among mountainous islands, the hills of which are terraced so that they look like green steps rising from the water. There are many black-roofed villages dotting the shores. We pass through narrow channels, moving in and out through Japanese craft; and at last find ourselves at anchor in the mountain-locked harbor of Nagasaki, the westernmost port of Kiushu. Here we take coal, hundreds of half-naked little Japanese women passing it in small baskets from one

to another from a barge on one side of the steamer, until it is at last stored in the hold.

Our ship is called the *Tokyo Maru*. It is lighted by electricity and heated by steam, and is almost as comfortable as that in which we crossed the Pacific. The sailors and officers are Japanese, and we have many fellow-Japanese passengers on board. We are almost as sorry as they at leaving Japan, and as our ship steams out into the ocean we look longingly back, and with them cry out: "Sayonara" (si-yon-ä′rä), the Japanese word meaning "Farewell."

"Sayonara — Farewell."

12. KOREA, THE HERMIT NATION

A SHORT sail from Nagasaki brings us to Korea, or Chosen, as the country has been called since 1910, when it was made a part of the Japanese Empire. We land at Fusan and travel northward by railway to Seoul (sĕ-ōōl′), the capital city. The country is very mountainous, with many streams, and we are told that it contains gold,

silver, copper, and lead, and that in the north there are large deposits of coal. The soil seems to be fertile. We pass fields of rice, cotton, and tobacco, and find that wheat, barley, and millet are grown farther north. Fruits of many kinds are brought to the train, and we buy ripe red persimmons as big as the largest tomato and eat them with spoons. The climate is delightful, and we do not wonder that the people are proud of their country.

"— with a cartload of pottery tied to his back."

On our way we pass many villages of mud and stone huts roofed with straw inhabited by farmers, and now and then go through a town made up of houses of much the same nature. There are white-clad figures at work in the field, and stopping off at one of the towns, we find ourselves among some of the queerest people we shall see in our travels through Asia.

They are not Chinese, and still they are yellow. They are not Japanese, although their eyes are like almonds in shape. They are taller than any of the Asiatics we have in America, and their faces are kinder and somewhat more stolid. They have cheek bones as high as those of an Indian, and their noses are almost as flat as a negro's. They are stronger than the men we saw in Japan. Here comes one trotting along with a cartload of pottery tied to his back. During our travels through the mountainous parts of the interior, men of that kind will carry our trunks weighing hundreds of pounds for a few cents a day. They will fasten them to an easel-like framework of forked sticks which hangs from their shoulders,

and will trot up the hills as though they were loaded with feathers. They are Korean porters, who, notwithstanding the railroads, still carry much of the freight.

As we continue our travels we find that Korea has many classes of people corresponding to those which were here before the Japanese took possession of the country at the close of the Russian-Japanese war and introduced western ways. For ages prior to that time the nation was independent, being under a king and the nobles, who lived in great luxury by taxing and oppressing the rest of the people. They strutted about in gorgeous silk gowns and spent their whole time in smoking and chatting, considering it beneath their dignity to do any manual labor.

In addition to them, there were other classes who dressed in gowns of cotton and silk. These were government clerks, scholars, farmers, merchants, and laborers, each class of which had its own costume and ways. Even to-day most of the people wear gowns, and many of the men in the fields are clad in white cottons. Others have on full pantaloons tied in at the ankles and stockings of cloth so padded that they almost burst the low straw shoes which they wear. We see gowns of light green and rose-pink, and some as blue as the sky.

But queerest of all to our eyes is the headgear. Some of the men wear bowls of white straw as big as umbrellas, and others have their heads almost bare save for the little hats of black horsehair which sit on the crown and are fastened by ribbons tied under the chin. The horsehair hat is that of a gentleman, and it is prized more highly than any other article of dress. It is so light that it seldom weighs more than two ounces, and according to its shape one may know the class of its owner.

Indeed, here every style of hat has its meaning.

Observe that one of bright straw which is coming towards us. It is as big as a parasol and seems to be walking off with the man who is half hidden beneath it. That hat is worn by a mourner, and for three years he can use no other kind. He wishes to appear humble, for he believes that the gods are angry with him in that they caused the death of his father. For the same reason he is clad in that gown of light gray and holds a screen in front of his face to show his great grief. If at the end of his mourning his mother should die, he must mourn three years longer, and during the time he will not dare to go to parties, and he should not do business or marry.

"He wishes to appear humble."

But here come two men with no hats at all. They part their hair in the middle and it hangs in long braids down their backs. See how meek they look and how they slink along half ashamed. They are Korean bachelors, and until they are married they will have no rights that any one is bound to respect. According to the old

Korean Children.

custom, married men only might have hats in Korea, and it was only they who had the right to put up their hair in a top-knot on the crown of the head. Many unmarried men and boys still wear their hair down their backs. They tie it with ribbons, and look more like girls than boys.

We ask the guides to show us the women. He tells us that Korean ladies are seldom seen on the streets, and that it is only lately that they have gone out at all except in closed carriages. He points out, however, some queer-looking creatures who have green cloaks thrown over their heads which they hold tight in front of the faces with just a crack for the eyes. These are women of the poorer classes, many of whom turn their backs as we see them at work in the fields.

A Korean Lady.

All these strange customs are changing, and the Koreans under the Japanese have begun to adopt modern ways. Many of the town people now cut their hair short, and the public schoolboys are required to do so. The women are gradually coming out of their seclusion, and we shall meet many girls on the streets going to school.

But we are now approaching the Korean capital, and can see its walls climbing the hills in the distance. The city lies in a basin surrounded by mountains which in some places are as arid and ragged as the wildest peaks of the Rockies, and in others as green as the Blue Ridge or the

Main Gate to the Palace, Seoul.

Adirondacks. It is surrounded by a great wall as tall as a three-story house and so broad at the top that two automobiles abreast could easily be driven upon it. The wall was built for the defense of the city about five hundred years ago, but it is in good condition to-day. The railroad station is outside the gates, and before going in we climb to the top of the wall for a bird's-eye view of the city.

What a curious sight! Imagine three hundred thousand people living in one-story houses; picture sixty thousand houses most of which are of stones and mud with roofs of straw thatch! Think of a city where the men are dressed in long gowns, and where, until recently, the ladies were never seen on the streets, and you have some idea of Seoul.

As we look over the city, it makes us think of a meadow filled with haycocks interspersed here and there with tiled barns and with groups of more imposing barns in a park in the center and also under the mountains at the back. The haycocks are the huts of the poor, the heavy roofed barns are the homes of the rich, and the great wooded inclosures surround the king's palaces. The rich live in large yards back from the street, and their houses are much like those of Japan. The rooms are separated by movable walls backed with oiled paper; they are heated by flues which run under the floor. The huts are built in the shape of a horseshoe, with one heel of the shoe resting on the street and the other running back into the yard. The doors of such houses are often so low that one must stoop to go in, and at the foot of each door is a hole cut out for the dog. Every Korean house has its own dog, which knows a foreigner by his smell and barks at him as he goes through the street.

But let us take our field glasses and look again at the

city below us. As we examine it in detail, we can see here and there many foreign buildings rising above the thatched huts. Some of these are government offices, and others are schools. In the center is a red brick structure devoted to the Y.M.C.A. which was built for the Koreans by an American, and at one side of the town close to the wall is a section filled with Japanese houses in which are many Japanese stores. Other modern buildings are now going up. The whole city is changing, and the time may come when the thatched huts will disappear and buildings like those of Japan take their places.

"— a hole is cut out for the dog —"

13. BUSINESS AMONG THE KOREANS. EDUCATION

OUR travels this morning will be in the city of Seoul. A Korean who speaks English acts as our guide. We take chairs for one part of the journey, and for others dismiss our coolies and ride about on the electric street cars. We go through the wide avenues which cut the city in quarters, and spend some time wandering about the side streets. We start out early, and for the first hour or so find the town full of smoke. Each of the huts has a chimney which juts forth into the street about two feet

"We ride about on the electric street cars."

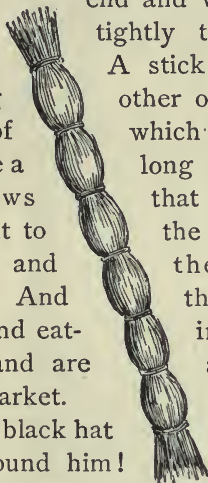
from the ground. The people use straw for fuel, and the smoke is now pouring forth, for all Seoul is cooking its breakfast. It makes our eyes smart, and we have to look sharp to keep out of the way of the porters and others who are going to the markets at the foot of the chief business street. We follow the crowd, and soon find ourselves near the gate through which we came into Seoul and at one of the busiest places in Korea.

"—selling candies."

Here are thousands of men in all sorts of costumes buying and selling. There are booths devoted to rice, and others in which corn, wheat, and barley are sold. Some of the market men have fish fresh from the sea, and some sell beef, mutton, venison, and all kinds of game. We see

many fresh vegetables, and not a few peddlers who have baskets of red peppers before them. Little boys go about selling candies which they carry on trays attached to their waists by ropes over the shoulders. Other little ones have chestnuts, which they roast upon pans of charcoal and sell piping hot.

Many of the articles in the market seem to us very curious. Eggs, for instance, are sold by the stick, ten being laid end to end and wrapped around with long straw so tightly that they stand out straight and stiff. A stick of ten eggs brings five cents. Among other odd things are the tobacco pipes, most of which have stems as long as ourselves. To have a long pipe is a sign of a gentleman; it shows that he has a servant, for he cannot reach out to the bowl with the pipe stem in his mouth, and therefore must have some one to light it. And then the brass bowls used for cooking and eating utensils! They shine like gold, and are among the most beautiful wares in the market. See that man in the white gown and black hat with those wooden clubs piled up around him! They look like baseball bats, and we wonder if our great American game has not come out to Korea. We ask the guide, and he tells us that the club here holds the place that the flatiron has in America. The family washing is done in cold water, and dried on the grass. Each garment is then taken into the house and wrapped around a stick. This is then laid upon the floor where one or two women squat down before it and pound upon the cloth with these wooden clubs until they make it as smooth and as glossy as could be done in an American laundry.



"Eggs are sold by the stick."

Our guide points to his own gown of snow white, and says it was ironed that way. As we go on through the city we hear the song of these ironing clubs. It is a musical rat-tat-tat which may be heard at every hour of the day and during the greater part of the night. The clothes are ripped apart before they are washed. It takes a long time to iron them, and after that they must be sewed together again, so you see the Korean women have plenty to do.

Four Gentlemen of Korea.

Leaving the market, we walk through the crowd up the street until we come to a little temple which contains the great bell formerly used for opening and closing the gates. This is the business center of the native city, the streets surrounding it being thronged with merchants and peddlers, with dandies and loafers, from sunrise to sunset. The stores are wide open, and the merchants sit inside them, wearing white gowns and black hats. Most of them smoke as they wait for the customers.

Running in from the streets here and there are little bazaars or covered alleys in which are more stores. The

Ironing Clothes in Korea.

Main Street of Seoul.

merchants sit cross-legged on ledges in front, and bring out the goods from behind as the customers order. They seem in no hurry to sell, and are content to smoke and chat if no buyers come. They do not like to sell much to one man; for they say that if they should dispose of all their goods, they could not keep open their stores.

There are many small shops scattered throughout the business streets. There are sections devoted to the making of furniture and especially to the brass-bound cabinets for which these people are famous. We find many stores where jewelers are working, and some in which men are carving seals, for every Korean has a seal in order to stamp or sign any paper he writes.

Korean Shoes.

In addition to its native shops Seoul has now many Japanese stores. The Japanese are opening mercantile establishments in all the cities, and they do much of the business. They control to a great extent the exports and imports, and collect all the customs. From them we learn that the trade of Korea is growing, and that it now amounts to some millions of dollars a year. The principal exports are rice, beans, cowhides, and cattle, and also gold and coal. The largest gold mines of the country are owned by Americans, who were the first to mine here with modern machinery.

But suppose we visit the schools. They have been greatly changed within recent years, and those most common to-day are much like the schools we saw in Japan.

(107) Korean Schoolboys.

The children have uniforms, and each boy has a little brass badge on his cap which marks the school to which he belongs. The boys wear their hair short, instead of in long braids down their backs, and the girls have no veils, which is contrary to the ideas of the older Koreans. The government school buildings have furniture like ours, and each has its gymnasium where the children play and exercise every day. The Koreans are intelligent, and most of the girls and boys are good students.

Korean Children.

The Japanese are building roads everywhere. They have railroads and telegraph lines connecting all the chief towns and have established post offices. They are also improving the harbors and building lighthouses along the coast. The capital is now lighted by electricity, and one can telephone from there to Chemulpo (chē-mŭl′pō) and other towns. Daily newspapers are now printed in Seoul, and the people are alive to the advantages of the new civilization.

The Japanese have long felt they must have Korea, as it is so close to their country that it might form a good place for any other nation to send in an army to fight against them. This would be especially so with the Chinese or

Russians, whose possessions are not far away. For this reason, after the Russian-Japanese war was over, the Japanese insisted that they should have control of Korea, and it is now a part of their empire. They appoint the police and really govern the country. They have built several great barracks at Yongsan, near Seoul, where a large force of Japanese soldiers is quartered.

Leaving the capital, we make some trips here and there over the country, passing through thousands of rice fields,

Plowing in Korea.

and now and then skirting the wilds into which we dare not go after dark for fear of the tigers. We stay at night at Korean Inns, where we sleep on brick floors, half baked by the straw fires of the flues which run under them.

We travel on ponies and spend much time in the mountains. We visit the copper mines and the gold mines, and then go to Songdo and Pingyang, two large cities, the scenes of which are not unlike those of Seoul. From Pingyang we take the railroad and travel northward

CHINA
SCALE OF MILES
0 100 200 300 400 500 600
Longitude East from Greenwich
KIRGHIZ STEPPES
Semipalatinsk
L. Baikal
RUSSIAN TURKESTAN
SIBERIA
Irkutsk
L. Balkash
Maimatchin
Blagoveschensk
Amur R.
SEA OF OKHOTSK
YEZO
Vladivostok
MANCHURIA
Tsitsihar
Harbin
Sungari R.
Kirin
Mukden
KOREA
Seoul
Fusan
SEA OF JAPAN
JAPAN
TOKYO
Yokohama
SHIKOKU
KIUSHU
MONGOLIA
Kobdo
Altai Mts.
Selenga R.
Uliasutai
Urga
Kerulen
DESERT OF GOBI
Thian Shan
Kulja
Urumtsi
Barkul
Hami
CHINESE TURKESTAN
Kashgar
Tarim R.
Yarkand
Khotan
Lob Nor
Karakoram Mts.
Kuen lun
TIBET
Koko Nor
Lassa
Mt. Everest
Himalaya Mts.
NEPAL
BHUTAN
DELHI
INDIA
Ganges
Brahmaputra R.
Calcutta
BURMA
Mandalay
Salwin
BAY OF BENGAL
SIAM
Shanhaikwan
GREAT WALL
PEKING
Tientsin
G. of Pechili
Port Arthur
Weihaiwei Br.
Chifu
SHANTUNG PEN.
Kiauchau
YELLOW SEA
Great Plain
Grand Canal
Hoang
Singan
Nanking
Shanghai
Suchau
Hangchau
Ningpo
CHINA
Chengtu
Chungking
Yangtze
Ichang
Hankau
Wuchang
Siangtan
Yunnan
Si R.
Canton
Macao
Victoria
HONGKONG Br.
KWANGCHAU Fr.
FRENCH INDO-CHINA
HANOI
Gulf of Tonkin
HAINAN
SOUTH CHINA SEA
LUZON
Fuchau
FORMOSA
EAST CHINA SEA
RIU KIU IS.
EMPIRE OF JAPAN
PACIFIC OCEAN
TROPIC OF CANCER
J. L. POATES N.Y.

through much beautiful scenery to Wiju (wē-jōō) on the Yalu (yä-lōō′) River. We are now on the edge of Manchuria and ready to enter the great world of China.

14. CHINA

THE Chinese occupy about one fourth of all Asia. Their possessions consist of China proper and the vast tributary provinces of Mongolia, Tibet, and Chinese Turkestan, comprising all together an area larger than Europe. This country is bordered on the south by Indo-China and India, on the north by Siberia, and on the west by other provinces of Asiatic Russia. On the east, for three thousand miles, it is washed by the Pacific Ocean, from which the land slopes gradually upward until it ends in the vast plateaus which form the heart of the continent.

Boy in Winter Dress.

The land is thus one of mountains and plains. It has several low ranges running across it, and between them mighty rivers which have so many branches that China proper is one of the best watered parts of the earth. The Yangtze Kiang or Blue River is to China what the Mississippi is to our country. It is navigable for steam vessels for one thousand miles from its mouth, and the Hoang Ho or Yellow River, which sluggishly flows through the Great Plain farther north, although not navigable in places from its wide shifting channel, is almost as large. In addition to these, there are other great rivers and countless canals, so

that most parts of the lowland can be reached upon boats. Moreover, the country is such that railroads can be easily built. Within recent years some long trunk lines have been constructed, and in time China will have a network of steel tracks such as we now have at home. The cars are quite comfortable, and many of our journeys will be made upon them.

China has mighty resources. Its mountains contain rich beds of minerals, including gold, silver, nickel, copper, and tin; and its coal and iron deposits are unequaled by those of our country. The soil is so rich in many places that it yields three crops a year. Much of the land is irrigated, and the rich earth washings of the mountains, brought down by the rivers, are carried through the canals over the land, making it produce many fold. Indeed, China has such varied resources that if it were walled off from the rest of the world, its people could satisfy their every need from within their own boundaries.

"On the cold highlands the people wear sheepskins in winter."

In addition to this, the country has an excellent climate, although this differs, according to the locality, as much as that of the United States. On the high plateaus of the west and north it is as cold and dry as in any part of the Rockies, and in the south it is as warm and moist as

Louisiana or Florida. Wheat, barley, and millet thrive in the north, while in the south rice and cotton are among the principal crops. On the cold highlands the people wear sheepskins in winter, and on the southeastern coast they can go barefooted at Christmas.

The rainfall is varied. The winds blowing in from the ocean meet the cold air of Tibet, and drop their burden of moisture, so that the main body of China has plenty of water. Going on westward, the still colder air wrings the winds dryer and dryer until, when they reach the high plateaus, they have no more rain to give. Hence we find there vast deserts such as those of Gobi and Tibet and the arid lands farther west.

You would naturally expect a rich country, walled in by mountains and seas from the rest of the world, to have a race and civilization of its own. This is the case with China. It contains more than four hundred million people who have a character and customs unlike those of other races, and who had created a civilization long before the time of Athens or Rome. This civilization, until within a few years, was not affected by ours, but now the Chinese are adopting the best things of Europe and the United States. They are building railroads, introducing machinery, and making other changes similar to those we saw in Japan. Nevertheless, the old China is still everywhere present, and our travels will be like going through a new world.

We shall begin our investigations in the northern part of China. We go back to Seoul and from there to Chemulpo, where we take ship for Tientsin (tē-en′tsēn′) the chief port of North China. The distance across the Yellow Sea is not long, but we stop on the way at Dairen and Port Arthur in Manchuria, two little cities now controlled by Japan.

From there we steam on not far from the coast and enter China by the little Pei (pĕ′ē) River, awaiting high tide to take us over the bar at its mouth. The stream is narrow and winding, the land is flat, and the Pei curves in and out like a snake so that we can see both in front and behind us the white sails of Chinese boats marching, as it were, over the fields as they move along through the river.

A Chinese Family.

We are now in the Great Plain, which extends from the valley of the Yangtze to the mountains north of Peking (pē-king′), skirting the ocean and running back into the interior, in places, as far as four hundred miles. The soil here is exceedingly rich, and it is said that it supports more people than any other area of like size on the globe. It is largely composed of a yellow earth known as loess,

which contains lime and decayed vegetable matter. There are great beds of it in the mountains farther west which are supposed to have been made by the dust blown from the highlands of central Asia. These loess beds are very porous, and the winds carry their dust over the Great Plain; and the rivers also aid in distributing it, making the land wonderfully fertile. The Chinese think so much of this fat yellow soil that one of the titles of their Emperor, who formerly ruled, was "Hoang-Ti," which means "Lord of the Loess," and they chose yellow as the Imperial color.

Most of the Great Plain is low, and as flat as a floor. We can see for miles on all sides. The country is made up of farms without fences, and spotted here and there with small clumps of trees surrounding the mud villages which are the homes of the farmers.

The banks of the Pei River are dotted with little cities and villages. We often float close to the houses. They are almost all of one story, and some of them are not more than fifteen feet square. Their walls are sun-dried bricks, and their low, slanting roofs are of reeds plastered with mud. The houses are built close to the streets, which are narrow dirt roads without sidewalks. In some places the houses extend out over the banks of the river in such a way that the floods often wash out the foundations and drop them, families and all, down into the water.

The streets of these towns are swarming with yellow-skinned people. We see merchants in black satin caps and gay-colored silk gowns, and workmen in shirts and wide-flapping pantaloons of blue cotton. Their queues are tied up to be out of the way. We see bareheaded women in coats of green, purple, and crimson, below which are bright-colored trousers and little silk shoes. There are almond-eyed children dressed like their parents,

"The streets are swarming with yellow-skinned people."

some playing about, and others watching the steamer go by. The poorer boys are more than half naked, and we tremble at their danger as we see them wrestling together, rolling each other over and over at the very edge of the water.

As we go on, we observe that the roads which run from village to village are lined with people of all classes, conditions, and ages. There are half-naked porters, who go on the trot as they carry great loads balanced on the ends of poles which rest on their shoulders, and we now and then pass ladies on their way to call on the neighbors. Their feet are too small for them to walk comfortably, and they ride on the backs of their menservants. They wear red or pink slippers, and their little feet bob up and down out of silk pantaloons as they hold on to the necks of the bearers. We see Chinese gentlemen riding in sedan chairs slung between poles, and small-footed old women who totter along with canes in their hands. There are hucksters with baskets on their way to the markets, and laborers and peddlers of every description. We observe that hundreds are at work in the fields, and get our first glimpse of the industry of the Chinese, which is unsurpassed in the world.

The numbers increase as we go up the river, and at Tientsin we find scores of brawny laborers ready to handle the freight at the wharves. They carry the huge boxes and bales out of our ship, all grunting and yelling together as they raise and lower their burdens. As we look closely at them we are surprised at their strength. They are taller than the people of the southern part of the country, from where the Chinese of America come. Some are six feet in height, and some can lift five hundred pounds at a load.

Tientsin is the New York of North China. It is the chief port of the Great Plain, with its many millions of

people, and also of Mongolia, to which country the goods are carried by railroads and camels. It was Tientsin which constructed the first working railroad of China, and it now has trunk lines which connect it with Peking, and with Mongolia, Manchuria, and Siberia, and also with Hankau, Nanking, and Shanghai and other cities in the rich Yangtze valley. Tientsin is already as big as Philadelphia and has many factories and schools. Its people are gradually introducing the ways of our civilization, and as we go through our guides point out the changes, saying that China will be soon as far advanced as Japan.

We are anxious, however, to see the civilization of old China, and tell our guides that we wish to travel in Chinese style to Peking. They reply that the railroad will take us there in less than three hours, but that in the old ways the journey will require several days. We ask how we are to go. They tell us we can have ponies or carts or, if we would go still more cheaply, there are plenty of wheelbarrows.

And do the Chinese ever travel on wheelbarrows?

Yes, they are common all over the country. Vast quantities of goods are still carried across country upon them, and some of the barrows have sails, the pushers being helped on by the wind. We shall find many with men and donkeys harnessed in front, thus aiding the owner who stands between the handles and pushes hard behind. The Chinese wheelbarrow is different from ours. The wheel is in the center of the bed, and there is a framework over it with a ledge on each side. The passengers sit on the ledges, or there may be a passenger on one side and freight on the other. I have seen wheelbarrows with a hog or sheep tied to one side, while on the ledge opposite rode a pretty Chinese girl with flowers in her hair and rouge on her cheeks.

(119) "I try one of the wheelbarrows."

I try one of the wheelbarrows, and conclude it will not do for us to risk an eighty-mile ride upon them, and as the ponies are shaggy and rough, we tell our guides to order carts. In time they come up, each pulled by two dirty mules harnessed one in front of the other and driven by a Chinese who sits on the shafts.

What clumsy vehicles they are! The wheels are twice as heavy as those of our drays, and the shafts are as thick. The bed rests on the shafts without springs, and over it is a framework covered with blue canvas forming the roof of the cart. This is too low for us to have seats beneath it, and we get in and sit on the floor. There is no support for the back, and when we attempt to lie down, our feet extend out at the front, disturbing the driver. The mules start off on the trot, and we are almost jolted to jelly by the ruts in the road. The dust is so thick we can taste it. Our lips become dry, and when we lick them, they are straightway coated with clay. We are tired out before we have ridden ten miles and are glad now and then to climb out for a walk.

We ask why there are no better roads, and are surprised to learn that this is one of the best highways of China. The country has four thousand roads, but most of them have been so cut up by these heavy vehicles throughout the ages that they are no better than ditches. They are filled with dust when the weather is dry, and when wet they become rivers of mud. We are told, however, that the people are beginning to want modern roads. Some of them have traveled abroad, and at their advice the government is urging the provinces to improve the highways, and most of the cities and towns are laying new streets. We shall see stone crushers and steam rollers in Peking, and shall learn that new roadways are being made everywhere.

As we proceed we pass frequent villages. The farmers do not live on their farms but in villages of squalid houses with fences of mud about them. The buildings are of sun-dried brick, roofed with reeds tied on in bunches over which mud is spread. We stay over night in one of these towns at a native hotel whose surroundings make us think of a barn-yard. Our rooms are in stablelike sheds built around a court filled with donkeys and camels. The donkeys bray at all hours of the night, and the camels cry like so many babies.

Our bed is a brick ledge about two feet high which fills one half of the room. It is heated by flues running under it, and we are alternately roasting and freezing. The fuel is straw, which burns out very quickly, and the brick bed is stone cold before a new fire is lighted. There are no springs and no bedding. We turn over again and again, and at daybreak get up with all our bones aching.

A Hotel.

Starting on at six in the morning we ride and walk until dusk, when we find by the increased number of wheelbar-rows, donkeys, and carts that we are approaching the great capital of China, and far off in the distance we see the walls of Peking. Our journey has lasted two days, but we have had a taste of real China, and the trip has been well worth the discomfort it cost.

15. THE GREAT CAPITAL OF CHINA

PEKING is a walled city. Its million and a half population live in a vast inclosure bounded by walls so high that one would have to climb to the top of a tall tree to look over them. Think of surrounding New York or London by great walls, sixty feet thick at the bottom, as tall as a four-story house, and so broad at the top that one could drive four wagonloads of hay side by side upon them without crowding. Let these walls be faced inside and out with gray bricks, each as thick as a big dictionary, and let the space between be filled with earth so packed that the ages have made the whole as solid as stone. Build great towers upon the top of the structure above the gates which go through it, and you have some idea of Peking. Such walls were originally built around every important Chinese city, and it is estimated that there are still more than a thousand walled cities in China. The walls were put up as a means of defense, and on many of them are piles of stones ready to be thrown down at the enemy in case of a siege. The towers were intended for watchmen, and the gates under them were the only way in. They were open during the day and closed at night by doors plated with iron. There are sixteen such gates leading into Peking, and we can see the towers over them long before we come to the walls. Entering one of the gates, we climb up into the tower for a view of Peking.

What a curious city! It is like an immense orchard, in which stand thousands of one-story stablelike structures of gray brick with roofs of black tiles, the stores and homes of the people. Here and there are government buildings, shaped somewhat like an American barn, rising above the

trees, and through the whole are cut wide roads upon which moves a busy throng of vehicles, animals, and men.

As we look again we see that there are other walls running this way and that through the inclosure, and our guides tell us that these walls surround three different cities, the whole making Peking. There is the Tartar city at the north, and in its center the Imperial City which was

"We climb up into the tower for a view of Peking."

built as the home of the Emperor and his thousands of servants; it has many huge buildings roofed with porcelain tiles of bright yellow. There is the Chinese city at the south, and beyond it the Temples of Agriculture and Heaven, where the Emperor rode out in an elephant cart to sacrifice and pray on behalf of the nation. For many generations it was the custom for the Emperor, every spring, to start the first furrow with a gold-handled plow, after which the farmers would put in their crops.

It is in the Chinese city that most of the business is done. Its streets are narrow and walled with all kinds of stores, as we shall see when we go through them. The Tartar city gets its name from the Tartars, who came, long ago, from beyond the Great Wall and conquered the Chinese. They made their homes here, and here their Emperor lived. It is still the seat of government, but since 1912, when the Imperial government was overthrown, most of the officials have been Chinese.

But let us go down from the tower and make our way through that crowd of pushing men and beasts which moves through this gate from sunrise to sunset. What a wonderful collection it is! There are caravans of brown woolly camels laden with tea on their way to Mongolia and ridden by fierce-looking Tartars. There are carts without number containing the silk-dressed nobility, and common workmen or coolies, half-naked, on foot. There are little gray donkeys by hundreds, straddled by yellow-skinned merchants, and urged on by the blows of yellow-skinned donkey boys who follow behind.

There are sober-faced scholars wearing spectacles, the glasses of which are as big as our silver dollars, and dandies dressed in satins and silks. There are shaven-headed priests from Tibet in gowns of bright yellow, and travelers from all over China in costumes of all shades and tints. There are barefooted beggars in rags and gorgeously dressed princes on ponies, all pushing and scrambling and shouting as they force their way through. The busiest parts of the cities have similar crowds, and we hire donkeys in order to ride through the streets.

Now we are mounted and are forcing our way in and out through these yellow-skinned people. We move carefully, and have little trouble. The Chinese have become

accustomed to foreigners and are gradually adopting the ways of our civilization. There are policemen at all the street crossings, and good order is everywhere kept. We observe that many of the streets are now paved and that they have sidewalks and roadways. We see automobiles flying by the camels on the chief thoroughfares, and notice that electric lamps have taken the places of the paper lanterns used in the past.

Suppose we enter a store. It has counters behind which the clerks stand, and upon which they display their goods. The clerks wear long gowns of silk, and black skullcaps with red buttons on top. They keep their caps on in the stores. We find them good salesmen, although they always ask several times what they think we will pay.

"— not more than ten dollars."

Going on, we pass banking establishments, and at the street corners see money changers sitting at tables with piles of copper and brass coins before them. Such coins form the chief money of China, and it takes several of the kind known as cash to equal the value of one of our cents. I give you here a picture of myself and my Chinese servant holding some strings of coins, the total value of which is not more than ten dollars. Many large transactions are still carried on in silver by weight. Such silver is cast in the shape of a Chinese shoe and marked with a number which shows the taels, or Chinese ounces, it weighs. A

tael is worth a little more than our silver dollar. In addition, silver dollars are now being coined, mints having been established in many of the cities. The banks issue notes, and such notes circulate almost everywhere.

We have now come into a street of bookstores; and, as we go on, we observe that in some streets they are selling nothing but hats, and that others are lined with shoe stores and fur stores. There are sections of the city where only porcelain is sold, and long lines of shops devoted to satins and silks. The stores of the same kind are usually close together, and there are lock peddlers by hundreds and wood stores and coal stores. Wood is sold by weight, and coal dust is mixed with mud and made up into balls as big as our fists which are sold for a few cents apiece.

But here we are at a drug store! That writing in front of it advertises "ground tiger bones to strengthen faint hearts," and extracts of rat meat, which are warranted to make the hair grow. Farther on is a coffin street, each store of which is full of great wooden caskets. The Chinese are particular as to how they are buried, and they sometimes buy coffins a long time before death. Indeed, it is not uncommon for a son to give his father or mother a beautiful coffin at New Year's. The parent will keep such a present in his parlor and show it with pride to the neighbors. In the coffin street are shops which sell gold and silver paper cut in certain odd shapes. This is funeral money to be burned at the graves of the dead, that they may not go penniless into the land of the hereafter.

And then there are many bird stores in Peking. The Chinese are fond of pets, and we meet grown men going about carrying little birds upon sticks. One leg of the bird is tied to the stick by a string, which permits it to fly a short distance, and it now and then darts up and flaps its

wings before it returns to its perch. We find pigeons sold in the markets and often hear them flying about through the air making a noise like a boy when he blows a tin whistle. The noise comes from a whistle of wood which is tied to the tail of the bird to scare off the hawks. Such whistles cost two cents apiece. Many of the pigeons are used as carriers, the letters being tied under their wings.

The markets are especially interesting. We have heard it said that the chief food of the Chinese is rice, cats, dogs, and rats. But we observe that they have the best of meats and the choicest of fruits. The mutton comes from the fat-tailed sheep of north China, the tails of which often weigh several pounds each. We can buy camel's flesh, and pork is sold everywhere. The Chinese like pork, and they have one variety which is especially fine, being produced on an island off the southern coast where the pigs are fattened on sweet potatoes and chestnuts. They have also fowls of every kind and the best breeds of geese, chickens, and ducks.

In addition to the animals reared for the markets, China has all sorts of game. We see deer, rabbits, and squirrels, and snipe, quail, duck, and other wild birds. More than a thousand different kinds of fish are sold in the markets, and there are mackerel, herring, sturgeon, and sole, as well as gold and silver fish and fish that look much like a parrot. There are plenty of oysters and clams, and also prawns, shrimps, and crabs. The fish are all brought in alive, and are kept in tubs of running water until they are sold.

As to cats, dogs, and rats, they are sometimes eaten by the poorer Chinese. I once bought a dried rat in Canton, and I have visited restaurants which served stews of cat meat and dog meat. In one of them I saw a dog cooking.

The flesh looked like pork, and the fur had been scalded and scraped from the skin, with the exception of a tuft at the end of the tail. This tuft was jet black, and my guide said it was left on to show the dog's color, as the meat of a black dog is considered the best.

16. THE GOVERNMENT AND THE SCHOOLS

UNTIL within a few years, the Chinese nation has been like one vast family, of which the Emperor was the head and therefore the absolute ruler. The people have been slow to take up our civilization which, as we have seen, has so greatly changed Japan; and it is only within a short time that they have realized that our methods of government must be the best. Indeed, it was not until China was conquered by little Japan, that she knew how backward she was and how unable to take the part she should hold in the world. She then saw that she must have a different government and different ways of education, commerce, and industry. For this reason the people overthrew the old Empire, and established a Republic in its stead, with a President and Congress elected by the people. The nation is rapidly changing, and it is growing more and more like the rest of the civilized world in its customs.

It was in 1912 that the Emperor was forced from the throne, as the result of a great revolution. The new Chinese President and the new Chinese Congress did not agree well. Before long the President dissolved the Congress and governed almost as he pleased. He even went out to the Temples of Agriculture and Heaven to sacrifice and pray and plow as the Emperor had done. Then,

Temple of Heaven, Peking.

in 1915, many people asked that the country should again be an Empire. But so many other Chinese fought against this change that it was decided to continue the government as a Republic.

We can now see the grand palaces of the Emperor in Peking. They are in the Tartar City inside a walled inclosure known as the Pink Forbidden City. This consists of a wilderness of high structures whose roofs of yellow tiles shine like gold under the sun. The buildings run up and down both sides of a lake and they look out upon broad lawns and beautiful parks in which grow great forest trees.

A High Official.

Many of the palaces of the Emperor are now used as the official buildings of the new government. Some have been remodeled, and in other places new buildings are going up. In the past it was impossible for travelers to enter this part of Peking, but we can now go where we please, and we shall visit the offices. We find in them the men who are ruling China, and learn about the great changes which are now taking place.

The President of the Republic has a Cabinet. He has his Departments of State, Treasury, War, Justice, and Agriculture, as well as those of Public Works, Education, Commerce, and Colonies. Some of the chief officials have been educated abroad and many in the United States. Our nation has always been friendly to China, and the government is now sending many Chinese boys to our

American colleges. We find friends in all the chief public buildings, and are made quite at home.

In addition to the officials here at Peking, there are thousands scattered all over the country. China proper has twenty-two provinces, each of which has its own governor, with hundreds of officials to help him. Each province is divided into districts, and the districts into subdistricts and villages. Each village has its own officers, and every family in it is responsible for its good conduct. If a boy commits a crime, his father, his elder brothers, and even his teachers are punished, as well as himself; for the Chinese say that if they had taught him properly, he would not have broken the laws.

By the new constitution, every province now has its legislature or provincial assembly much as in the states of our Union. The cities elect their own mayors, and many of them have night schools where grown men are now studying how a people should govern itself.

In the past, the courts of China were corrupt, the jails and prisons were vile places, and the punishments were the most terrible that could be imagined. These matters are being reformed. New courts have been created, new prisons are building, and in time justice will be administered as fairly as in our own country.

At present some of the milder of the old punishments are still in use; and as we go through the streets we may see petty thieves and vagrants wearing cangues (kăngs). The cangue is a framework of boards about as big as the top of a square kitchen table. This has a hole in the center and is so made that it can be opened and fitted tightly around the neck so that it rests on the shoulders. It usually weighs about twenty-five pounds, and is sometimes loaded with iron to make it weigh more.

Now if one will imagine his neck fastened through a hole in a kitchen table top, which he is condemned to carry about with him, he can see how he would be punished if he were caught stealing in China. He would find it more uncomfortable than he could imagine. The boards would extend so far out that he could not reach his mouth with his hands and would have to ask others to feed him. He could not lie down, and if a fly or bee happened to light on his nose, he could dislodge it only by shaking his head. Upon the top of the cangue on each side of the hole are pasted strips of paper describing the crime of the wearer, so that every one can read them as the man goes through the streets.

"— as big as the top of a square kitchen table."

During our stay in Peking we meet many officials and scholars and observe that the Chinese have in some respects a high degree of civilization. They are philosophers, and are always talking about morality, virtue, and justice. They like to discuss things with us, and we often find that they have the best of the argument. They consider scholarship better than riches. Every one is anxious that his children should have an education; and the boy who graduates well or passes a high examination is pretty sure to be employed by the government. It is therefore the aim of

係屬冲煩難兼三要缺亟應
縣知縣需冲胥安詳穩練才
司查明該員謁縣任內並無
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大臣奏 旨吏部知道欽此

Portion of a Chinese Book.

every schoolboy to learn his lessons so well that he may become an official.

We find all sorts of schools in Peking, and shall meet with others everywhere throughout the country. Within recent years the old system of education which was made up almost altogether of writing essays and committing to memory the Chinese classics, has been abolished, and the

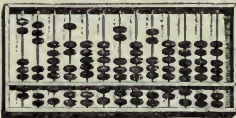
Schoolboys

studies are now much the same as our own. Chinese boys and girls learn arithmetic, geography, and history, and as they grow older they study the sciences. There are many manual training schools, technical schools, and high schools and colleges. China has schools of law and medicine and of agriculture, engineering, and commerce. There are also large universities, including one here in Peking.

In these new schools the child starts in with the kindergarten at the age of three or four years. It takes him

about nine years to finish the lower grades and five more to go through the intermediate schools. He is now ready for college, and after that he may enter the University, where he remains from three to eight years, according to the course he has chosen.

In the public schools of the cities the children have desks, and study and recite much as we do. They wear uniforms and have a military drill similar to that of Japan. They have their games during recess and can play ball and wrestle as well as ourselves. They learn easily, and most of them are anxious to study. When a boy starts to school for the first time he carries a red visiting card, bearing his name, and also a present for the teacher. He bows to the teacher when he enters or leaves the room, and as a rule is polite.


The Chinese Counting Box.

There are still old-fashioned schools in the villages where the pupils sit on the floor or on benches before little tables. In such schools they study out loud, shouting at the tops of their voices the words of the Chinese classics they are trying to learn. If a boy stops shouting, the teacher concludes he has stopped studying, and gives him a caning. In the older schools they do most of their sums by means of a counting box like the Japanese soroban. This, as we saw, was a framework of wooden buttons strung upon wires. Every boy of ten or more knows how to use it; and he can do sums upon it more quickly than we can figure them out with paper and pen.

Until recently the Chinese have not thought that women needed much education, and but few girls went to school. Girls' schools are now being established, and in them the girls are taught the same as the boys. They learn also

music and drawing, as well as nursing, needlework, and housekeeping. In these schools the girls are required to unbind their feet. They are not allowed to paint, powder, or to wear jewelry or expensive gowns. They must have on the school uniforms and do up their hair in a braid or plain coil, their only ornaments being the rosettes which indicate the schools to which they belong.

Chinese Girls — a Class in Arithmetic.

The new schools are performing a great work among the Chinese, and this is true not only in the way of ordinary education, but also for the army. In most of them the boys are taught to be soldiers. They have their own guns and go through regular military exercises under officers who have been trained in Japan, America, or Europe. Moreover, there are also government military schools, so that China will soon have a great modern army. Its people

are so many that it could put more soldiers into the field than almost any other nation on earth, and some think that the Chinese might conquer the world if they would. In the past they have been often imposed upon by smaller nations, and were badly defeated by little Japan. They are not cowards, however, and it may be different when they have learned our ways of fighting and have modern guns and war machines of their own.

17. THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA

WE start northward to-day to see the Great Wall of China. We go upon donkeys, for it is only on them that we can travel over the mountains upon which the structure is built. We have learned something from our restless nights on the way to Peking, and we carry along extra bedding to soften the brick floors of the inns. Our donkeys are not much larger than Newfoundland dogs. The saddles are blankets to which the iron rings used as stirrups are tied with ropes. The bridles have been added because we are foreigners. Chinese donkeys do not know the use of the bit, and the people seldom have bridles. The animals are directed this way and that by a blow on the neck with a club, or they may be driven by boys who run behind with sticks in their hands.

In addition to these little beasts, we have several mule litters to which we can change, when tired of the saddle. The mule litter is a kennel-like box covered with cloth, slung between two thick poles about thirty feet long. The poles stick out in front and behind, forming shafts, which are bound to the sides of the mules, and in which they go single

file. The litter is open in front. It is furnished with blankets, and we can lie down while we are jolted over the road.

It takes us more than an hour to pass from the hotel in Peking to the gates of the city. Going through them we find the road for a long distance lined with mat sheds and mud huts. We next cross bridges of marble and then reach the old highway from Peking to Mongolia, over which

A Mule Litter.

millions of dollars' worth of goods are carried each year. The feet of innumerable donkeys and tens of thousands of camels have cut up the earth, so that the road has become little more than a wide ditch through the fields. The rude carts have worn great hollows and ruts, and we are often turned out of our way by pools of half-liquid mud. Our animals get stuck in the mud up to their knees, and they can make only three or four miles an hour.

In some places the road is so narrow that we are crowded out into the fields by the caravans of camels which, in single file, with soft, velvety step, move contemptuously along. They are tied in companies of six, by ropes fastened to sticks thrust through their noses. About the neck of the last camel is a long iron bell as big around as a stovepipe, which dingdongs as he moves, and announces

"— in single file —"

to the Mongolian driver that that section of his caravan is on the go. Each camel carries a box of brick tea strapped on each side his back, and the boxes bob up and down as, grumbling and whining, he tramps sullenly on. As we go farther north we meet more camels carrying coal in great bags. We pass caravans of them almost a mile long, and see them far away on the horizon, forming a moving fence against the blue sky of North China.

We soon come to the hills, and at last to the Nankow

Pass, over which the caravans cross the mountain range on their way to the north. This pass is the chief line of travel, and for more than ten generations it has been trodden by millions. It is one of the roughest roads of the world. On a trip to the Great Wall, I once met a foreigner who had attempted to go through in a cart. When he came to the mountains, he was forced to hire a camel, which carried the cart through on its back. Notwithstanding the roughness of the pass, a railroad has been built over it. This road starts at Peking and extends northward into Mongolia, the intention being that it will eventually connect with the Trans-Siberian Railroad, thus giving another trunk line from China to Europe.

We pick our way in and out among the stones for fifteen miles, stopped now and then by droves of black hogs and sheep with fat tails. We wind along the bed of a stream, and at last get our first sight of the Great Chinese Wall. Many times we think we have reached it, when a sharp turn shows that it is still miles in the distance. We can see it cutting its way over the mountains, climbing the peaks and crawling, as it were, up the hills. At last we reach the gate that leads through into Mongolia; and going off to the side find an inclined roadway up which we ride on our donkeys to the top of the wall to explore this wonderful structure.

The Great Wall was built by the Chinese as a defense against the invasions of the Tartar hordes from the north. It begins at the sea and runs over the mountains clear across the northern boundary of China proper, just south of the vast provinces of Manchuria and Mongolia, until it reaches the Desert of Gobi, north of Tibet. In a straight line it is more than twelve hundred miles long, and with its windings it measures, all told, a distance of about fifteen

hundred miles. It is about twenty-five feet wide and thirty feet high. It is composed of a mass of stone and earth mixed together, and faced with walls of slate-colored brick, the interior being so packed down and filled in that throughout much of its eastern portion it is as solid as stone.

Tower at Shanhaikwan.

Near the city of Shanhaikwan on the edge of the Yellow Sea, a part of the wall has been thrown down; and I there found that the brick outer facing was about three feet in thickness. The bricks are fifteen inches long, seven inches wide, and a little more than three inches thick. One which I brought with me back to America weighs twenty-one pounds and five ounces. The top of the Great Wall is paved with such bricks, and upon its northern side, throughout its entire length, is a battlement, behind which the Chinese archers lay and shot at the Tartars.

Huge two-story and three-story towers are to be seen, rising above the wall along a great part of it. These towers are made of bricks, similar to those just described. They extend about forty feet above the top of the structure,

having many portholes, through which one can see for miles over the country. The wall is about ten feet narrower at the top than at the base; but the top is so wide that the largest motor car could be easily ridden along its paved highway.

The Great Wall is just about as tall as a three-story house, and its width is that of the average parlor. Now, if you will imagine a solid line of three-story brick houses from fifteen to twenty feet wide, built across the United States from New York to Omaha, you may have some idea of the size of the Great Chinese Wall. It would be far easier, however, for us to build such a line of houses, than it was for the Chinese to construct their mighty fortification. Our building line would cross New Jersey and Pennsylvania and cut the rolling plains of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Iowa, where water is plentiful, where there is much clay for brick and where the railroads could be used for carrying the materials.

This mighty structure was built right over the mountains. It climbs the steepest of crags, and in one place crosses a peak more than five thousand feet high. In some parts, there is no clay within thirty miles of it, and many of the hills are so steep that the Chinese had to tie the bricks to the backs of sheep and goats in order to get them up to the builders. The bricks were molded by hand, and as there are but few cattle or horses in China, every foot of the wall was made without the aid of machinery.

The Chinese historians say that it took an army of three hundred thousand men to protect the builders, and that millions were employed in the construction. They state also that the wall was begun and completed within the short space of ten years. As we stand upon it we are impressed with the civilization these people must have had in those

"This mighty structure was built right over the mountains."

long ago days. The Great Wall was built when our own ancestors were roaming through Europe, living in huts and sleeping on straw. It was erected seventeen hundred years before America was discovered, when Rome was still a republic, and none of the great nations of Europe had yet come into existence.

18. MONGOLIA AND MANCHURIA

WE might continue our travels northward through the Great Wall and explore Mongolia; but to do so we should need a caravan of camels, and the trip would last many months. Mongolia is one third as large as the whole United States, and most of it is composed of the high, windy Desert of Gobi, where one might wander for days without finding water. We meet Mongols at the pass

through the wall. They are on camels and are carrying brick tea north to Urga, their capital, which is six hundred miles from where we are now. They are a stout people with rosy faces of a copper color, and features much like those of our Indians. They dress in sheepskins with the wool turned inward, and have gowns and caps lined with

"We meet Mongols at the pass through the wall."

fur. The men, women, and children wear boots which reach to their knees, and all look greasy and dirty.

There are several millions of these Mongols. They are a nomadic race who range the desert with their camels, horses, and sheep. They dwell in circular tents of skins or felt stretched over a framework, with a hole in the roof to let out the smoke. Their only furniture is small tables and the boxes or chests containing their clothing, the latter

being placed around the walls on the inside of the tent. The Mongols live largely upon mush and cakes, made of the meal of millet, buckwheat, or oats, mixed with milk. They eat meat only on festal occasions, killing a sheep when they have guests. They do not use chopsticks, but eat with their fingers and spoons. They cook over the

Mongols.

coals, and a favorite dish is a soup made of milk and brick tea enriched with butter.

A far different country from Mongolia is Manchuria, which lies to the east of it between Korea and Siberia. It is a province of China, and its people are largely of Mongolian descent, although they have mixed with the Chinese and become semicivilized. They are taller and stronger

than the Chinese we see in America, and more hardy than those of most other parts of the country. There are about sixteen millions of them. They have hundreds of villages, and also cities of considerable size, the largest being Mukden, situated in the heart of the province.

Manchuria is one of the richest parts of North Asia, and it will at some time support many millions more

Manchurian Millet.

people than now. It is ten times as large as the state of Indiana, and its soil, almost everywhere, will raise wheat, corn, barley, and oats. It produces vast quantities of beans, and especially a sorghum or millet the seed of which is the chief food of the people. This crop grows eight or ten feet in height. It looks like Indian corn, save that the grain is found at the top. The stalks are cut off close to the ground, and the seed is threshed out by a stone roller

drawn by an ox, donkey, or mule, which tramps around over the straw.

The grain is ground to a flour, and is eaten like rice. The fodder is used for feeding cattle and horses, and also for fencing, bridging, and hut building. The leaves are woven into mats and bags to hold grain, while the roots are sometimes plowed up and collected for fuel.

Tobacco is grown in the northern part of the country, and in the south are produced vast quantities of the silkworms which spin the coarse fiber from which pongee silks are made. These worms do not feed upon the mulberry, but upon the leaves of an oak which covers the hills of south-eastern Manchuria, the trees being cut back every few years to furnish new growth. The cocoons are shipped to Japan, and to Chifu, in China, where the weaving is done.

In northern Manchuria are great forests and pasture lands, where the grass reaches a height of six feet, compelling travelers to cut their way through. Here horses, mules, oxen, sheep, and goats are reared. The land is rich in minerals, having gold, silver, iron, copper, and lead. Indeed, it should be one of the most prosperous parts of the world.

But suppose we make a short trip into Manchuria and visit the capital. We have returned to Peking and taken the train which goes north through that country to the Trans-Siberian Railroad, forming a part of the trunk line from China to Europe. We ride all day across the Great Plain, passing the Kaiping coal mines about three hours from Tientsin, and stopping eighty miles farther on to look at the Great Wall of China where it ends at Shanhaikwan on the edge of the sea. The wall there is as strong as where we visited it at the Nankow Pass, but a breach has been made through which our train goes.

Leaving Shanhaikwan, we enter Manchuria and travel all day over a rich country much less thickly settled than those parts of China where we have been. We find soldiers at all the stations, and in some sections there are guards on the cars. This is to protect the passengers from the terrible Huang Houtzes (Whang Hōōtz-ēs), tribes of brigands who sometimes rush forth and hold up the trains. There are many such in northern Manchuria. They live in the forests, from where they now and then make raids to rob or blackmail the people. They force the villages to pay tribute, and frequently take travelers captive and hold them for a ransom.

"We find soldiers at all the stations."

We are delighted with Mukden. It is not so large as Peking, but it has great walls about it, and in its center is a second inclosure surrounding the old palaces of the Emperor and the new government offices. As we have already learned, the Imperial family of China was of Manchu or Tartar descent, the ancestors of the Emperor having once lived in Mukden.

The population of the country is now a combination of Manchus and Chinese, and Mukden has many tall, broad-shouldered Tartars who remind us of the Mongols we saw along the Great Wall. The Manchu women are handsome.

Manchu Ladies.

They look us straight in the eyes. Their feet are not bound like those of the Chinese women, and they walk through the streets with firm tread. Among them are many rich ladies dressed in silk coats lined with fur, which fall to the ankles, and below which show out silk pantaloons. They paint their faces white, and tint the cheeks and eyelids with red. They have gorgeous headdresses, wrapping the hair around thin plates of gold or silver two or three inches wide and ten inches long, in such a way that it stands out in wings on each side of the head. Their shoes are like stilts, having a high support under the instep. The children dress like their parents.

We spend much time walking the streets. Mukden has miles of one-story booths, back of which are warehouses filled with fine goods. There are long streets devoted to the making of ornaments of silver and gold, and some to the manufacture of copper and brass. There are streets of shoe stores, with great boots hanging out at the front as a sign of the business, and quarters where caps only are sold. We see peddlers selling false hair to be braided into the queue to make it seem longer. Black silk is also used for this purpose.

Mukden has many fur stores. It has more than forty tanneries, and leather and fur are to be seen everywhere. The city is one of the chief fur markets of Asia. The forests of Manchuria are full of wild animals, and the raw skins and furs are brought here for sale. Among the furs are those of tigers and leopards, sables, beavers, and wolves. We see many dogskins, and are told that there are dog farms where the animals are bred for their skins. They are killed just before spring, while the hair is still long. The best skins make beautiful rugs, and we learn that many of them are shipped to America.

During our stay in Manchuria we take a trip north to Harbin, where we go through great flouring mills, equipped with machinery made in our country. Harbin is in a rich grain-raising region at the junction of the Chinese Eastern and the Trans-Siberian railroads. It has many Russians, and we ride out in droskies to see the country about. We also visit Kirin, another large town surrounded by forests. It has sawmills and lumber establishments. It is situated on the Sungari (sōōn-ga-rē′) River, and is connected by rail with the trunk line of the Trans-Siberian Railroad.

19. CHINESE BOATS AND BOAT PEOPLE

WE have returned to Peking, and are on our way south to the valley of the Yangtze. We might have gone there by rail, taking the road that crosses the Great Plain to Hankau, the chief commercial city of interior China lying on the Yangtze, six or seven hundred miles from the sea. We prefer, however, to travel by boat, as we wish to explore the Grand Canal, built by the Chinese centuries ago as their most important trade route. This canal runs from Tientsin about seven hundred miles southward to the rich city of Hangchau, which is southwest of Shanghai. It crosses the Hoang and the Yangtze and other large streams, cutting its way through one of the most thickly populated parts of the globe. In some places it has followed the streams, winding in and out for miles without locks. In others, where the land is low, its bed is a raised earthwork walled on both sides with stones. Some of the embankments are twenty feet high, and the stream they inclose is often two hundred feet

wide. There are many locks, and the boats are dragged by men from one level to another. At present the canal is going to ruin. It is less and less used every year, the boats for carrying the tribute rice to Peking having been displaced by the railroads and by the steamers which go by sea to Tientsin.

We find our journey delightful. We pass many walled cities and towns and thousands of farm villages, the latter marked by clumps of trees scattered over the landscape. Our boat moves along slowly, and we frequently get off to walk on the banks. We meet Chinese craft here and there, and now and then harness ourselves side by side with the yellow-skinned boys and help them drag their little vessels along. We cross the wide Hoang and, reaching the Yangtze, take a steamer for a trip up that mighty stream.

The Yangtze is more than three thousand miles long, and ocean vessels can sail over its course to Ichang (ē-chäng′), which is one thousand miles from the sea. It is a great water highway to the interior of the country, having so many tributaries that it might be called the Mississippi of China.

As we sit on the deck of our steamer, in the lower part of its course, we can see the masts and sails of boats moving across the green fields. The country is cut up with dikes and canals quite as much as is Holland. There are vast territories where nearly every man's house can be visited by boat, and where the people seem to live on the water. China has so many canals that its navigable streams form the principal highways.

The largest cities stand upon the banks of the rivers, and there are industrial centers at every few miles. Each city has its peculiarities. Some, such as Hangchau and

Suchau on the Grand Canal, are noted for their manufacture of silk, and others, like Hankau, are great iron centers. Nanking, which is on the Yangtze several hours by rail from Shanghai, has streets as wide as those we saw in Peking; while in Canton, on the Pearl River, a great business city with more than a million people, the streets are so narrow that we have to crowd against the walls to let the wheelbarrows go by.

A Shanghai Policeman.

One of the finest cities of the country is Shanghai, situated not far from the coast on the Whampoa (hwäm-pō'ä), a branch of the Yangtze. It is the chief port, and might be called the New York of China. It has fine foreign buildings, great factories devoted to the making of cotton and silk, and other industries of almost every description.

We can get some idea of the trade of a country by a look at its shipping. China is said to have more boats of one kind and another than all the rest of the world put together. It has lines of steamships on its principal rivers and native craft on most of the streams. At the walled cities, which we pass on our trip up the Yangtze, there are forests of masts belonging to boats of all sizes, descriptions, and shapes. We see Chinese junks with widespreading sails ribbed with bamboo and fishing craft whose sails are shaped like the wings of a bat, catching the slightest wind as they move along. We go by barges loaded with merchandise, and canoes sculled by Chinese who stand at the stern. There are craft, shaped

just like a slipper, which are used as dispatch boats, and go very fast. We see queerly shaped boats with paddle wheels on their sides, turned by men, a half dozen coolies doing the work of a small gasoline engine; and are now and then stopped by beggars, who sail through the canals from one town to another to ask alms of the people. The beggar boats lie at anchor while the men go upon shore

"— forests of masts —"

and visit the villages. Some of the beggars are lepers, and we pay them well to keep out of our way.

The Chinese rivers are infested by pirates. We carry guns, and have a little cannon in the front of our ship. Here and there at the edge of a village we see a boat or ship cut in half and stood upon end. We are told that it once belonged to some thieves or pirates and that it marks the place where they were beheaded, the boat having been erected as a warning to others. There are also police boats

and customs boats whose sole business it is to collect taxes on shipping.

As we continue our journey, we discover that every locality has its own kind of boats, the only thing in common being the eyes painted on each side of the prow. The Chinese have a tradition that a boat must have eyes to see

A Beggars' Boat.

its way through the water. Therefore the small boats are given small eyes, the cargo boats, eyes a little bigger, while the eyes of the ships are as large as a soup plate. During a trip on the Pei River I once happened to hang my feet over one of the eyes of my boat, whereupon the captain rushed up and begged me to move. Said he, in a peculiar English that some Chinese use in talking to foreigners: —

"Boat must have eye! No have eye, no can see! No can see, how can go?"

This eye superstition is prevalent among the common Chinese. Indeed, when the first railroad locomotive was built, it existed to such an extent that the workmen insisted that an eye should be painted on each side of the smoke-stack in order that the engine might be able to see its way along the track.

It is safe to say that many millions of Chinese are born, live, and die upon the water. The boats carry numerous people, and they are not only the homes of the sailors, but of their families as well. On the Pearl River, near Canton, there are said to be three hundred thousand people living upon boats of various kinds. On the larger craft the children swarm, and we shall see them playing about upon deck. The little boys often have barrels, about a foot long and six inches thick, tied to their backs. The barrels have closed heads, top and bottom. They are intended as life preservers; for if the children fall overboard, they will keep them afloat until their parents can pull them out of the water.

Among the queer boats of the Pearl River are those devoted to the rearing of ducks and geese, a business in which the Chinese are exceedingly skillful. They hatch goose eggs and duck eggs in baskets of chaff, placing them in rooms heated by charcoal to just the right temperature. When the little goslings and ducklings come out of their shells, they are carefully handled, and for five days are kept away from all noise. They are fed upon rice water and then on boiled rice, and at the end of two weeks are put on these boats and made to shift for themselves.

The duck boats are built like rafts, with coops hung to the sides. In these coops and on the boats the fowls stay,

a single vessel often holding as many as one thousand young geese or ducks. The boat is now rowed up and down the creeks until it comes to a low, swampy place. Here the owner opens the coops and lays down a board which extends from the boat to the bank. The ducks immediately run out and cross over the board and begin to hunt in the mud. They dig down into it with their bills and pick out all the worms and snails they can find. After they have fed several hours, the captain of the boat makes a peculiar call, and the ducks, obeying his voice, return to the boat. They come quickly too, for the last duck always gets a blow with a stick. When the ducks are grown, the captain carries them for sale from town to town in his boat. There are fowl markets in all the cities, in which thousands of geese and ducks are sold every day.

20. CHINESE FARMS AND FARMING. TEA.

IN our travels through interior China we often find the farmers irrigating their fields. The country has highlands and lowlands, and there are many irrigated regions. The Chinese rivers are mighty earth carriers. They bring down from the mountains the richest of fertilizing materials, being often so loaded with mud that they turn the bright blue of the Pacific to a dirty yellow for a great distance on each side of their mouths. This is especially so with the Yangtze and the Hoang, the effects of whose waters can be seen for thirty or more miles out from the coast. The waters of the Yangtze at certain times of the year are as thick as pea soup. They are loaded with a silt which makes the land over which it is spread very rich,

and the farmers use every means possible to save it. They lift the water in tightly woven baskets to which ropes are attached, and empty it into canals so that it flows over their mud-walled fields. They also scoop up the mud from the small streams and canals, and use it.

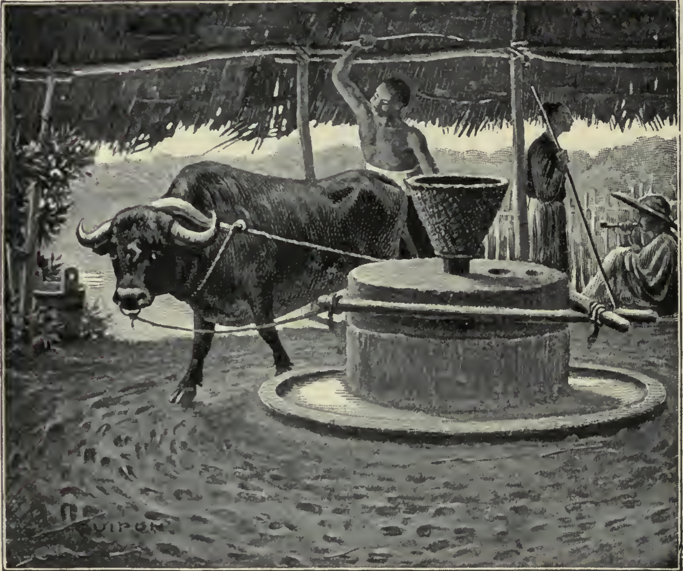
Many of the odd irrigating machines are worked by cattle or men. One is a rude horizontal wheel the cogs of which move in a small upright wheel to which is attached a chain pump. As the wheels turn, the pump raises the water and empties it into a trough from where it flows to the places desired. A water buffalo drags the first wheel around, and thus gives the power. Other machines are worked by men who walk up the outside of wheel-like frameworks, stepping always upward. Their weight keeps the wheel moving, and thus raises the water. When we reflect that there are tens of thousands of men and animals working this way, we can see that a great deal of irrigation goes on.

"— stepping always upward."

The Chinese are a nation of farmers, but their tools are

rude, and they have but little machinery. Almost every kind of labor is still done by hand. The plows are so poor that they do little more than scratch the soil, and such crops as wheat, oats, and millet are weeded and hoed.

Nevertheless, the soil is so rich in some places that one acre produces enough food for six persons. The farmers



"— turning mills —"

know the value of fertilizers, and everything is saved for the purpose. Potato peelings, the hair cut from the heads of the family, the remains of old houses, and all sorts of manure are saved to enrich the soil. We see boys and girls raking over straw and even pulling the stubble to use in this way or for fuel.

There are but few cattle in China. The chief pasture

lands are the slopes of the mountains which cannot be employed for cultivation. We often see water buffaloes at work in the fields. They do all sorts of heavy farm labor such as plowing, hauling, tramping out grain in threshing, and turning mills of one kind or another. These animals look somewhat like cows, having flat horns which extend almost horizontally backward from over the eyes. Their bodies are covered with a thin growth of black hair which stands out like bristles, and they appear clumsy and awkward.

In north China the plowing is done also with ponies and donkeys. In a field near Peking I once saw a man and a donkey hitched up side by side dragging a plow. The sweat was rolling down the man's face, and he bent almost double as he toiled, trying to keep up with the donkey. Near him I photographed a man who had harnessed up his two sons and a daughter, and was plowing with them. He was pushing hard upon the plow handles, and the children were straining as they tried to break up the ground. When the man saw me taking his picture, he became angry. Many of the Chinese believe that photography is a magic art, and that the photographer can, if he will, compel the person whose picture is taken to obey him, and may cause him all kinds of trouble. The plowman evidently believed I was dealing in witchcraft, and he tried to seize my camera to break it. I jerked it away and rushed for my donkey. He ran after me, but my Chinese servant came to my aid

"He was pushing hard upon the plow handles."

and held him, so that I was able to mount and make my escape.

The crops raised by the Chinese are of many varieties. The land is one of several climates, and it yields almost everything grown in the United States. Large crops of

"The leaves are picked over by women and girls."

rice, tobacco, and cotton are raised in the south; while wheat, millet, buckwheat, and maize are the staple grains of the north. Opium is produced by cultivating the poppy, and in the Yangtze valley there are millions of mulberry trees whose leaves feed the silkworms.

The best of the Chinese tea comes from south of the Yangtze, where it is raised in vast quantities. The tea leaves

are plucked three times a year. The first picking, which consists of the tenderest leaves, is the best, and fast ocean steamers race with it to Europe, knowing that that which is first sold will bring highest of prices. Now that the Trans-Siberian Railroad has been built, much of this tea goes northward to it, and thence on to Europe.

"The tea is packed in lead-lined boxes."

At Hankau, situated on the Yangtze about seven hundred miles from its mouth, we find large steamers taking on cargoes of tea boxes, and also factories in which the leaves are being prepared for the market. The tea is fired or roasted in much the same way as we saw in Japan. After firing, the leaves are picked over by women and girls, who sit at tables with the tea on trays before them. Their hands move rapidly, and they show great skill in picking out the best leaves. We can see their bound feet

showing below their trouser-legs as they work. After grading, the tea is packed in lead-lined boxes for shipment abroad.

We are interested in knowing how brick tea is made. There are many factories at Hankow, the business being largely in the hands of the Russians. In making brick tea the leaves are ground to a powder, and then steamed until mushy and soft. They are now put into molds of the size of a brick and pressed into shape. Tea of the finer varieties is made into small bricks of the color and size of the cakes of sweet chocolate sold in our confectionery stores. The brick tea is pressed so hard that it is almost impossible to scratch it with a knife, and it must be broken before it is used. It is carried on camels into the Desert of Gobi, and on the backs of men to Tibet, where it is so much in demand that it often passes as money, each brick being worth about fifteen cents. The Tibetans cook the tea with butter into a soup like that we saw in Mongolia.

Among other centers for the shipping of tea are Shanghai, Hangchau, Canton, and Fuchau, the exports being several hundred million pounds every year. Much of the product is used by the Chinese themselves; a great deal goes to Great Britain and Russia, and also to the United States, the amount we annually receive being some millions of pounds.

Another important plant found in all parts of south China is the bamboo, which grows to a height of from forty to eighty feet, having a hollow stem with joints here and there. We all know it in our cane fishing poles. The bamboo belongs to the grass family. It grows wild in thickets, and it is also set out in plantations. At the start it looks much like grass, but it rapidly grows taller and thicker until certain varieties reach the height of a six-story

house, and at the base the thickness of a telegraph pole. Some kinds will shoot up several feet in one night. There are two or three score varieties of bamboo; some green, some purple, and some yellow or black.

The bamboo is almost as important to China as iron is to us. It forms the roofs and walls of some of the houses, and also the pipes through which the water is carried. It is used for making chairs and beds and all kinds of furniture. It is employed for buckets and cups, and even spittoons. Its splints are woven into baskets and matting, and they form a framework for umbrellas, lanterns, and fans which are covered with paper. It is woven into hats to ward off the rain or sun, and of its leaves a raincoat is made. It is the old man's staff, the blind beggar's stick, the rake of the farmer, the foot rule of the carpenter, and the pen of the scholar. It is the pillow of the women at night and their comb when they rise. Ground into a fiber and soaked, it forms a pulp from which the Chinese make paper, and it is also employed for ink-wells and vases. The tender shoots are dug up and cooked as a vegetable, and the seeds are ground to a flour. It is also used to make medicine, the green buds and coating inside the stems being employed for this purpose.

Bamboo.

21. INDUSTRIAL CHINA

WE are surprised at the industry going on among the Chinese. They start work at sunrise and often continue their labor until long after dark. Their cities are beehives of industry. In some sections every little house is a factory in which most of the work is performed by hand labor. They weave cotton and matting, make fans and umbrellas, and also paper, furniture, and earthenware of all kinds. Thousands of blacksmiths are pounding out tools upon anvils, and other thousands are engaged in wood working of various kinds. Every town has some streets in which they make nothing but coffins, and others where they are manufacturing brassware and copper utensils, including funeral urns. China has a population three or four times as great as our own, and it produces almost everything it consumes. The country has long been one of house industries; that is, a land in which most things are made in little shops or the homes.

Within recent years, however, modern machinery has come in, and we now find factories going up in all the chief centers. At Hanyang, adjoining Hankau, on the Yangtze, about seven hundred miles from the coast, are iron and steel works that would be considered extensive in any part of the world. More than twenty thousand men are employed in the smelting furnaces and rolling mills there, and they are manufacturing steel of all kinds for the new Chinese railways. China has great beds of coal, iron, and limestone, and it can produce steel almost as cheaply as we can. Its mineral deposits are about the richest on earth, and it will some day have a large export of machinery.

Modern mills for spinning and weaving cotton have been

Iron Works at Hangyang.

established at Shanghai, Canton, Wuchang, and other populous places, and more than a million spindles are whizzing around making yarns. The common people dress almost entirely in cotton, consuming so much every year that it has been estimated that if it were all in one piece, it could carpet a roadway more than twenty miles wide reaching from New York to Chicago. Moreover, the Chinese use cotton for wadding their garments, and all their winter clothing is padded and quilted. The heating arrangements are poor, and they put on suit upon suit as the weather grows colder. This necessitates a vast deal of cotton, most of which is raised at home, although some is imported from America and India.

During our stay in Shanghai, we visit the mills. They are large brick structures on the banks of the Whampoa River not far from where it flows into the Yangtze. The machinery is as modern as in our own factories, and the scenes are the same save that the workmen are yellow. Much of the labor is done by women and children, and we see boys and girls who toil all day long for less than one cent an hour.

We find more children at work in the silk mills. They tend the machines which reel the fine threads from the cocoons and spin them into the raw silk shipped to America. There are many large silk filatures, as such mills are called, and also modern factories where the thread is woven into cloth. The Chinese were the first to weave silk, and China has always been one of the chief silk-making nations. Until recently their weaving was done on the rudest of looms, and many such are still in use in all the silk districts. At Nanking we visit the works which were established to make silks and satins for the Emperor. The threads were twisted by hand, and were woven

together on wooden looms operated by the hand and the foot. Ribbons are still made in the same way on small looms by women and girls of the silk districts who work at home, often spinning and reeling out of doors.

But where does the silk thread come from?

It is made by the silkworms which spin it for the co-

"Until recently their weaving was done on the rudest of looms."

coons in which they are changed into moths. Rearing the little worms and properly feeding them to get the cocoons is one of the important industries of China. It is so highly thought of that the Empress herself had a silkworm nursery, where, upon certain days, she fed the worms as an example to the other women of China.

We can learn all about such things by visiting the silk

districts along the Yangtze River. We shall find that rearing these little creatures is by no means an easy task. The worms come from the eggs of the silk moth, which are laid on coarse sheets of white paper. A single moth often lays five hundred eggs, and the paper must be prepared for it and left in just the right place.

The eggs are of about the size of a mustard seed, and are of a pale ash color. As soon as they are laid they are put in a cool chamber until the time comes for hatching. They are then brought into a warm room, and placed upon mats on shelves of bamboo. The temperature of the room must be just right; and this is tested, not by a thermometer, but by a man who strips off his clothes and comes in naked. By the feeling of the air upon his skin, he can tell whether the room is cold or damp, and if so, he heats it with stoves.

Within a few days the eggs hatch, each producing a little black worm as fine as a hair. This baby worm must be fed; and, like most babies, it starts life very hungry. For the first few days it has a meal every half hour, and this consists of green mulberry leaves cut into small pieces. As the worms grow older they are fed once an hour, and when they are about full grown, they need only three or four meals a day.

The silkworm reaches its growth at thirty-two days after hatching, in which time it takes a sleep every four or five days. It is at the twenty-second day that it begins its last or great sleep, when it raises the fore parts of its body and continues to rest in that position. During each sleep it casts off its skin, sleeping on until a new and larger skin is matured.

When full grown, the creature is about two inches long and as large around as a man's little finger. Its color is amber. It is now ready for the work for which it was

made. It takes no more food, and begins to spin the fine silk thread from its mouth, fastening the thread to a frame upon which it has been placed. As it spins it moves its head from one side to the other, continuing this motion until its whole body has been enveloped in a tightly wrapped silk shell or cocoon.

The spinning requires from two to five days, and when it has finished its little silk house, the worm again falls to sleep. It is now carried with its sister worms in their cocoons to a slow fire of charcoal or wood, and placed so near it that it dies by the heat. After this the cocoons are put into water. This loosens the fiber, and the women and girls unwind the silk by means of rude machines worked by the foot and hand or by the machine reels of the mills. In both processes several of the fine threads are twisted together until they form one thread large enough for weaving. Much of the silk is reeled into such thread for export; but a great deal more is spun and woven at home into the caps, coats, gowns, trousers, and other clothing used by the Chinese.

There is one industry for which the Chinese have always been famous. This is the manufacture of porcelain. Indeed, the word "china," which is commonly used for all porcelains, comes from the fact that such ware was long ago shipped from China to Europe. The Chinese histories say that their people were making porcelain seventeen hundred years before Christ; and Marco Polo relates that he saw it manufactured in China 1280 A.D., and that it was then shipped all over the world.

All porcelain is made of a fine white clay known as kaolin, which is found in many places. China contains great beds of it, and that of such a quality that it makes beautiful ware. The clay is dug out with pickaxes and

carried on the backs of men to the mills, where the stones and sand are washed out. The pure clay is then ground fine and worked over by men or buffaloes, who tramp about through it, mixing it thoroughly. It is then ready for the potter, who molds it into cups, plates, saucers, and other vessels, using the potter's wheel to aid him.

After the vessels are shaped, they are dried in the sun and then fired or baked in ovens which use wood as fuel. The fire is moderate at first, but it is gradually increased until the whole interior of the oven turns to white heat. This heat is kept up for three days, by which time the china should be thoroughly baked. The fire is then allowed to go out; but the oven is not opened until twenty-four hours later, for the china must cool slowly, and the cold air rushing in may cause it to crack.

As soon as the china has cooled, it is handed over to the painters. Often a dozen men will work on one piece before it is finished. One artist will sketch the design, and others may fill in the trees, flowers, butterflies, birds, or human figures of which it is made. After this the ware must again be fired to fix the colors. This is done in circular ovens heated by charcoal.

22. CURIOUS CHINESE CUSTOMS

IN this our last day among the Chinese, let us consider some of the things in which they differ from us. We call them heathen, and they look upon us as little better than savages. They think we are impolite, and pity us because we do not dress, act, and live as they do.

When two Americans meet, they clasp hands, but when two Chinese friends come together, they shake their own

fists at each other, and if they are going in the same direction, walk off like geese, single file.

We cut our fingernails short, but the Chinese let theirs grow, and with them long nails are the sign of a lady or gentleman. The ladies sometimes have silver shields which they wear over their nails to prevent them from breaking. All those who do not work with their hands are proud of their nails, and the scholars, officials, doctors, and other professional men often have nails from one to six inches long. I met a Chinese merchant in Canton who could rest the palm of his hand upon his chin, and scratch the back of his neck with his nails.

Long Nails.

The Chinese do not kiss. They seldom embrace, and in bowing to one another they bend down almost to the ground. We take our hats off when we enter a house, but the Chinese keep theirs on. We ask first after the wives and daughters of our friends. The Chinese consider such questions an insult, and the girls of the family remain out of the room when men call on their fathers or brothers.

Chinese girls are not courted. Marriages are arranged by parents through professional matchmakers, and a husband seldom sees his wife until he is wedded. The wife is the slave of her mother-in-law, who has the right to whip her if she does not obey.

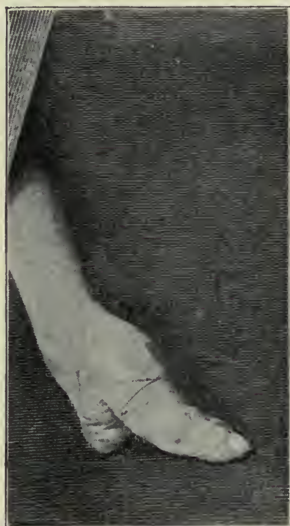
In China the men wear the finest embroidery, and the high officials have their hats decorated with feathers and

wear strings of beads around their necks. The men have long stockings, while the women go about in short socks. The Chinese women wear pantaloons, above which is a coat coming halfway down to the knees. When in full dress the men wear gowns which reach from their necks to their feet. A Chinese gentleman's shoes are of cloth; ours are of leather, and we black them all over, while he whitens the sides of the soles. In our army the officials are known by epaulets on their shoulders. In that of China the rank is indicated by buttons worn on the cap, and by feathers fastened under the buttons.

A Chinaman in Full Dress.

The Chinese women are proud of their small feet, and many of them bind the heel down into the foot by tying the four small toes under it, so that it looks much like the end of a club. Such binding begins at three years of age, and, except when removed for washing, the bandages are kept on from that time until death. This compression causes terrible pain, and, if too tightly bound, the foot may break in two at the instep and the bones come through the flesh.

We wear black when we go into mourning, but the Chinese wear white; and when the period of mourning has half passed away, they put on a garb of light blue. At the beginning they send out mourning cards printed on white paper, although the ordinary color of the visiting card is the brightest of red. By and by they distribute other cards upon which is printed, "Grief not so bitter as before;" and when the mourning is over, they give a feast to their friends.



"The Chinese women are proud of their small feet—"

The Chinese begin their books at the back instead of the front, and in dating letters they put the year first, and then the month, and lastly the day. Their newspapers begin on what we should call the last page, and the columns run differently from ours. They have theaters, but the performances are carried on during the daytime; and they are

given watermelon and pumpkin seeds, at which to nibble as the acting goes on.

They have queer kinds of food, among which are shark fins and a soup of birds' nests. They boil their bread instead of baking it, and their eggs are eaten hard boiled. They pickle eggs in lime, and the older such eggs are, the better they like them. They never drink cold water and even their wine is served hot. They eat from tables as we do; but use chopsticks, and not forks, to convey the food to their mouths. Most things are served in small porcelain bowls, the meats being cuts into cubes. They drink tea and wine from cups, and both are served hot and sipped.

These people do not wash their hands before dinner, but a servant brings a hot, wet cloth to the guests at the table, and they rub off their hands and faces with this, passing it from one to another. They seldom wash the whole body, and it is said that many of them receive but two baths while on earth, one at birth, and the other when prepared for the coffin.

"The Chinese baby has no cradle."

The Chinese baby has no cradle. It is strapped to the back of its mother or that of a servant. When it first begins to walk, it is given a pair of knit shoes with a cat's face on the toes, this being supposed to render it as sure-footed as a cat.

The boys fly kites, but the best kites of China are owned by the men, who enjoy them as much as the boys. Cock fighting and quail fighting are common, and in some of the cities we see men kneeling down on the streets about little bowls in which crickets are placed. These insects are urged on to fight by being tickled with straws, and they fight until they

are dead. A good fighting cricket is valuable, for high bets are made as to which will conquer.

One of the most striking features of China is the terrible poverty of the lower classes. Nevertheless, the people are economical, and we are surprised at the saving we see. Nothing is wasted. The stubble of the wheat, oats, and millet is pulled from the ground, and even the leaves of the trees and weeds are gathered for fuel. The poor man does not build a fire if he can help it, and even the rich use clothing rather than fire to keep out the cold.

In south China rice is cooked in large quantities, and rewarmed when eaten by pouring hot water over it. To save making a fire, the hot water is often bought from hot-water peddlers, who are to be found on the streets of the cities. Some towns have a hot-water store for every twenty families.

At the restaurants all scraps of food, and even the tea grounds, are saved. The water in which vegetables are boiled is sold for feeding hogs, and the bones are cut from meat that they may be used for making chopsticks.

Many of the Chinese cities have public cookshops and soup houses which are kept by charity during the winter, but are shut up as soon as spring comes, when the poor, as we say of horses, are turned out to grass, for they can then live on green things and wild fruits. Indeed, the necessities are so few that for two cents a day a man can buy enough to keep him alive, and upon four dollars a month can support a family and lay something aside for his funeral.

There is no country whose labor is better organized. Every trade has its union, and the bankers and merchants have their own guilds. The working classes have always opposed new inventions, and the officials have been afraid to let them come in on account of the trade unions. They delayed a long time making railroads for fear of the cart

Chinese Schoolboys.

drivers, boatmen, and wheelbarrow pushers; but now they see they must have these things if they would hold their place in the world as a nation.

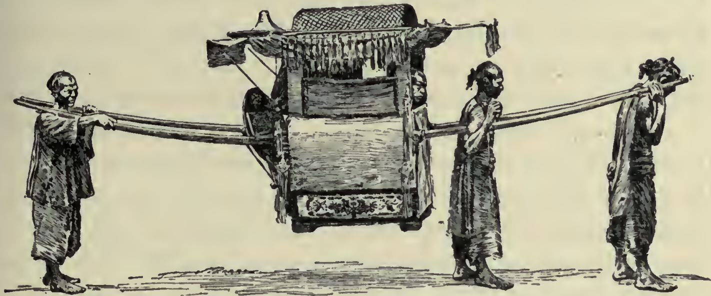
For the same reason the Chinese are establishing factories for making all kinds of goods, as well as gunworks, which are turning out arms and munitions of war. They are now building their own railroad cars, are opening mines, and introducing many new industrial methods. They are a people of great skill, and in time they will be sending their manufactured goods to all the world's markets.

23. FOREIGN COLONIES IN CHINA

WE have left the mainland of China and are now on the little island of Hongkong, at the mouth of the Pearl River, almost touching the coast. Most of its inhabitants are Chinese, but the island belongs to Great

Britain, having been given up by the Chinese in 1841, after a great war between the two nations. It is one of several portions of territory which China has been forced to part with either forever or on long leases to certain other governments with which she has warred.

We saw something of one of these territories on our way from Korea to China when we landed in Manchuria at Dalny or, as the Japanese call it, Dairen, and another during our visit to Harbin, in the northern part of that



A Chinese Passenger Chair in Hongkong.

country. The southern part of the Liaotung (lē-ou-tōōng′) Peninsula in Manchuria was leased to Russia by China, and when the Japanese conquered the Russians, this land came to Japan. The city of Dairen has many Japanese stores, and the great fortifications of Port Arthur are manned by Japanese soldiers. The Japanese control the southern half of the railroad which runs north from Dairen to Mukden and on to Harbin; and the Russians have certain privileges in northern Manchuria and over the rest of that road.

Crossing from Dairen to Chifu on the Shantung Peninsula, we can visit Weihaiwei (wā-hī-wā′), another bit of territory leased to Great Britain; and sailing on around

that peninsula we reach Tsingchau on Kiauchau (kyou'-chou') Bay, which was built up by the Germans, having been given to them in 1897 on a ninety-nine-year lease because of the killing of two of their missionaries. At that time Tsingchau was only a poor fishing village, and but few ships came into the bay. It is now a fair-sized city with good buildings and modern improvements introduced by the Germans. It has wide streets and good stores. Great docks have been built on the bay and steamships are to be seen there at anchor. A railroad has been constructed far back into the interior. In 1914, Tsingchau was captured by the Japanese, who had previously advised Germany to withdraw so that the settlement could be returned to China.

Another territory which China has lost to the foreigners is Macao, on a little peninsula south of Hongkong. This is a beautiful place belonging to the Portuguese, and it has been occupied by them for several hundred years. It is one of the oldest foreign settlements in China, but is of minor importance as to commerce and trade.

In addition to the places which belong to these great powers of Europe and to Japan, there are certain sections or concessions at all of the chief ports, where the foreigners dwell and to a great extent govern themselves and those Chinese who dwell in the concessions. In Peking the Legation quarter, where the Ambassadors and Ministers live, has foreign soldiers to guard it; in Tientsin the English, Russians, Germans, French, and Japanese have concessions, so that the place contains several little cities in addition to its many Chinese; and in Shanghai a great rich foreign settlement with fine streets, magnificent buildings, costly residences, and large hotels has grown up. The city has newspapers printed in German, French, English, and Chinese. It has big stores filled with European goods,

and many banks and exporting houses. Its life is a gay one, and the people have cricket, golf, and ball clubs, and there are schools of all kinds. There are similar concessions at Hankau, Suchau, Canton, and at other cities.

But let us take a look at Hongkong. When the Chinese gave it to England, they probably thought it worth nothing. It was all rocks and hills, and its population comprised only two thousand poor fishermen. The island is so small that we could walk around it in less than a day, and it is composed of bleak and bare hills, one of which is four thousand feet high, and so steep that it is almost impossible to climb it except by the cog railroad or in chairs swung between poles which rest on the shoulders of half-naked Chinamen.

Nevertheless, this little island is now one of the richest, most populous, and most important parts of the world. It has a greater trade than that of any other city of Asia. More than twenty thousand vessels of one kind or other enter its harbor each year, and the tonnage they represent compares favorably with that of New York or London. Moreover, railroads are now building in all parts of China which will be connected with Hongkong by its ferry to the mainland, and its trade will grow greater and greater. It has already large factories, including cotton mills, flour mills, and sugar mills and shipbuilding yards. It has magnificent buildings surrounding the harbor, and great structures rising in terraces from street to street on the slopes of the hills.

The population of the city, which is fast approaching a half million, is composed largely of Chinese, but there are thousands of Europeans and Americans, as well as a garrison of soldiers sent out by Great Britain. Most of the soldiers are Europeans, but some are Sikhs from East

India, tall, broad-shouldered, black men who go about in odd uniforms with great turbans covering their heads. There are also Chinese and European policemen.

We land and take a ride through the city. Its name is Victoria, although it is usually spoken of as Hongkong. We are carried ashore in a sampan, a little boat sculled by a woman with a baby tied to her back by a square of cloth inside which the little one lies, its bare legs sticking out at the front. The woman stands up and sways to and fro as she handles the oar, which moves the boat onward. There are hundreds of such boats in the harbor, upon which people live; and it is said that the boat population numbers forty-five thousand. Nearly every boat has three or four children.

Sikh Soldier.

We are met at the docks by coolies with chairs. They take us through the streets from terrace to terrace, and finally leave us at the railroad station from where we can ride to The Peak. This is at the top of a hill eighteen hundred feet above the level of the harbor, and we have a beautiful view. We can see great steamers bearing the flags of all nations coming in and going out on their way to or from Europe. We can see our own ships which have come in from the Philippines, and an endless number of Chinese junks with odd masts and sails. It is the situation of the island and the harbor which makes Hongkong so valuable to England. It can be easily defended, and it lies at the southern gateway of China, where the ships from Europe first come with their goods.

24. INDO CHINA

WE are in Hanoi this morning. Most of us had never heard of it before we came to Hongkong, but we now know that it is the capital of Indo China and the chief city of an extensive country in Asia. Indo China belongs to the French and is controlled by them. It is much larger than France, and it contains about eighteen million people, who are mostly of the yellow race. They are somewhat like both the Chinese and the Malays, but in many respects are different from either. They are darker than the Chinese and lighter than the Malays, who live farther south.

They are by no means so strong a race as the Chinese and are far behind them in civilization. Nevertheless, they have their own language and customs. The most of them are farmers engaged in rice raising. Much of the country is irrigated, and parts of it are so rich that it is called the granary of south Asia.

A great part of Indo China is wild and unsettled. It is to a large extent a tropical jungle in which elephants and tigers roam, and it has also many venomous snakes. It has deer and wild birds. There are alligators in the rivers, and so many fish that a great industry is carried on in salting and smoking them for the market. This is especially so about Tonle Sap (tŏn′lā säp′), a lake in the southern part of the country.

Indo China is well watered. In some places the annual rainfall is so great that if it remained where it fell it would flood the country to a depth of seven and one half feet and drown out the people. The streams overflow to such an extent that they cover vast areas. They bring great loads of silt down from the highlands, and at the time of the floods most of the soil is composed of earth washings from the Himalaya Mountains.

The chief of the rivers is the Mekong (mā-kōng′), which rises on the plateau of Tibet not far from the source of the Yangtze, and spreads out over a wide delta through which it empties into the Pacific. The Mekong is one of the world's greatest rivers. If it could be laid upon North America, it would reach from the Arctic Ocean to the Gulf of Mexico, and its load of rich fertilizing matter would exceed that of the Mississippi. In this respect the Mekong compares favorably with the Nile, and its mud is used in much the same way.

But we shall see all this as we go on with our travels.

Let us take a walk through Hanoi, the capital of Tonkin, the province which adjoins China. The city is situated on the Red River, about sixty miles from the port of Haiphong, where we have landed. It has a railroad connecting it with the coast, and there are other roads which go several hundred miles northward into some of the richest parts of south China. We see little steamers in the Red River which flows by the town, and notice the smoke coming from the stacks of the new cotton mills which have been recently erected.

Hanoi has electric street cars and electric lights, and in its center is a foreign quarter containing the palace of the Governor-general, some fine European houses, large stores and hotels, a museum and a botanical garden. There is a little lake in the middle of the city, and not far away is the citadel or fortification surrounded by a wide and deep moat. It is there the troops live.

The native town contains most of the people. They dwell in cane huts thatched with palm leaves, having many little villages which are here joined together, lining the river for several miles. They seem to work hard, but they have but little skill and are less intelligent than any people we have yet seen.

Returning to the seacoast at Haiphong, we take ship for Saigon (sī-gōn′), the chief port of Cochin China, situated on the Saigon River forty miles from its mouth. In the lower part of its course the Saigon is as wide as the Mississippi, and deep enough for big ocean steamers. The water is clear, and opalescent jellyfish are floating about. The land is low, and here and there the banks are bordered with coconut palms. Great pelicans with big yellow sacks under their throats stand in the water near the shore, and alligators are frequently seen.

We anchor amid junks, which are taking on rice for export to China. Each boat has two fat eyes painted on the sides of its prow, and the sailors are Chinese. There are French and German steamers loading for Europe, steam launches owned by the foreign officials and merchants, and also many small native craft.

Landing, we find a French quarter somewhat like that of Hanoi and a native city of rude houses and huts. In the French town the streets are wide, with pavements of brick, and the houses have gardens filled with tropical trees. The native houses are largely of cane and palm leaves. There are many warehouses and not a few rice mills containing modern machinery. The Europeans are chiefly French, dressed in white cotton, and we see well-dressed French ladies carrying parasols. They ride about in carriages and seem to lead a gay life away out here in Asia.

The natives of Cochin China wear black clothes of much the same style as the Chinese. The women have long coats and wide, flapping trousers which fall to their feet. They go bareheaded, and their long, glossy black hair is bound in a knot on the neck. The men wear the hair long and tie it up in a twist on the crown. The women do not bind their feet like the Chinese, and they walk very straight. Their chief ornament is a collar of silver or brass as thick as a lead pencil, and their dresses are fastened at the neck with buttons of gold, silver, or brass. Most of the babies are naked, and the children wear but little clothing until they are pretty well grown. Nevertheless, all are decorated with jewelry. During a visit to Saigon, I saw a girl of four years who wore a gold collar, gold anklets, a gold bracelet, and ten finger rings, and — nothing else.

Many of the women seem charming at first sight, but their beauty disappears as soon as they open their mouths.

We then see that their tongues and teeth are as black as our boots, and that their mouths are filled with what seems to be blood. They keep their jaws moving, and now and then spit out a bright saliva. The men and children do likewise, and we ask if the whole race has sore gums. The reply is that they are chewing the betel, a habit which is common throughout Farther India, Malaysia, and even in our Philippine Islands. These people take pride in

Bullock Cart, Saigon.

the custom; saying that any dog may have white teeth, but only those who can afford the betel can have beautiful black ones.

The betel nut grows on the Araca palm. It is of about the size of a walnut, and has a green skin and a soft, spongy interior which tastes bitter. It has much the same effect as tobacco upon those who use it, stimulating the nerves and taking away hunger. The native cuts off a

piece of the nut, and adds a pinch of lime and a bit of tobacco. He puts this mixture into his mouth, and chews and chews.

We take jinrikishas and drive about Saigon. The streets are of red earth so pounded down that they are as hard as iron and as smooth as a floor. They are bordered with trees, and we ride under palms loaded with coconuts and torch trees as tall as an oak with flowers the color of fire. There are other trees bearing blue blossoms, and fanlike palms which seem to whisper to one another as the wind blows through them. We visit the stores and find them filled with French goods. The country has a postal system run by the French, and Saigon has newspapers in the French language. We meet French officers and many native soldiers in French uniforms.

Leaving the foreign quarter, we go by railroad to the neighboring native town of Cholon (shō-lôɴ′), where we visit the markets. The business here is done in little cells under a great roof in what is known as a bazaar. The merchants sit in their cells surrounded by their wares. There are many jewelry stores, and we each buy a silver collar to take home. Jewelry is the savings bank of the common people, and not a few have all their wealth on their persons. Most of the merchants in the markets are women and girls. Here and there are money changers from India who have little piles of gold, silver, and copper coins on tables before them. The silver pieces are of one dollar, twenty cents, ten cents, and five cents each. The copper coins are in cents and one fifth cents, each piece having a hole in it that it may be strung upon strings. Leaving the bazaar, we visit some of the rice mills which are filled with modern machinery, and then go back to Saigon.

25. SIAM AND THE SIAMESE

WE have taken a French steamer and have come around Cape Cambodia into the Gulf of Siam, and entered the mouth of the Menam River at a few miles south of Bangkok. We are now to visit the Kingdom of Siam, which forms the heart of the Indo-Chinese Peninsula. The country is about five times as large as the state of Kentucky and only a little smaller than Germany or France. It is a land of mountains and valleys, with low plains cut up by rivers which are often joined by canals. Its chief stream is the Menam, which with its tributaries forms a great highway of trade far into the interior.

Siam has a tropical climate with heavy rains from May until November. After the rains it is cool until March, when the hot weather comes on and everything steams. In some places the rainfall is enormous, the streams overflow, and in the wet season much of the country becomes a vast lake. At such times the people go from village to village and from city to city in boats. The houses are built upon high posts to be out of the water, and also on account of the tigers and snakes. There are so many streams that the people live largely upon them. Many have houses afloat, and in Bangkok, the capital, there are tens of thousands who are born, live, and die on these floating houses.

The population of Siam is seven or eight millions. They are of the yellow race, and their original home was central and south China, from where their ancestors moved down into Siam. There are several different Siamese tribes, those of the northern part of the country, known as the Laos people, having their own language and customs and

being less civilized than those of the south. In the far south are some of the brown race known as the Malays, who are more like our Filipinos; and in the central part of the country are the pure Siamese.

All of these peoples take life more easily than those we have seen in Japan and China. They work less and live

"— upon high posts —"

largely from hand to mouth. This is due somewhat to the rich soil and tropical climate which supply most of their wants. The weather is such that but little clothing is needed, and no fuel is used except for cooking. The streams have fish which are easily caught, and the bananas, coconuts, and mangoes grow without much cultivation. Most of the houses are rude huts of cane and palm leaves, and so man has little incentive to work.

The Siamese are a proud people. They are fond of jewelry and of all sorts of display. They consider themselves born gentlemen, and show it in their manners. They are clever, but not so energetic as the people of northern Asia where the climate is cold. As it is, most of the business is done by the Chinese, who have come here in great numbers. The Chinese have little stores in the villages, and do the skilled mechanical work of the cities. There are all together one million of them in Siam, and they form about one third of the population of Bangkok.

Siam has great natural resources. Its moist tropical climate, heavy rainfall, and rich soil fit it for rice, and it raises so much of that grain every year that it could give each man, woman, and child upon earth a pound, and have some to spare. It produces pepper and spices, coffee, tobacco, and cotton. It is setting out plantations of rubber, and we shall have an abundance of bananas, oranges, and mangoes during our travels.

The forests are especially valuable. Siam has more teakwood perhaps than any other country, and hundreds of elephants are employed in dragging teak logs to the streams and in aiding the men at the sawmills. Teak is a very hard wood containing so much oil that it does not rot when in water. It is used in shipbuilding, wagon making and furniture making, and also in machinery in connection with iron and steel. It is worth so much that thousands of tons of it, in the shape of great rafts, are annually floated down to Bangkok, and exported thence to all parts of the world.

Siam is rich in minerals. It has gold, iron, and zinc; and in its southern portions are large deposits of tin. It has also beautiful rubies and sapphires.

As we sail up the Menam River in our steamer from

Saigon, we see many floating houses. The river is wide, and its banks are lined with a tropical jungle. There are coconut and other palms whose leaves wave to and fro in the breeze and below them are trees out of which monkeys chatter at us as we go by. One species of monkey has long, gray, silken hair; it is a little fellow, and its

"We see many floating houses."

voice is like the cry of a baby. We see also parrots and other birds of gay plumage, and in one place what at first seems a black log turns to an alligator which crawls down the bank and dives into the stream.

After forty miles' ride we approach Bangkok. It is a great city lying on both sides of the Menam, and reaching far back into the country. We can see the spires of its temples above the green trees long before we come to it.

There are suburbs consisting of canals running back from the river, with houses floating upon them, making each canal look like a street. As we come nearer the city, the floating houses increase, until at last we find thousands of them on each side of us on the wide Menam River.

What queer-looking dwellings they are! We can see them plainly as we stand on the deck of the steamer. They are built upon rafts, so fastened to piles that the houses move up and down with the rise and fall of the tide, which is great at this short distance from the Gulf of Siam. The ordinary house is ten or fifteen feet square, although many are longer and wider. It has a ridge roof, and in some dwellings the roof is made in two ridges so that the ends look like a gigantic W turned upside down. Many of these floating houses have verandas in front of them, where the people sit on the floor and where the half-naked little ones play about within a few feet of drowning.

Most of the houses are of but one story, and but few of them have more than three or four rooms. We can see in as we pass. There is hardly any furniture, and we look in vain for sofas or beds. The people sit on their heels and sleep on the floor. As for pillows they use wooden blocks or bundles of stuffed cotton of the size of a brick and almost as hard. The cooking is done upon charcoal, which is burned in boxes half filled with ashes. The houses have no chimneys, and the gas from the coal gets out as it can. The windows are open holes in the walls, and probably there is not a pane of window glass in the whole floating city.

We land at the wharves and find comfortable quarters in a hotel on the mainland. It is on the mainland that the greater part of Bangkok is located. It runs for ten miles up and down both sides of the river, extending far

back into the country. It has more than one hundred miles of carriage roads, and several wide streets upon which electric cars go. There are some modern buildings, rice mills, and factories, and also temples, fine residences, and great palaces surrounded by walls. The city is like Venice in that it is cut up by canals, and we cross many bridges as we drive through street after street.

We are most interested, however, in the houses afloat, and we hire sampans and spend the day, riding among them. More than one hundred thousand people in Bangkok have their homes on the water and spend the greater part of their lives in such homes. Now and then we see a house being moved from one place to another. We are told that each pays a rent for its place on the river, and that when its owner becomes dissatisfied, he does not need to call in a cart or dray to carry his furniture to another location. All that he does is to untie his house from the posts to which it is fastened and hire a boat to tow it up or down stream.

We find the Menam full of craft of all kinds, including numerous small boats containing peddlers and shoppers. Many of the floating houses are stores, and a child is often sent in his canoe to buy the supplies of the family. We are surprised at the number of boats. The river is filled with them, and some of the smaller ones are managed by children. Every family has its canoes, and the boys often have canoes of their own. We see little fellows rowing boats not more than two feet in width, and so long and narrow that the least loss of balance would turn them into the water. Most of the boys are naked except for a breech-cloth, and all have learned to swim like so many ducks.

We observe that much of the river craft is managed by women. Some row from house to house, carrying vege-

tables, rice, and trinkets for sale. There are freight boats sculled by half-naked women who stand up as they push on the oars, and boats carrying merchandise worked by wrinkled old women of sixty. The men do but little. They loaf, smoke, and gossip, while their wives earn the money required for the family.

Is not this a strange city? Stop a moment and look at the people. They are a short, stocky race with yellow skins, thick lips, and rather flat noses. Their eyes are almost as slanting as those of the Chinese, but their features are different. Their hair is jet black, although the aged men and women often have hair white as snow. Both men and women wear the hair short, and it stands straight up like so many bristles all over the head.

How little clothing they have! It is so hot we wish we could dress in the same way, for the hot, moist air makes us perspire. Some of the boys and girls are half naked, and those under ten years of age have only a piece of twine around the waist. To this small charms are fastened to keep off the witches and spirits; the little ones believe in such things, and would as soon think of leaving off their charms as we would of going out of doors without shirts or trousers. Even the children of rich people go almost naked. I remember once attending a great celebration where I saw a Siamese prince of six years strutting about. He was clad only in a belt of woven silver about an inch wide, and a ring of gold on each of his ankles.

Siamese Man.

The Siamese men of the poorer classes are usually

naked to the waist, their sole garment being a strip of cotton cloth a yard wide and two yards in length. This is wound about the body over the hips, one end being pulled from behind through the legs and fastened with a twist at the waist. Others add a strip of cloth which they throw over their shoulders. The rich often wear jackets of cotton or silk, in addition to the sarong above described, the latter taking the place of our pantaloons.

The Siamese women clothe the lower part of the body in much the same way; but they usually add a wide band of cloth which they wrap around the body under the arms and fasten in a knot over the chest. The babies of all classes wear nothing at all, excepting, perhaps, the yellow powder which their mothers dust over them to keep off the flies and mosquitoes.

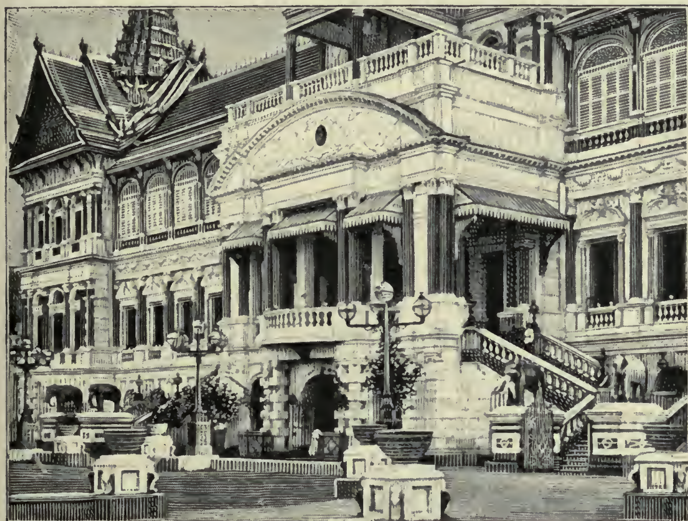
26. THE KING OF SIAM AND HIS GOVERNMENT. BUDDHISM

IT was not long ago that all the people of Siam were the slaves of the king. They had to work a part of the year for him without pay, and he could command any woman or girl to serve in his palaces. He had power of life and death over his subjects, and when they came into his presence they crawled upon their hands and knees, bumping their heads on the ground to show their subjection.

These customs are now done away with, and Siam is fast becoming one of the progressive nations of Asia. The king long ago began to rule by means of a cabinet made up chiefly of his nearest relatives; and he has also a council of forty members who make the laws of the king-

dom. He is still an absolute ruler, but every year the people are being granted more part in the government and in time they may rule themselves.

The country is divided into eighteen provinces, each under a governor appointed by the king. Every province has its own courts and schools, and at Bangkok is a Supreme Court and other government institutions. The chief schools are there, including seminaries for girls and colleges of various kinds.



"His palaces are on the banks of the Menam."

It is in Bangkok that the king lives. His palaces are on the banks of the Menam. They cover many acres and are surrounded by walls several miles long. The king dwells inside the walls with his wives, and the buildings devoted to the women are never entered by any other man. They are under the charge of the queen, who by law is the

king's half sister, and must be his chief wife, although he may have several hundred other secondary wives. All the ladies of the palace have short hair, and they are usually clad in the ordinary Siamese dress, to which they may add a silk jacket and scarf.

But we are told we can visit some of the palaces. We pass the soldiers who guard the gates, and go up a wide drive lined with trees and flowers to an immense building of brick and stone covered with stucco. It is painted white, and under the bright rays of the Siamese sun it appears to be marble. It has several stories, and wide marble stairways lead up to a great front door. The stairways are guarded on each side, at the bottom, by elephants of iron plated with gold.

We walk between these elephants, pass up the steps, and soon find ourselves in the state reception room, one of the most splendid rooms of the world. Its walls are frescoed with gold. Its ceiling is of pieces of glass of all colors, which, with the light shining through them, look almost like jewels. At the back of the room is the king's throne, with the state umbrellas decorated with silver and gold standing beside it. These umbrellas are held over His Majesty when he receives his subjects.

All around, placed against the wall and half filling the room, are trees and bushes of the precious metals. Their leaves are of solid gold and silver, and the trunks are of wood or iron plated with these metals. The workmanship is as beautiful as that of the most skillful jewelers of Europe. These trees are among the offerings made every year to the king by his officials and the rulers of his tributary provinces.

Leaving the palace we call upon the Cabinet Ministers. They tell us Siam is rapidly improving in civilization and

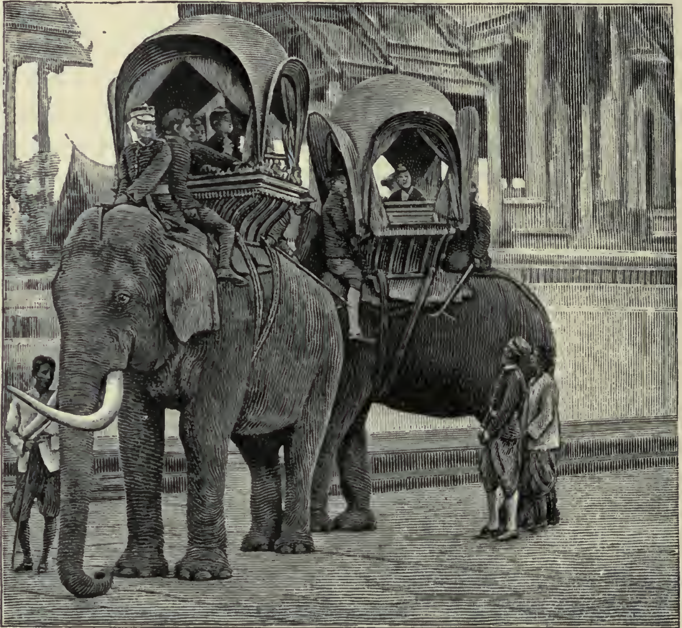
wealth. The king is introducing railroads and telegraphs. He has established post offices everywhere, and we can send letters home for five cents. The Minister of Agriculture says that the chief crop of Siam is rice. It is the national food as well as the principal article of export. The money received every year from that sent abroad now amounts to almost thirty million dollars, and new rice lands are being brought under irrigation. Later on we visit the rice mills, of which there are many in Bangkok. They are operated by steam and are equipped with modern machinery.

One of our most interesting excursions is to the palace stables to see the white elephants. Siam is called the "Land of the White Elephant." There is a picture of an elephant on the national flag, and it is also stamped on the coins. When the king and princes ride out in state, it is upon elephants, and the people seem to honor the elephants quite as much as the king.

The reason for this we find in Buddhism, which is the religion of the Siamese. They believe that the souls of men at their deaths enter the bodies of animals and that every animal has the soul of some person in it. Moreover, the souls of the good go into white animals, and those of kings, saints, and heroes are supposed to be born again as white elephants. These animals are therefore royal beasts and are worshiped as containing the spirits of great men. The Siamese have always treated them with honor, and until some years ago they gave every white elephant a special attendant. They covered his skin with velvet cloths and bound his ivory tusks with golden bands. From time to time shows and concerts were given in honor of such animals and golden chains were hung around their necks. We have heard many such stories and are all agog to see the white elephants.

What do we find?

Nothing but wild-eyed, scraggy-looking beasts with long tusks and skins not much whiter than those of the elephants we see in the circus. The only parts really white are the long flapping ears, the remainder of the body being



"When the king and princes ride out in state, it is upon elephants."

ash-colored in spots. Later on we go to the museum and ask the scientists, where the white elephants come from. They tell us there is no such thing as a healthy white elephant and that these beasts are really sick elephants, their whiteness being caused by a disease of the skin, and not by the spirit of any great hero, as the common people suppose.

As we look at the elephants we doubt whether His Majesty himself now believes that they have royal blood. The animals are kept in dirty stables, chained by their feet to rough wooden posts, and cared for by men who evidently hold them in little respect. As we watch the huge beasts, the chief keeper holds his hand out to us for a present. We give him a few coins, and he thereupon makes one of the royal white elephants kneel down and salute us by raising its trunk. It makes us feel grand.

We go from the elephant stables to the temples to learn more about the Buddhist religion, of which we see much in our tour through this part of the world. Buddhism was founded by a prince, named Siddhartha (sē-där′t'hä), who was born in northern India in the sixth century before Christ and was brought up in luxury and splendor. It was not until he reached manhood and came forth from his palaces that he knew of the poverty, trouble, and evil which existed in the world. He was then overcome with sorrow by the woes and wants of mankind, and decided to go forth and learn how to relieve them. He started out as a beggar and spent his life in the search. After a time he thought he had discovered the way, and then went about preaching it. He called himself Buddha, which means "the enlightened." The religion he taught, many considered the true one, and in time it came to be called the Buddhist religion. It has lasted in one shape or other from then on throughout the ages until now, and it is still believed by millions of people. We have seen Buddhists in Japan, Korea, and China; there are a large number in Java and Malaysia, and a great many in Burma and India.

The religion has changed greatly since it was first taught, and it now contains many strange beliefs. In most places

it is but little better than a worship of idols carried on with the aid of lazy, ignorant priests.

There are more than ten thousand priests in the city of Bangkok, and we meet them everywhere as we go through the city. They wear their heads shaved, and have strips of yellow cloth wound about their half-naked bodies.

"—spires taller than the tallest of the palm trees."

They are far from humble, and strut along smoking cigars and chewing the betel as they walk from door to door begging for rice.

We spend several days in visiting the temples. They are gorgeous beyond description, and some cover acres, having gold-plated spires taller than the tallest of palm trees. The temple in which the king worships has a spire

that cost one hundred thousand dollars to gild, and its doors are of ebony inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Its chief room has a carpet of silver wires woven together.

This temple contains an idol a foot high and eight inches wide, which is all pure gold and jewels. When the metal was still liquid in the melting pot, sapphires, rubies, and diamonds were stirred into it, and the mixture was cast into this little god. It is before it that the king comes to pray, and there the ladies of his palace bow down at certain times of the year. The idol is on a pedestal or shelf high above the floor of the temple. It has a little silk scarf about its neck, and this is changed every season.

27. SINGAPORE AND THE MALAYS

LEAVING Bangkok, we sail for five days to the southward over the Gulf of Siam to the Straits of Malakka, and land at Singapore, within eighty miles of the Equator. Our voyage is through summer seas, and the surroundings are those of the tropics. All nature is changed. At night the stars seem more brilliant than we have ever seen them before; and Venus and Mars cast rays like those of the moon upon the water. The moon itself appears closer to the earth, and larger and brighter than it was in America.

We see the Southern Cross, the stars of which are not visible from our part of the world. The Milky Way seems more milky than ever. The sea is bluer, and the phosphorus upon the water marks out the ship's track as a wide road of fire which loses itself now and then in the darkness, but springs alive again upon every wavelet sent out from the steamer.

"We land at Singapore."

The sun, so hot at midday that we dare not step out upon the deck without some sort of head covering, goes down in the west in a gorgeous splendor unknown to our land. Its dying rays color the water with bright tints of gold, which fade, one into another, and finally, when the sun has sunk below the horizon, change to a delicate purple, and then to a rich, dark blue, only to light up again under the bright tropical splendor of the moon and stars. When there are clouds in the sky, the sunsets are grander. As we near the coast and float into the Straits, the sun's last rays are filtered through palm trees; and the funeral song of the dying day is sung by a thousand birds, whose voices are new to the ears of the people of the Temperate Zone.

We float along the Malay Peninsula, which, though it is near the main line of ocean travel, is but little known to the world. It is in the heart of the tropics, its rich soil being covered with a dense jungle of luxuriant vegetation and its shores bordered with coconut palms. This part of Indo China has also forests of the choicest hard woods.

We are now coasting the land of the Malays, the home of the tiger. The Malay Peninsula has jungles filled with wild beasts, hundreds of which swim across the narrow strait between the peninsula and the island of Singapore every year. Tigers prowl about the villages of the mainland and even visit the cities. I was once shown the tracks of a tiger in the heart of the capital of the state of Johore. They were plainly outlined in the sawdust of a lumber mill, and were so fresh that they must have been made only a few hours before. The tiger had run through the mill at night without attacking the then quiet buzz saw or molesting the babies and children who were sleeping quietly in the thatched huts hard by.

The danger of tigers and snakes is so great that the government offers rewards for killing them. The usual fee for a tiger is fifty dollars, and that for a snake ranges from fifty cents to five dollars according to size and the kind. I once saw a man bring from the jungle into Singapore thirty-nine venomous snakes, for each of which he demanded a reward. He carried them in a bag, and when

"— the home of the tiger —"

he showed them to the policeman, he put in his hand and pulled the snakes out one by one and killed them by cracking their heads against the ground. His hands were bare, but he did not seem to be afraid of the snakes. Why he was not bitten, I do not know.

The greater part of the Malay Peninsula, and also the small islands of Singapore and Penang which lie at its southern end in the Straits of Malakka, belong to Great

Britain. The mainland yields coffee, rubber, and spices, and its mines produce most of the tin used by the world.

The islands are valuable as trading centers, and this is especially so of Singapore, which is often called the half-way station on the trip around the world from Africa to Europe, and from Europe to China and Japan. The great ships which trade with the Far East by way of the Suez Canal stop here on their way through the Straits of Malakka, and there are also steamers which call as they go to or come from Australia and the islands of the Dutch East Indies. Our naval vessels and transports sailing from Europe to the Philippine Islands call at Singapore, and it has ships almost every day from Ceylon, Hindustan, and Burma. The trade is so great that a fine seaport, known as Singapore City, has grown up about the chief harbor, where as our ship comes to anchor we are surrounded by vessels from all parts of the world.

Landing, we are met by a medley of people from the countries about. Those we see on the wharves are of every shade of black, yellow, and brown. There are Malays, the brown-skinned natives of the mainland and the islands; there are Siamese in sarongs, jackets and caps, and yellow Burmese dressed in silks, with silk handkerchiefs wrapped around their heads. There are Chinese, rich and poor, some clad in silk and some in blue cotton, and Klings from India as black as coal and as straight as pine trees. It is the Chinese and East Indians who do most of the work, the latter driving the bullock carts from wharf to wharf and handling the freight. There are Dyaks from Borneo, Arabs from about the Red Sea, and Persians in white caps and gowns. There are tall Sikh policemen from India, with high turbans of red, Parsees from Bombay, with hats like inverted coal skuttles, and also

many whites made up of English, French, Germans, and Americans, who are passing through or are engaged here in trade. The city all together has several hundred thousand inhabitants, of whom almost all are from Asia or the islands near by. There are more Chinese than any of the others, and we shall find that the Chinese do most of the business.

Leaving the wharves, we go to our hotel, which is situated in a beautiful park not far from the sea. There are tennis courts and golf grounds, and not far away is the botanical garden, one of the finest of the world. During our stay we call upon the governor, and at his suggestion cross to the mainland and go by railroad through the states of Malaysia.

The trip is delightful. We are in the tropics, and our way is through plantations of bananas, coffee, and spices. We spend some time in the orchards learning how nutmegs and cloves are raised, and watch the men at work in the vineyards from which come our white and black pepper. Pepper vines grow much like hops. They are trained upon tree stumps or upon sticks set upright in the ground. They begin to bear in the third year after planting, and a single one will often produce as much as two pounds of pepper per annum. Some of them yield two crops every year, and they continue to do this for many years.

There is no difference between the berries which produce the black pepper and white pepper. Both are from the same kind of berry and from the same vine. The black pepper comes from the berries picked when green. As they dry, they turn black. The white pepper comes from those which are left on the vines until ripe, and which when picked are of a fiery red color. The berries are

soaked in water, when the outer skin falls off and leaves the pepper of commerce.

We go to the tin mines which are situated on the Malay Peninsula, and also in the islands of Banka and Billiton near by. The tin is often in the form of grains mixed with earth, and it is washed out as our miners wash gold from the placer deposits of the Rockies. Some tin is found

A Pepper Vineyard.

in the streams and some far below ground, the latter being carried up by Chinese who climb ladders with baskets of tin ore on their backs. After the ore is cleaned, it is smelted in charcoal furnaces, being run off into bricks of about the size of a five-cent loaf of bread. It now looks like silver and is ready to be shipped to the markets.

We meet many Malays at Singapore and find them everywhere during our travels through the Malay Peninsula.

They are the aborigines or native inhabitants of this part of Asia. They are a peculiar people, in color and features not unlike our Filipinos. They have brown skins, straight, well-made forms, and small hands and feet.

On the peninsula the poorer classes wear but little clothing. The smaller children go almost naked, and the men wear a baglike skirt which reaches from the waist to below

Some Native Malays.

the knees. When a Malay puts on his clothes, he places this skirt on the floor and steps into it. He then lifts it up to his waist and fastens it there in a knot. The dress of the women covers the whole of the body, and the richer ones have light silk shawls on their heads. The well-to-do men wear jackets and caps, but the poorer are often bare to the waist. The men are proud and haughty. They stand straight, and their walk is quite graceful.

We see very few of the high-class Malay women. These people are Mohammedans, and they keep their wives and daughters secluded. This is one of the customs of their religion, of which we shall learn more farther on in our travels. The Malay villages are made up of one-story huts thatched with palm leaves. The houses are seldom more than fifteen feet square. They contain but little furniture,

A Malay Family.

the kitchen utensils consisting of a few pots, an iron pan, and a coconut ladle. The family sit on their heels or sprawl at full length when taking their ease in their homes. The only beds are mats spread upon the earth floor. Every one smokes, and nearly all chew the betel.

The climate here is such that one needs but little clothing. Babies and small children often wear nothing at all, and we find it best to take off everything possible. We

are now near the Equator, where the sun rises and sets at the same hour each day the year through, where the flowers always bloom and the trees are always green. Birds by the thousands sing all the year round, and the temperature from one year's end to the other is that of a moist July.

In our rides over the peninsula and upon the islands we pass through tropical jungles, and now and then see coffee plantations and coconut groves. The green coconuts hang in great bunches from the tops of palm trees, each of which is from fifty to one hundred feet high. Now and then a nut falls and we cut out a hole in the end and drink the sweet milk.

The coffee estates are made up of fields of green bushes which, if not trimmed, grow to a height of eighteen feet. The bushes have berries which, when ripe, are dark red and of about the size of a cherry. They look much like cherries save that they grow close to the branches and not upon stems. Each berry contains two seeds surrounded by pulp, and these seeds are the beans or coffee of commerce.

The Malays we see at Singapore are lazy, and we learn that they live from hand to mouth, working only enough to keep them from starving. In the interior they are more industrious, and not a few of them are now setting out plantations of coffee, cacao, pepper, and rubber. The country has greatly improved since the British took it under their protection. They have established justice and order, and are starting schools everywhere. They have post offices and postal savings banks. They are building railroads and laying out towns. We find hotels at the capitals and stop at the government rest houses in the villages. Each state is ruled by a native sultan, but the sultan has British officials to help him, and the country is increasing in wealth.

28. IN BRITISH BURMA

THINK of a nation whose women wear plugs in the lobes of their ears as thick as your finger, and whose men often have their bodies tatooed from the waist to the knees. Let these people have olive-brown complexions, eyes almost straight, fat noses, and lips a little thicker than ours. Let both sexes have long black hair, which they bind up in a knot on the tops of their heads. Let the men wear turbans of bright red or yellow, and the rest of their clothing consist of a white linen or cotton jacket reaching to the waist and a gay-colored silk or cotton skirt that falls to the feet, being bound tightly about the legs and loins, and tied in front at the waist. Let the women dress in much the same way, except that their heads have no covering. Let all go barefooted, and you have some idea of the people of Burma, among whom we find ourselves after sailing along the east coast of the Bay of Bengal and up the mighty Irawadi (ĭr-ä-wä′dĭ) River to the city of Rangoon.

Burma is more than twice the size of Great Britain and Ireland. It is three times as big as Kansas and far larger than Germany in Europe. It is a rich country, much of it being covered with a vegetation so dense that nothing but an elephant can force its way through. It is a land of great mountains, of many hills, and of low valleys cut up by rivers which feed some of the richest rice fields of the world.

The chief river is the Irawadi, in whose mouth we now are. This rises in the Himalayas and flows in a long, winding course through gorges and hills. It then enters a broad valley and finally empties into the Bay of Bengal.

The Irawadi has a great volume. It is loaded with silt or earth washings, and these have built up much of the country. For hours before we come in sight of land, we find the water of the Bay of Bengal discolored by them, and are told that the river has had much to do with enriching the country. Another mighty stream is the Salwin, which rises in the mountains of Tibet north of Lassa (läs′ä) and flows with many rapids down to the sea, while a third is the Mekong, which runs along the eastern side of Burma, and then, separating Siam from French Indo China, flows out through Cochin China into the Pacific Ocean. We have already seen the Mekong during our travels. All these rivers are more or less navigable, and the Irawadi forms a great water highway up which steamers can go quite as far as the distance from New Orleans to Chicago.

The mountains of Burma contain rich deposits of gold, silver, and copper. They have mines of jade, and the country produces the most beautiful rubies to be found anywhere. The land is well populated. It has many thatched villages and several large cities. In the chief seaport and capital, Rangoon, where we are now, there are over a quarter of a million inhabitants, and a night's ride by train will take us up the Irawadi to Mandalay, which has almost two hundred thousand. The population of the whole of Burma is more than eleven millions.

This country, situated away out here on the other side of the world, belongs to Great Britain. It is a part of the East Indian Empire which is ruled by a viceroy appointed by the king and by lieutenant governors, one of whom has charge of each large East Indian province. Rangoon is the capital of the Province of Burma, and here the lieutenant governor and his chief officials live. The city has fine public buildings and beautiful residences, most of which

are the homes of the British. It has great banks, wide streets, and beautiful stores. We call at the Secretariat, a large stone structure on the main street, and find it swarming with clerks and other officials, from whom we learn much concerning the country and people.

They tell us that Burma was for a long time governed by kings who oppressed their subjects and tortured and killed them at will. After the British took possession of the country, this was done away with. The laws were changed, courts were established, and now every one has almost as much liberty as we have at home. Several railroads have been built, and others are planned which will sometime enable one to go from here to China by rail.

မြန်မာသင်ပုန်းကြီးဘတ်စာ။ ၁၃

ဘတ်ရန်အခဏ်း ၉။

ကြက်တူရွေး။

ထမင်းကျက်ပြီလား။	ကျည်းသောနေရာ။
သူ၏အလေ့အကျင့်ဘာလဲ။	ဆင်တစီးကျန်ရစ်သည်။
သဘော်ကျင်းထဲမှာရှိသည်။	ပျင်းသောလူကလေး။
ဘာများခင်းကျင်းသည်လဲ။	ယင်းတယ်ဖြစ်သည်။
ဤလူကျစ်လစ်ပေစွ။	စပျစ်သီး။
ကျည်စေ့တခု။	ပျဉ်ပြားတဆယ်လေးချပ်။
ကျည်ပွေ့တခု။	အကွာရာများများရှိသလား။

A Page from a Burmese Book.

We find many Burmese among the clerks in the Secretariat, and we learn that the people are intelligent and that they have their own language and literature. They are far better educated than the Malays and Siamese. Nearly every man knows how to read and write, and every Burmese boy is expected to go to school. The native schools are often held in the Buddhist monas-

teries, and the priests are the teachers. While in such schools the pupils sit on the floor and study aloud, shouting the lessons they are trying to learn. The teachers, who are sober-faced men, with shaved heads, dressed in long gowns, walk up and down the room with whips in their hands, keeping their eyes on the pupils, and the boy who stops shouting is liable to get a cut of the whip. The

Class of Burmese Girls.

studies are largely the precepts of the Buddhist religion, and many of the boys become priests after leaving school.

In addition to these native schools the British government has established some like those we have at home. There are now more than six thousand schools in operation, with several hundred thousand pupils on the rolls. In them the children have the same studies as ours, but the books are in Burmese instead of English. The boys are interested in athletics, and they play football and cricket.

There are also girls' schools run by the government, although all the natives do not approve of them. In the past these people did not think that women should be educated, and according to their religion women were not of much account in comparison with men.

The Burmese are Buddhists. We shall see temples and monasteries wherever we go, and shall frequently meet bareheaded monks clad in yellow robes walking about with begging bowls in their hands. The whole country is dotted with pagodas, and there are monasteries everywhere. According to their religion, every man or boy must become a monk before his soul can be born, and for this reason a boy is supposed to enter a monastery for a time before he thinks of becoming a man. While he is in the monastery, he lays aside his good clothes and dresses in a single sheet of rough yellow cotton. He now works in the monastery and goes forth to beg. He is supported by the gifts of the people, and no matter how rich his family is, he lives on the rice and other things which are given to him in the way of charity. The boy at first acts as a servant, or chelah, much as did "Kim" in Rudyard Kipling's delightful story of that name, and later on he is given more important duties. While in the monastery he is taught the principles of the Buddhist faith, and is urged to spend his life doing good. After a time, he may leave the priesthood and go back to his home, or he may remain and devote his life to the service of his religion.

These people spend a great deal of money on religion and charity. They give much to the church, and we shall find rest houses and drinking places for travelers all over Burma. We shall see great temples and numerous pagodas erected in honor of Buddha, some of which are wonderfully grand.

Suppose we pay a visit to the Golden Pagoda at Rangoon. It stands upon the site of a temple which was erected here more than five hundred years before Christ was born. It is a great gilded tower, rising in mighty rings from an immense stone platform, and growing smaller as it goes upward, until it ends at last in a golden spire which seems to almost pierce the sky. It is higher than any stone structure in America, except the Monument at Washington, and the whole of it blazes in the sunlight as though it were solid gold. Upon its top is a golden umbrella which is studded with jewels. The tower is made of brick and mortar, and only its outside is plated with gold. It has been regilded again and again, and there is an enormous amount of the precious metal in it.

During the last century one of the kings of Burma vowed that he would give his own weight in gold to this pagoda. The vow cost him forty-five thousand dollars' worth of gold leaf, for it took just that much, it is said, to equal his weight. The Burmese tell us that the Golden Pagoda is built above a casket containing eight hairs from the head of Buddha himself, and it is this fact that makes the place holy.

About the Golden Pagoda we see dozens of women, clad in bright silk gowns and white silk jackets, kneeling and praying. Upon the platform are offerings of rice and flowers, and the air is filled with the perfume of the roses which worshipers have laid at its base. Men are bowing before it; and, as we look, boys come up, kneel down, hold up their hands, and pray under the blazing sun. We can see that they believe in their religion, and in our travels shall find that many of them are good boys and girls and good men and women. They do the best they can with the light they have, and some are now learning about Christianity and coming to believe as we do.

(217) Golden Pagoda.

29. WITH THE BURMESE AT HOME

WE shall go out into the country this morning and see something of the Burmese at home. The people live largely in villages, each town being ruled by its head-men or elders, who are appointed by the government with the consent of the people. The houses are small, and in most places are little more than sheds set upon piles. They have walls of plaited or woven bamboo, and the roofs are

Burmese Houses.

of palm leaves pinned or sewn to rafters of cane. Very few of them have more than one story, and they are usually built upon a platform so high above the ground that one can walk under it without stooping. The cattle are sometimes kept in the space under the house, and one has to climb a ladder or steps to reach the first floor.

The people have but little furniture. They sit, eat, and sleep on the floor so that chairs, tables, and beds are not needed. They sometimes use sleeping mats, and rest their heads upon pillows, or rather pillow-frames of cane, each being of about the size and shape of a small loaf of bread. Every house has a little plot of land at the back, which contains some fruit trees, vegetables, and flowers. At the front it faces the street, which is usually lined with trees bearing tropical fruits. Along the roadsides near the villages are shade trees with platforms below them where travelers may rest or the village headmen discuss local affairs.

Much of the cooking is done out of doors. The fire is built upon the ground, and the cooking utensils consist of little more than two or three earthen pots. The chief food is rice, a huge platter of it being served at each meal. In addition there is a bowl of curry, a gravylike mixture made of fish and so seasoned with pepper that it is exceedingly hot. There are also other hot relishes, and among them a bad-smelling fish paste, made by burying raw fish in the sea sand until it is rotten. In eating, the rice dish is placed on the floor, and the family squat about it, each member having two bowls, a small one for curry, and a large one for rice. There are no knives nor forks. Every one helps himself, putting his fingers into his rice bowl, and taking up all he can squeeze in his hand, and then crowding it into his mouth.

At the close of the meal each member is required to wash his own dishes. No drinking is done during meals, but at the end each goes to the water jar to rinse out his mouth. All take a smoke after eating, the grandfather and grandmother, parents and children, puffing together. Sometimes one cigar suffices for the whole family, the members passing it from one to another and smoking by turns.

We are delighted with the Burmese. They are kind and polite, and make us at home. The boys are full of fun, and show us their games. The girls are more free to talk with us than any others of their sex we have met with in Asia. They are intelligent, and we learn that the women have more rights than any other women upon earth outside those of the United States or Europe. They have equal rights in property with their husbands, and they generally carry the family purse.

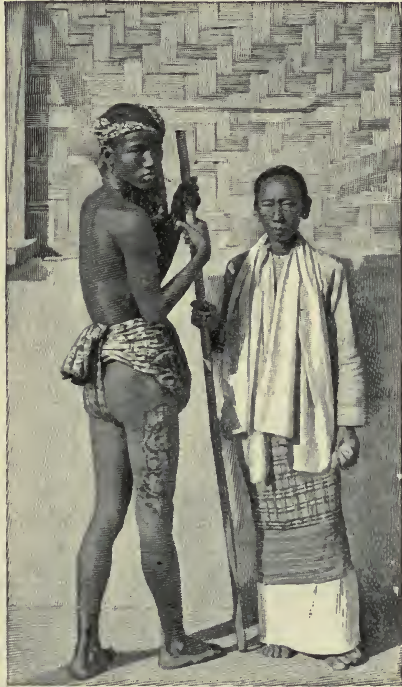
A large part of the business of Burma is done by the women. The native stores are collected together in bazaars, each consisting of a large number of little shops under one roof. These shops are small rooms opening upon the streets or passages which run through the bazaar. Each room is walled with goods, and its woman merchant sits on the floor as she shows her wares to the purchaser who stands in the passage and bargains as to the price he will pay. They sell silks, cottons, cigars, jewelry, and many other articles. Very few of them can read or write, but all are able to count quickly, and they understand how to bargain.

Girls often go into the bazaars, and remain there selling goods until they get husbands. In Burma love making is carried on in somewhat the same way as with us; and the Burmese husband has, as a rule, but one wife, although more are permitted. Parents usually arrange marriages without asking the consent of their son or daughter who is to be married; but elopements are common, and engagements are sometimes made by the young people themselves.

The marriage consists of the eating together of rice out of one bowl in the presence of friends, and of promising before them to live together henceforth as man and wife. The Burmese believe that women should marry, as will be seen from one of their proverbs, which reads as follows: —

"Monks are beautiful when they are lean, four-footed animals when they are fat, men when they are learned, and women when they are married."

As we go on with our travels through Burma, we find that the people have many curious customs. For instance, nearly every boy has his legs tattooed from the waist to the knees, and he looks upon this coat of tattooing as a sign of manhood, gladly submitting to the pain he must undergo to secure it. The work is done by a professional tattooer, who uses a steel pricker which has at its end four split points as sharp as needles. These points are dipped into ink and then thrust into the skin, carrying the ink under the surface. The tattooer takes up the skin in his hand and pinches it, while he thus pierces it with the inked needles which are to discolor it forever. In this way he makes pictures all over the boy's thighs, so that when the tattooing is completed he looks as though he were dressed in kid tights covered with red and blue figures of serpents, tigers, ogres, and demons. Such tattooing is not done all



Mother and Son, the Latter partly Tattooed.

at once, but figure by figure, as the boy can stand the pain. It takes some years before one can get a full coat.

The Burmese are superstitious and they believe that certain tattooed figures will ward off diseases. One, for instance, is a protection from snake bites, and another will keep one from drowning. A third figure is especially prized by the schoolboy; for it prevents, so they tell us, his feeling the whip when punished.

We are also struck by the plugs of gold, silver, or glass which the girls wear in their ears and which they prize quite as much as the boys do their coats of tattooing. A girl is not considered a woman until after her ears have been pierced, and she is as anxious to have her first ear plugs as our girls are to have their first long dresses.

This is so, notwithstanding the pain that comes from making and enlarging the holes. The work begins when the girl has reached the age of twelve or thirteen, which occasion is celebrated by a feast to which all the friends and relatives are invited. When the party has assembled, the girl lies down on a mat and a professional ear borer thrusts a gold needle through the lobe of each of her ears, twisting it around so that it forms a ring, which is left in the ear. As the needle goes through, the girl screams with pain, but her cries are drowned by the music of a band which plays outside the house.

It takes the ear some time to heal, and then the process of making the holes larger begins. The needle is now taken out, and a fine gold plate, tightly rolled up, is inserted. This plate is gradually opened from week to week until the hole has been stretched to the size of your little finger, or larger.

The poor, who cannot afford gold, use silver needles for piercing and stems of grass for enlarging the lobes, insert-

ing one stem after another until they have a bunch of grass as big around as your thumb in each ear.

After a long time, when the holes have become of the proper size, the ear plugs or hollow pieces of gold or some cheaper material are put in, the plugs being as costly as the girl can afford. Some are set with jewels, some are of glass, and others of amber. The holes thus made are so large that a man could easily put his thumb through them, and a common sight is a woman carrying a big cigar in her ear.

30. THE WORKING ELEPHANTS IN BURMA

ONE of the great sights of Burma is the elephants at work.

Elephants at work? I hear some one ask. What do you mean? Do these great, clumsy beasts actually do anything except carry men on their backs?

Elephant carrying a Beam.

Yes, indeed. But they are not clumsy. They are among the most intelligent animals of the world. Let us visit the lumber-yards at Rangoon. There we shall find these beasts carrying great logs. They move piles of lumber, and they obey the orders of their masters almost as though they were men and could understand what is said.

There is one carrying a teak log on his tusks. The elephant has thrown his trunk over the top of the log, and

he balances his long, heavy burden in the air as he moves slowly onward, picking his way in and out through the piles of lumber. His master is a dark-skinned, half-naked man, dressed in a white waistcloth and jacket, and with a red handkerchief tied about his black head. He sits on the animal's neck just back of the great flapping ears, with his bare legs hanging down on each side. He speaks to the elephant now and then, and when it does not obey, he thrusts into its skin the point of a short brass hook fastened to the end of the stick which he has in his hand.

"—piling logs."

We follow the elephant to see what he will do with the log. He carries it to the sawmill on the opposite side of the yard where is a truck upon wheels, so placed that the logs upon it can be moved against the circular saw by which they are to be divided into boards. The elephant takes his log to this truck. He lays it lengthwise upon the truck, and with his tusks and trunk moves it into just the proper place for the saw.

There is another elephant piling logs. He has laid the logs regularly, one on top of another, as evenly as though he had calculated their order by measure. See how he raises that log in order to carry it to the pile! He goes to the center of the log and gets down on his knees before it. Next he thrusts his tusks under it, and then, throwing his trunk over the top, rises slowly upward with his heavy burden nicely balanced, and thus takes it to the pile. At first he can roll the log upon the pile without trouble,

but as this becomes higher he has to lift the log to the top. To accomplish this he stands it upon end, propping it against the pile; then, placing his tusks under the lower end of the log, he slides it up off the ground, and with a kick sends it flying into its place.

There goes a bell! It is noon, and that is the signal for the men in the yard to stop work for dinner. We find that the elephants stop, too. They do not wait for orders from their drivers; but as the sound of the bell first falls on their ears, they drop their loads and bolt for the feeding shed. Their drivers tell us that they cannot make the animals work after the bell has been rung. They say also that a working elephant must be fed regularly and have his bath twice a day. He becomes restless if anything gets under the cloth upon his back, and will tremble like a woman at the sight of a mouse, for fear that the little animal may run up his trunk.

"He must have his bath —"

At one of the yards I saw the men washing the beasts. The elephants sat down while buckets of water were thrown over them, and their masters scrubbed them with rough brushes. As the water was dashed upon them they wagged their tails, flapped their ears, and grunted in joy.

As we leave the lumberyards we throw some silver to the rider of one of the elephants. The man catches it. He speaks to his elephant, and the great beast throws its trunk high up into the air and gives us a salute, as though it knew that we had been kind to his master.

Elephants are used in clearing the teak forests and in getting the timber out to the streams. They not only carry the logs to the rivers, but aid in shoving them about in the water. They wade or swim according as the river is shallow or deep, and tow the logs this way and that. When the rafts have reached port or are piled up, they break the booms by pushing out the key log, and they will take the timbers from the river and load them on the cars which are to carry them to the mills.

In some places where the elephants labor together there are boss elephants which keep the other beasts up to their work pounding them with their trunks when they lag. In the lumberyards each elephant has his own peculiar job, one carrying the hay for the stables and aiding in mixing the bran, molasses, and other food which form the rations of the elephants.

These huge beasts are used also for farming. They drag the heavy plows which break up the matted soil of the jungle, and aid in turning it into farms. The elephant plow is a two-wheeled instrument with a heavy share fastened to it. One man holds the handles of the plow and presses the share into the earth. Another sits on the neck of the elephant, and a third, walking by his side, aids in directing the huge animal along the furrow.

Traveling in Upper Burma is done upon elephants. They are the only beasts by which we can make our way through the jungle. They can pull the branches aside with their tusks, and push their way through the thickest of the tropical vegetation. They can swim rivers and climb hills; and it is said, that, when they come to very steep places, they sometimes sit down on their hind legs and slide down in preference to risking a fall by walking.

31. INDUSTRIAL BURMA. RICE

WE are on the Irawadi River this morning. We have taken the steamer and are traveling northward through the interior of Burma. Our accommodations are good, and as we sit on the deck we can see the rich lands on both sides of the river. We ride for miles through broad fields of rice. This is the great crop of the country. The people depend upon the rice crop, and they are prosperous or the reverse as the rice grows well or ill. It brings in more money than anything else, the annual exports amounting to thousands of millions of pounds. Indeed, Burma sells enough rice every year to give every man, woman, and child upon earth all he could eat in one day and still leave hundreds of millions of pounds.

The valley of the Irawadi is largely made up of rice lands. We see men here and there plowing. They drive water buffaloes through the mud, turning the soil with plows of wood. In some places the plows hardly scratch the soil, and in others the children are driving buffaloes and oxen over the wet lands which are thus broken up by their hoofs. A little later logs and brush will be dragged over the ground to smooth it. In other places the farming is more carefully done; for the British are teaching the natives how to get more out of their lands.

In growing rice, the seed is sown broadcast, or in nurseries from which the young plants are afterwards taken and set out in regular rows. This is done by the women and children, the lazy men usually sitting on the edge of the fields and watching them work. The transplanting takes place about a month after sowing, at which time the plants have grown a foot high. They are now pulled up and

carried on poles, in bundles of about a thousand each, to the fields. The women make a hole in the earth with their fingers, and thrust down a tuft of three or four plants in it, and then squeeze the earth tight around it. These tufts are set out about a foot apart, and there are about forty-five thousand of them to one acre.

Children from Upper Burma.

The rice crop must have plenty of water. In some parts of the country the rains are sufficient, but in others the lands are irrigated, the fields being flooded from time to time. As the grain matures, the water is taken off. The rice soon turns from green to yellow, and each field looks not unlike one of ripe wheat or oats.

The rice is harvested with sickles, but little more than the heads being cut off. It is partially threshed by laying it on a hard piece of ground, and driving bullocks over it. After that it is taken to the rivers and shipped to Rangoon or other ports, from where it is sent to all parts of the world.

A grain of rice when it leaves the farmer is much like a grain of wheat with the husk on. This husk must be taken off before the rice can be used, and Burma has great

steam mills for this purpose which employ thousands of men. They are not unlike the huge flouring mills of America.

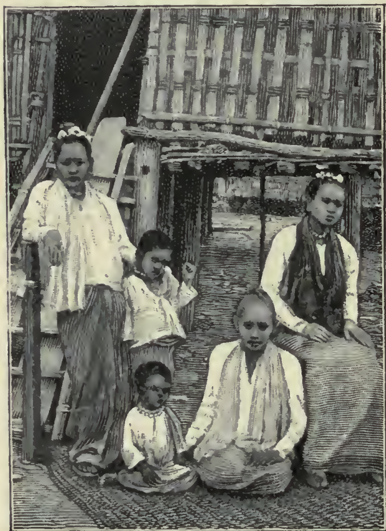
Suppose we visit one of the mills and see how rice cleaning is done. There are some very large ones on the edge of Rangoon. The grain comes down in boats and is carried in baskets on the backs and shoulders of girls up to the mills. Here it is passed through one pair of millstones after another. Each pair tears off a bit of the husk, until at last we have the white grains which we use for eating.

After the husk is removed, the rice must be smoothed up for the market. It is strange to think of polishing grain as we polish silver spoons, but that is what is done with rice. The husked grains are thrown by machinery against rollers covered with sheepskin as soft as the inside of a kid glove. They are brought into contact with these rollers again and again, until they are as white as freshly slaked lime and perfectly smooth.

As we go on our way up the river, we now and then pass small cotton plantations, and here and there find the people rearing the silkworms from which come the beautiful silks so commonly worn by the Burmese. We stop at the oil fields, which are now producing a great deal of petroleum, and then make an excursion to the Mogok Valley, about ninety miles from Mandalay, from whence come the most beautiful rubies known to the world. A fine ruby is even more valuable than a diamond of the same weight. It has been estimated that one, of the color of pigeon's blood, weighing five carats will sell for several times as much as a five-carat diamond, and that the proportionate price of the ruby will increase with its size. A ruby which weighed eleven carats was recently sold in London for thirty-five

thousand dollars; whereas a diamond of that size would not bring more than one fifth that amount.

Rubies are found in a layer of gravel or sand which lies at some distance below the earth's surface. The clay is dug away, and the gravel is taken out and washed. It is then picked over, and the rubies are sorted according to their quality and size. The best of the stones are sent to London, where they are sold to jewelers from all parts of the world.



Shan Women.

Going back to the river, we proceed northward to Bhamo (bä-mō′), a thriving city on the trade route to China. We are now not far from the borders of that great country, and we could by an easy trip make our way there. The scenery on the upper part of the Irawadi is noted for its magnificence. The river is clear and deep, and it winds between high cliffs covered with forests.

In the northern part of the country, many strange men and women come down to our steamer. They wear but little clothing, although they are almost loaded with jewelry of brass and other metals. Among them are the Shans, Kachins, and Chins; some of them are quite savage, and all are less civilized than the Burmese. A few of the tribes go almost naked, and some worship spirits.

The Shans have lighter complexions than the Burmese, and they are especially noted for their fine coats of tattooing. They are muscular, well-formed, and are about an inch taller. They wear trousers and jackets, and many have blue cotton headdresses.

The Karens, another large tribe, some of whom are also found in lower Burma, are more like the Chinese, although they dress like the Burmese. They are tattooed, and many of the men have the figure of the rising sun pricked in with red ink on the small of their backs. Many of the Karens have been converted to Christianity.

Leaving Bhamo, we sail back down the Irawadi River to Mandalay, where was the capital of the country before the British conquered Burma and changed the seat of government to Rangoon. Mandalay now has about two hundred thousand inhabitants, and it is still a place of considerable importance. It has large bazaars and hundreds of pagodas, in one of which is a bell which weighs ninety tons.

We spend some time shopping in the city and in making excursions out into the country near by. We do not stay long, however. We have discovered that Farther India is a little world in itself, and we long for the still stranger things we are to find in Hindustan or East India proper. Therefore we return to Rangoon where we find a ship about to go to Calcutta. We take passage, and are soon far out on the Bay of Bengal. We steam for several days in a northwesterly direction and awake one morning to find ourselves in the muddy waters brought down by the Ganges. We sail through these into the Hugli River, which forms one of the mouths of the Ganges, and after a few hours come to anchor under the spires and towers of the great city of Calcutta.

INDIA
AFGHANISTAN AND
BALUCHISTAN
SCALE OF MILES
0 200 400 600 800 1000
Longitude East from Greenwich
CHINESE TURKESTAN
Khotan
Kuen Lun
PERSIA
Ispahan
Kerman
Bushire
PERSIAN GULF
Str. of Ormuz
GULF OF OMAN
MASKAT
Ras el Had
ARABIA
SOKOTRA I.
ARABIAN SEA
Merv
BOKHARA
RUSSIAN TURKESTAN
PAMIR
Kushk
Herat
Hindu Kush Mts.
KABUL
AFGHANISTAN
Kandahar
Quetta
KHELAT
BALU-CHISTAN
Gwadar
Karachi
Haidarabad
Indus R.
Sutlej
Lahore
Amritsar
Srinagar
KASHMIR
Karakorum Mts.
Simla
Meerut
DELHI
Bareilly
Ganges
Agra
RAJPUTANA
Cawnpur
Allahabad
Lucknow
Benares
Patna
HINDUSTAN
INDIA
Himalaya Mts.
Mt. Everest
TIBET
Lassa
BHUTAN
Darjiling
Brahmaputra R.
ASSAM
Bhamo
UPPER BURMA
Mandalay
Ava
LOWER BURMA
Rangoon
G. of Martaban
Dacca
Chandernagar (Fr.)
Calcutta
Delta of the Ganges
Hughli R.
Baroda
Diu (Port)
Surat
Narbada
Daman (Port)
Nagpur
Jaipur
Godavari
Bombay
Haidarabad
Western Ghats
Eastern Ghats
GOA (Port.)
Yanaon (Fr.)
Madras
Bangalore
Mysore
Trichinopoli
Pondicherry (Fr.)
Karikal (Fr.)
Palks Str.
LACCADIVE IS.
Mahe (Fr.)
C. Comorin
MALDIVE IS.
Gulf of Manaar
CEYLON
COLOMBO
BAY OF BENGAL
ANDAMAN IS.
NICOBAR IS.
Isthmus of Kraw
CHINA
Chingtu
Yangtze
Yunnan
Si R.
TONKIN
HANOI
Gulf of Tonkin
HAINAN
Hue
Mekong
SIAM
Ayuthia
BANGKOK
CAMBODIA
Pnum Penh
COCHIN CHINA
Saigon
Gulf of Siam
C. Cambodia
MALAY PENINSULA
SOUTH CHINA SEA
L.L. POATES CO., N.Y.

32. GENERAL VIEW OF INDIA

THIS morning we begin our travels in East India proper. We are in the great peninsula of Hindustan, a country almost half as large as the United States, and quite as varied in its scenery and character. The land is enormous. It extends from the southern part of the Asiatic Continent in the shape of a great triangle, whose base is the Himalaya Mountains, and whose sharp apex lies within a few degrees of the Equator. If you could lift up Hindustan, and lay it upon North America with its western end at Seattle, it would reach as far east as Montreal, and Cape Comorin which tips the apex would be wedged into the Panama Canal. From north to south it is as long as the distance from the middle of Hudson Bay to the Gulf of Mexico, and from east to west it extends as far as the distance from the Atlantic Ocean to the Great Salt Lake.

This mighty country is one of extremes. The Himalayas which border it on the north are the highest mountains on earth. Their peaks are hidden in perpetual snow, and the icy wastes on the top of Mount Everest kiss the sky at an altitude more than two miles above that of any part of North America except Mount McKinley.

At the foot of the mountains begins a mighty plain which at the east and west is not far above the level of the sea, while still farther south the land rises into the mountains and plateaus of the Dekkan which reach to Cape Comorin. India is thus composed of mountains and valleys, of rolling plateaus and a great lowland plain.

A country like this must be one of many climates. The mountains embrace the temperate and frigid zones,

while the great plain below is a land of the tropics, and in summer is exceedingly hot. In general the seasons are three — the hot, the rainy, and cool. The hot season lasts through March and April, during which time the heat is terrific and no rain falls. The rains begin early in May, when the southwest monsoon rushes in from the Indian Ocean; they last through the summer and even into October. During this season the rains pour and the soil is soaked by them. Then comes the cool weather which continues throughout the winter, or from November to February, inclusive. In this season it is not cold on the plains, but much like our moderate weather in summer.

The rainfall is varied according to the locality. India is one of the wettest lands upon earth, and also one of the driest. In some provinces the water pours down almost all the time, and in others it does not rain for months in succession. Some places are as dry as the Sahara, and in others six feet of water has been known to fall in the space of twelve months. The land is consequently one of well-watered plains and great deserts. It has soils which have been giving rich crops ever since history began to be written, and some which the plow of man has never turned. India has mighty rivers, such as the Indus, the Brahmaputra, and the Ganges, all of which are fed by the perpetual snows of the Himalayas. These rivers bring down vast loads of silt which feed and enrich the soil of India as Egypt is fed and made rich by the Nile. We shall see how the water is used for irrigation as we travel over the country.

India is a world as regards its vegetation. It has trees and plants of the tropics, temperate and frigid zones. There are palms in the lowlands; and pines, cedars, and oaks high up in the mountains. The country grows all

sorts of crops, from wheat, barley, and millet to rice, cotton, and sugar; and it has animals of every climate, from the elephants and tigers which roam through the jungles to the wild goats and mountain sheep of the Himalayas on the borders of Tibet.

India is also a world in respect to its population. It should not be looked upon as one country inhabited by a single race as is the land of China. It is more like a continent of many races and many peoples. It has all together more than three hundred million inhabitants, or almost one fifth of the world's population. These millions are of several colors. Some are as black as the Africans of the Kongo, and others have skins as fair as our own.

The East Indians speak one hundred and eighty-five languages, many of which are as different from the others as are the English and Russian. One of the tongues is spoken by ninety-seven millions, another by forty-four millions, and there are fourteen other languages each of which is used by more than three millions.

These many peoples have their own customs, and not a few of them their own religions. Some are worshipers of fire, some are Buddhists, and a vast number are Mohammedans. Millions of them worship spirits, and more in number than all the others are the Hindus, who have many idols representing their ideas of life and death and futurity. There are more Hindus in India than there are Christians in the United States, and more Mohammedans than in Turkey.

This continent of different races, peoples, and languages is divided up into many states, each of which has its own customs, and some of which have a government different from the others. The states are all under the rule of Great Britain, although some are still nominally governed

by the native princes or rajahs, with British advisers to tell them just how to rule.

Is it not strange that a country so great as this should be controlled by the people of a little island-kingdom in the North Atlantic Ocean thousands of miles away? Yes, the possession and administration of India by the English is a wonder of modern government, and as we go over the country we shall see that it has been and is of enormous benefit to the East Indians.

But how did the English get the control of this vast territory, inhabited by so many millions and lying so far away from their own home? The story is an interesting one. The work began in the days of Queen Elizabeth with a contest over a pinch of pepper. At that time the Dutch of Holland controlled the most of the East Indian trade. They had foreign settlements in Hindustan, and one of the chief articles which their ships carried home to Europe was pepper, which then sold for seventy-five cents a pound. This gave a large profit to the Dutch merchants. But they were not satisfied, and they doubled the price. The English merchants protested that this was too much, but the Dutch would not make any reduction. Thereupon, the English merchants formed a company to build ships of their own and to send them out to India to bring pepper and other goods to England. That was the famous East India Company which gradually drove out the Dutch, and took possession of most of Hindustan. It was from that company that the British government acquired this great peninsula.

The chief rulers of the country are now appointed by the king of England, who has also the title of the Emperor of India. At their head is the Governor-general, or Viceroy. The word "viceroy" means vice king, and the Governor-

general stands here in the place of the king. He therefore has great power, and has thousands of officials to help him. He controls the armies. In all the states there are British and native soldiers, and among them many who ride upon camels and elephants. The soldiers are of a half-dozen races coming from such of the nations as are

"— who ride upon camels —"

noted for their bravery and military skill. They are all under British officers, although many subordinate places are held by East Indians.

The British have improved India. When they came here Hindustan was inhabited by nations which were warring upon each other. The taxes were enormous, the princes oppressed their subjects, and life and property

were very unsafe. The farming methods were bad, and there were frequent famines which killed millions of people. There were no public roads to speak of, and most of the natives were low in the scale of civilization.

To-day we find good order everywhere kept, and we can travel as safely through Hindustan as in any part of the United States. There are good wagon roads everywhere, and railroads traverse the most thickly populated parts of the peninsula. The people now trade with one another without fear of robbery, and they have a vast commerce with other nations. At the time the English took control of the country, its foreign trade was not more than five million dollars a year. It now annually amounts to over five hundred million dollars, and it grows more and more as time goes on. The extortions of the past have been done away with, and the people now pay less taxes than those of any other great land. They pay only about one thirteenth as much per head as we do, and twenty times less than the people of either France or England.

The English have given the East Indians a good postal and telegraph system. We shall be able to mail letters in the smallest villages, and as we go over the country shall meet postmen going about upon bicycles delivering the mails. We can send telegrams at low rates to any part of India, and it will not cost very much for us to cable to England, or even to New York.

As we look at the telegraph poles, we observe that they are made of iron. It seems to us that wood would be cheaper, and we ask why this is. It is because of the white ant, which eats up anything wooden. This ant is found in many parts of Hindustan, and a drove of them would chew up several telegraph poles like those we have in America in one night.

But suppose we take a few excursions over the country. How shall we travel? We could use camels or elephants, for there are many in Hindustan; or we might go on the rivers, as we did in some of our journeys through China. Any of these ways would be pleasant for a short time, but in the study of a country so large we shall need the most rapid transportation we can possibly get. We shall therefore go by the railroad or upon motor cars. There are many thousand miles of railroads in India. The country has more than any other in Asia, and its railroad mileage is surpassed by only four other countries of the whole world. Its roads are well built and well managed, and they carry several hundred million passengers each year. The cars are much like our own, except that in most of them the seats are long benches running lengthwise instead of across the car on each side a central aisle, as with us. Other cars have compartments. On the express trains some have electric fans, electric lights, and bells. At one end of each car is a bathroom with a tub sunk in the floor, so that we can have a wash as we go flying over the country at twenty-five or thirty miles an hour.

Can we travel at night? Yes, there are some sleeping cars; but upon many trains we shall have to carry our bedding. In such cases we must make a rush for the best places on entering the train. The man who first gets his bedding down on a bench has the right to it, and if we come in too late, we may be crowded to the ends of the benches and have to sleep as we can.

The cars are of three classes — first, second, and third. Those of the first and second classes are used chiefly by foreigners or well-to-do natives. The third class is reserved for the common people, who are packed in so tightly that it is almost impossible for them to move. They pay less

than half a cent per mile, and the first-class fares are cheaper than ours. The conductors are usually natives. They are tall, dark-faced men wearing turbans and uniforms. They speak English and are polite to all foreigners.

We are amused at the queer things we see on the freight cars. Here is one loaded with camels, and there is another in which a baby elephant is shut off in a pen from the rest of the freight. The brakeman tells us that elephant calves are charged for at the rate of six cents a mile, and we wonder what may be the rate for a camel or a donkey.

In the baggage cars are compartments or boxes for cats, monkeys, rabbits, guinea pigs, and dogs. All these animals are classed as dogs and paid for at the dog rate, no one being allowed to carry anything of the dog class into the passenger cars. Not long ago a woman appeared at the depot with a turtle in her hand. She was about to take the train when the Hindu conductor stopped her. She asked him why she could not take her pet into the car. He thought for a time, and then replied in his ungrammatical English: —

"Yes, Missy can take. Cats is dogs, and monkeys is dogs; but turtles is fish, and there is no rule against fish."

33. THE WILD ANIMALS OF INDIA

ONE would not think a country so thickly populated could have many wild animals. The peninsula of Hindustan, however, has large tracts upon which little grows. It has forests of teak and other trees, the home of the elephant, and vast jungles in which roam tigers, panthers, and leopards. The jungles are composed of

thickets of bamboo, creeping vines, and the dense brush found in tropical climates. They cover the lower slopes of the Himalaya Mountains, and are to be found also here and there upon and near the high plateaus of southern and central India.

From these wilds the tigers dash out into the farming districts, and attack men, women, and children. It is estimated that one thousand persons are annually killed by them. The panthers and leopards, and the tigers as well, kill many cattle and sheep. In a single year more than sixty thousand cattle have been destroyed by wild beasts. India has also poisonous snakes which in some years kill as many as twenty thousand human beings, so you see the country is by no means so safe as one might think, considering its great population.

The wild animals are of many curious kinds. There are monkeys, large and small, and leopards which have been tamed and trained to hunt other beasts. There are crocodiles in the rivers and rhinoceroses in the swamps. The rhinoceros of the Brahmaputra Valley often grows to be five or six feet in height, and the great horn on its nose sometimes attains the length of a foot.

And then there are the wild elephants which are still to be found along the base of the Himalayas and in the hilly country not far from Cape Comorin. They live in herds, feeding on grass, bamboos, wild bananas, and the leaves and bark of certain trees. It is against the law to shoot elephants, and whosoever captures or injures one without the permission of the government is fined, and he may be cast into prison. The huge beasts are caught by driving them into stockades, or by running them down with tame elephants ridden by men. Often a herd is driven into a stockade, and the hunters go in to catch them.

This work is dangerous; for if an angry elephant can get at the man, it will jump upon him, and kick him backwards and forwards between its fore and hind feet. It may kneel upon him, or, by means of its trunk and feet, tear his body from limb to limb.

India has many deer and antelope, although the vast antelope herds of the past, which sometimes numbered ten

Rhinoceros.

thousand or more, have now disappeared. It has the musk deer, which secretes the musk fat from which comes the perfumery of that name, and also many wild cats and dogs. In Assam, on the edge of the Himalayas, are wild dogs which hunt in packs, twenty-five or thirty of them going together. When once on the track of an animal, no matter whether it be a deer or a tiger, these dogs will follow it for days and attack it when it is brought to bay.

I wish we could take specimens of the Indian rat family home to show to our friends. There are more than one hundred species, some of which are as small as the tiniest mouse and others as large as a cat. The bandicoot, for instance, weighs two or three pounds, and often measures fifteen inches, not counting its tail, which is nearly as long.

There is another animal which we can find in almost any part of Hindustan. This is the jackal, which looks like a very large fox. It has a jaw so strong that it can crush bones with its teeth, and its yell is like the scream of a baby. It is a sneaking, cowardly beast. It will put its tail between its legs and run at the sight of a man, although it may attack a child. The jackal is the common scavenger of the towns and villages; it feeds upon dead meat of all kinds, and often fights with the vultures over a carcass.

The cat family is well represented in India, and especially the larger cats, such as lions and tigers. There are more tigers than lions. I once saw ten big Bengal tigers in the zoölogical garden at Calcutta, one of which measured twelve feet from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail. He was fresh from the jungle and consequently very fierce. As I watched him, the keeper put some meat inside the door of the cage and then went away. The great beast pounced upon the meat; when, to see what he would do, I poked my umbrella in through the cage. Thereupon he raised his head and sprang at me with a roar, but was thrown back by the bars. My heart sank, and I jumped back, whereupon the keeper came up and warned me that the tiger was a maneater, having already killed one hundred people.

Most tigers, however, are not man-eaters. They live upon deer, antelope, and wild hogs, and kill also cattle, horses, and camels. It is only when very hungry that they will attack men; but, it is said that having once tasted human

flesh, they prefer it to all other food. A single tiger is known to have killed one hundred and twenty-seven human beings. This tiger prowled along one of the chief public roads, stopping all traffic until an English sportsman fired the shot through his neck which caused his death.

The tiger usually does his hunting at night. He makes his lair in a jungle near a village or a corral where the cattle are kept. After dark, he creeps out until within a few feet of his victim, and then with a spring seizes it by the throat, often dislocating the neck. In the case of human beings, an old man-eater will sometimes grab a person by the shoulders with his teeth, swing the body about over his back, and trot off into the jungle to devour his living victim at leisure.

This animal is wonderfully strong. The tiger can strike down a cow with a blow of his paw, and drag her off with his teeth. His claws are as white as ivory, and as hard almost as steel. They can be covered at will, like those of a cat, and are drawn in while walking that they may not be worn off by rubbing the ground.

Tigers are not brave, and they will usually run from a man rather than face him; but when brought to bay, they will fight until dead. They will even spring upon the backs of elephants in their attempts to get at the hunters who are riding them. The men often build platforms in the trees through which the beasts come to get food or drink. They then climb up and lie in wait to shoot the tigers as they slip by. A young buffalo or calf is often tied at the foot of such a tree. The tiger pounces upon the animal and is sucking its blood when the hunter above takes aim and kills him.

Have you ever heard of the cobra? It is one of many poisonous snakes and about the most venomous known to

man. It is found all over India, and it causes many deaths every year. The cobra is not large, seldom growing to a length of more than four feet, although some are known to have been five or six feet long and six inches thick. This snake has a small head which it expands in the shape of a hood when it grows angry. It rises on its tail as it strikes, and it cannot strike to a distance greater than its own

Tiger.

length. Cobras sometimes crawl inside the houses. Not long ago an English lady was writing at her desk in her Indian home, when suddenly she felt as though somebody was looking at her from behind. She turned around again and again, but there was nothing in sight. Then at last, on the floor, she saw a cobra raising its hood-shaped head and about to spring at her. She jumped upon the table, and screamed for the servants, who rushed in, and the snake was killed.

We shall meet Hindu snake charmers in all of the cities. They are among the most skillful jugglers to be found anywhere, and they handle snakes as though they were so many pieces of rope. Each juggler is naked except for a white turban and a strip of dirty white cotton, wound around his waist. He has so little clothes that it would seem impossible for him to conceal anything in them, but

Snake Charmers.

nevertheless he brings forth from space, as it were, great bunches of snakes.

I remember a snake charmer I once met at Delhi, who was clad as I have described. He asked me to hold out my hand, and laid a piece of brown paper upon it. He then took up a flute and began to play, fixing his eyes on the paper as though he saw something there. He danced around me for some time, playing all the while, and keeping his weird black eyes upon my hand. He then started

back and pointed at the paper. My eyes followed his, but I could see nothing. He repeated this action, dancing about more wildly than ever. At last he dropped the flute, and commenced to sing, continuing his dance, and pointing again and again at my hand.

All at once, while I was still looking, he thrust out his naked arm, clapped his bare hand down upon the paper, and snatched out of my very hand three great cobras. He shook them, and they squirmed and wriggled before my frightened eyes. As he did so, the cobras raised their hooded heads and darted out their fangs at me. I jumped back, for they were within only a few inches of my nose. I could not tell then, and I do not know now, where the snakes came from. I saw the trick performed again and again, but I could never discover how it was done.

34. THE CITIES OF INDIA

TO-DAY we are to see something of the cities of India. There are many large ones, and some of them are commercial and manufacturing centers. Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay are all great seaports, at which hundreds of steamers call every year; and Haiderabad (hī-dar-ä-bäd′), Lucknow, Benares (ben-ä′rĕz), Allahabad (ăl-å-hä-bäd′), Delhi (dĕl′ē), and Lahore (lä-hōr′) are amongst the important trading places of the interior, where vast numbers of workmen are making things for the markets at home and abroad.

The Indians are a most industrious people, being always busy in farming or in manufacturing of one kind or other. They live in settlements, large and small, scattered over the country. The homes of the farmers are in villages,

and not on the lands they cultivate, as with us. There are more than seven hundred and fifty thousand such villages in India; and more than two thousand towns, in addition to a great many cities, each of which has fifty thousand people or more. Calcutta is as big as Philadelphia, Bombay is bigger than Boston, and Madras exceeds Cleveland in size.

We shall begin our explorations with Calcutta. It was formerly the capital of the Indian Empire, although it has been decided to move the seat of government to Delhi in the interior. The Viceroy had his headquarters at Calcutta for most of the year, and there also lived the officials of the departments through which the country is governed.

Calcutta lies on the Hugli River, which forms one of the mouths of the Ganges, being situated on the east bank about eighty miles west of the Bay of Bengal. In coming in from the bay we sail up the river through jungles so low and unhealthy that they are given over to the tigers and other wild beasts which roam there at will. A few miles farther up the stream the land rises, and we now and then pass a mud village with palm trees waving above it. As we proceed the population grows denser, and we soon come into a region of mighty jute mills, where bagging and other coarse cloths are manufactured for export to the United States and Europe.

Farther on we pass vessels heavily loaded coming in and going out, and learn that the trade of Calcutta annually amounts to hundreds of millions of dollars and that it has a great part of the foreign commerce of India, which is more than a billion dollars per annum and is increasing each year. The Hugli is filled with shipping, and it is in the midst of great steamers that we come to anchor in the heart of the city.

There are buildings on both sides of the river, and on the east bank, where we land, they extend for miles up and down the stream and far back into the country. We drive through a wide street and across a great park to one of the leading hotels. It faces a public garden and is on the Chowringe Road, which is lined with mansions and other fine buildings.

This famous city is sometimes called the city of palaces. It has many magnificent structures, the homes of British officials and wealthy East Indians. It has fine public buildings, such as the Post Office, the Town Hall, and the High Courts. The palace formerly occupied by the Governor-general is much like the White House at Washington, except that it is larger and grander. It is situated at the end of a wide park known as the Maidan (mī-dän′), which is several miles long. It contains a race track and grounds for tennis, cricket, and golf.

At the upper end of the Maidan is a zoölogical garden, where one may see tigers which have been recently brought in from the jungle. They are still wild, and dash themselves against the bars of their cages as we come near.

Here, also, are the botanical gardens, where stands the great banyan tree so famous throughout the world. The limbs of the banyan send down roots which penetrate the earth and grow into firm trunks or living pillars, supporting the limbs from which they come. The main trunk of this great banyan has a circumference of fifty feet, and its branches extend far out on all sides. From each large branch the roots have gone down into the ground, so that it has all together five hundred and sixty-two columns supporting it. As we look at it, it seems to be a mighty tent of green, the leaves uniting and forming a canopy covering more than an acre.

When we lie down on the ground, the supports seem to be a forest of tree trunks of various sizes, and as we raise our eyes we see that each is joined to a limb which runs out from the trunk almost horizontally overhead. Some of the roots are short. They support the lower limbs. Others are twenty or thirty feet long and are joined to a branch higher up. Some are as thick as a man's leg, others not so thick as one's finger. Some are as fine as a hair, and sway to and fro in the breeze; they are growing downward but have not yet caught the earth. Banyan trees are among the peculiarities of this part of the world. We shall find them here and there as we go over India, although none is so big as this great tree at Calcutta.

Driving back through the Maidan we visit Fort William, a large stone-walled inclosure which forms the headquarters of the army. It has many native soldiers, whom we watch as they go through their drill. We then ride on into the official and business quarters. Here the buildings are large, and the stores are fine. We stop at the Post Office facing a beautiful lake on Dalhousie Square, and on its walls read an inscription which states that the marble pavement below marks the site of the Black Hole. This was a horrible prison into which, on the night of the 20th of June, 1756, at the command of the Nawab (nȧ-wôb′), who then ruled here, one hundred and forty-six British inhabitants of Calcutta were cast, and only twenty-three came out alive. That act created great indignation in England, and an army was sent out to punish the Nawab, thus beginning the foundation of the British Empire of India.

Leaving the business section, we go on to the river to watch the people bathing in the waters of the Hugli, which, as they come from the Ganges, are considered holy and

able to wash away sin. We visit some of the temples, and especially that of the terrible goddess Kali after whom Calcutta is named. This temple is three hundred years old, and the idol within it, which represents Kali, has a necklace of skulls, and about its waist is a girdle of dead men's hands. The people are offering sacrifices to Kali. They bring in kids and goats, which they kill in the court, sprinkling the blood on her altar.

As we move about through Calcutta, we meet types of some of the many tribes of India. The people are of all colors, and each has a strange costume. There are men from the Himalayas with faces as fair as our own, men from the northwest who are brown or yellow, and some from the great central and eastern plains whose skins are as black as a negro's, although they have features like ours. There are Brahmins or priests who go about with their heads shaved, except for a tuft on the crown; they wear only a sheet wrapped around their half-naked bodies. There are Mohammedans, black and yellow, wearing turbans and gowns; Klings the color of ebony, clad all in white; and cream-colored Parsees. The latter have brimless hats which look like inverted coal scuttles, and frock coats buttoned up to the neck, with skin-tight trousers below. We see scores of half-naked black and brown babies at play in the streets, and turbaned men dressed in white go by on the trot, carrying burdens.

The vehicles are of every description. There are carriages drawn by magnificent horses, each with its coachman and footman riding on the box and with two servants on the step, standing behind. There are gharries, or box-shaped East Indian cabs, pulled by lean horses and driven by men wearing liveries of gay gowns and bright-colored turbans. There are carts, drawn by cattle with humps

on their backs, and now and then we see a sulky-like carriage to which is harnessed a bullock wearing a bright-colored blanket.

Among the strange sights are the sleek, fat bulls which roam through the streets. The people consider cows and bulls holy, and allow them to go where they please. We see them walking upon the sidewalks, and even eating at the vegetable stalls in the markets.

Next to Calcutta, the largest city of India is Bombay on the opposite side of the peninsula. Let us suppose ourselves there. We are in a beautiful city of over a million, built upon a cluster of islands about a magnificent harbor. Outside the town are great cotton mills, and within are large foreign stores and hotels, fine schools, and an immense railroad station. There is also a native section of shops and bazaars and suburbs where all sorts of manufacturing goes on. There are many ships in the harbor, and an extensive trade is carried on with Europe, Africa, and also with Persia and other countries in Asia.

Sacred Cattle.

At one side of Bombay in a park upon a hill looking out over the sea are five white towers about which vultures are flying and to which we see a procession of men marching, carrying a long white bundle which rests on their shoulders. Those are the famed Towers of Silence where the Parsees lay out their dead. The bundle the men are

carrying is the body of a human being who has just died. The body will be stripped and laid naked on the top of the Towers, and the vultures will eat the flesh and pick the bones dry.

The Parsees are fire worshipers, and this disposal of the dead is a custom of their religion. They are a remarkable people. There are only about one hundred thousand of

Parsee Boys.

them in the world; but they are noted for their intelligence, integrity, and business ability. They have banks in all the great cities of India; and are to be found in the chief business centers of southern and eastern Asia. There are more of them at Bombay than anywhere else.

The Parsees came to India from Persia generations ago, and they still have the religion of the old Persians, which was founded by a man named Zoroaster. They consider the sun the highest visible type of the Creator, and worship

fire as one of its emblems. They believe in one God, who they say has created for every person two spirits who are always engaged fighting for the soul they have been appointed to guard. One of the spirits is good and the other evil, and according as the man favors the good or the bad, he will ascend to heaven or descend to hell. The Parsees keep fires burning in their temples, and they have one at Bombay which is said never to have gone out during hundreds of years.

Madras, the third city of India in size, is situated on the west coast of the Bay of Bengal and about one thousand miles from Calcutta. It is a commercial, manufacturing, and educational center, being the chief seaport of southern Hindustan. It has a harbor protected by breakwaters, but the sea is usually so rough that great steamers pitch about when close to the wharves, and it takes some skill to land.

We go from Bombay by rail to Madras, and later take the train to another great city which is ruled by the most powerful of the Indian princes. This is Haidarabad, the capital of the Nizam, who governs a country as large as Kansas and inhabited by over eleven million people, Haidarabad alone having over five hundred thousand. The city stands in the midst of a wild, rocky country. It has a huge wall about it which is six miles in circumference, and this is entered by thirteen wide gates. The people here are from all parts of India, and among those we see on the streets are Turks, Persians, Arabs, and Moors. The Nizam is a Mohammedan, and many Mohammedans come to his country to trade.

During our stay we visit the palaces. They cover many acres, and house all together about seven thousand officials and others. Their courtyards are full of armed retainers,

horsemen, and servants of various kinds. The Nizam rules in great state. His men wear gorgeous liveries, and when he rides out it is often upon elephants, and with all the splendor that the princes of India displayed in the past. He uses also the automobile and motor car of the present, and has his private car upon the railroads. The Nizam governs his country under the direction of the English, although he has more power than some of the other Indian princes whom we may meet farther on.

35. THE VILLAGES OF INDIA. HOME LIFE

TO-DAY we shall see something of the East Indians outside the cities. Most of the people live in villages, from which the farmers go out daily to their work in the fields. Each village has also its tradesmen and mechanics, including a carpenter, shoemaker, barber, and blacksmith. It has its priest and school-teacher, and is governed by a headman aided by a clerk and the village council. The lands outside the village belong either to the people themselves or to landlords who may live in other parts of the country and to whom the farmers pay a money rent or a part of the crop.

But let us suppose ourselves traveling across the great plain of north India. We are riding on the railroad through the valley of the Ganges over some of the richest soil of the world. The sun shines brightly, the crops grow luxuriantly, and birds by the thousands sing in the trees. All nature is joyful, and Mother Earth seems abounding in riches. The only poor thing we can see is man.

There are few lands upon earth where the people strug-

gle so hard and get so little as in India. There are some parts of this valley which support two persons to the acre, and where three hundred and twenty get their living out of one hundred and sixty acres, which is the size of many an American farm. In some places the population is so great that it averages more than twelve hundred to the square mile, so great that the land does not produce enough for the people. In many parts of Hindustan the peasants eat only just about enough to keep them alive, and millions support their families on less than a dollar a week. We see women who are working in the fields for less than five cents a day.

Peasant Woman and Children.

In other regions the people are fewer. Some sections of the peninsula are less thickly settled than our Eastern states, and in some the land is a desert where there are no people at all, or only nomadic tribes who drive their cattle and sheep from place to place to find pasture.

Let us now take a look at the farmers as they work in the fields. We find them everywhere toiling. The men are plowing and digging, and the women and children are hoeing and weeding the crops. All wear scanty clothing, and their black skins shine like oiled ebony under this hot Indian sun. The men are clad in little more than a strip of white cotton which they wrap around their bodies, pulling the end

through their legs and fastening it in at the waist. They have turbans of white on their heads. A few of the richer men may have a jacket of cotton, and perhaps an additional strip of cloth to wind about their shoulders, but as a rule both men and women look as though they had dragged the sheets from their beds and wrapped them about their persons as clothing. Some of the women have on a sleeveless jacket which ends under the armpits, and below this a skirt which falls from the waist to the feet, exposing a wide belt of bare skin. Others do not wear the skirt, but use a full waistcloth instead. Almost all of the people are barefooted, and some are barelegged as well, while very small children wear no clothing at all. Nevertheless, the mornings and evenings are cold, and they shiver as the winds blow through the valleys.

Now look at that village of mud huts over there. The houses are not as good as the stables we use for our cattle. The average hut, which is about fifteen feet square, is made of sun-dried brick with a roof of thin tiles or of thatch. Its floor is the ground, plastered with cow dung, and its windows are mere holes in the walls. The fireplace is a few bricks laid one upon the other; there is no chimney, and the smoke finds its way out through the door or from under the eaves. Well-to-do farmers may have several such huts, with a mud wall about them.

But what are those lumps of brown mud about the size and shape of a fat buckwheat cake which we see plastered on the walls of the houses? They cover the outsides of the huts, and piles of them have been stacked up for sale. Those mud cakes are the fuel of a great part of East India. They are made of cow-manure and earth mixed together and molded to shape by the hands of the women and girls. Wood is scarce in many parts of Hindustan, and

the children walk along the roads or through the fields, following the cattle and gathering up every bit to make into fuel. The cooking is all done with such cakes.

But let us enter a hut! How uncomfortable it is! There is nothing homelike about it. The hut has but one room, and it is dark and smoky. There are neither tables

Fuel Gatherers.

nor chairs. There is no place to rest except on the earth floor, and the family squat there at their meals.

We ask what they eat, and find that the chief diet consists of beans, millet, and similar grains ground up and made into cakes or cooked as a mush. They use peppers and other hot things with their food. They seldom have meat; and, indeed, many of them would as soon think of becoming cannibals as of eating a tenderloin steak.

They regard the cow as holy, and they would be cast out by their families if they ate beef. Some of the classes or castes are meat eaters, and all use a rancid melted butter called ghee. The meals are usually served in large brass bowls, with smaller ones for the curry and condiments. The dishes are clean, and they shine like well-polished gold. There are no forks, and all eat with their fingers.

"— and then turn the top stone around —"

The men are served first, and the women take what is left. In many places the food is cooked out of doors. Most people have only two meals a day, and some only one.

Outside the huts we see the women making the flour for the family. They pour the wheat or millet through a hole in a round stone which rests on top of another, and then turn the top stone around, its weight grinding the flour. The flour is then mixed with water and baked into cakes over the coals.

But where are the beds and sleeping places of the family? There is nothing which looks like a couch inside the hut, and no straw on the floor. We can easily see by going to the door. The beds stand outside the house during the daytime. They are taken there at sunrise, in order that the people may have more room. The Hindu bed is merely a netting of ropes, stretched over a framework of wood with wooden legs at the corners. It is not more than four feet in length, so that the sleeper usually lies with his legs doubled up. If he stretched them out, they would hang over the foot of the bed. Sometimes a part of the family sleeps out of doors. The poorer classes do not use nightgowns. They wrap themselves up in the sheets they wear in the daytime, and seem able to sleep anywhere, even though it be on the bare ground or the stone floor of a railway station.

But what are those curtains hung over the doors of many of the huts? They are put there to keep the men who pass by from seeing the women within. The women of the upper classes live in the back rooms of the houses, for women are usually secluded in India and are never seen by any other men than those of their own families.

During our stay in the village we see a wedding procession. The groom is a Hindu boy of fifteen, and the bride a little Hindu girl only eight years of age. The groom has a red cloth cap on his head, and is dressed in tawdry red clothing. He is riding a white pony, and with him is a crowd of barelegged men and boys, his relatives and friends, who are trotting along on foot as an escort.

The little bride follows behind, but we cannot see her, for she is shut up in that large box covered with red cloth. The box is hung to a pole, and is carried on the shoulders of men. Behind come some women who are bringing the

housekeeping furniture supplied by the bride. One group carries her bed, and another holds up a tray upon which are her cooking utensils, consisting of three or four iron pots and a rice jar. The whole outfit would not be worth more than $1.50 of our money. We are surprised at this marriage of children, and learn that the bride and groom will not live together until the girl is about twelve years of age. Then she will come from her parents' home to that of her husband and be married for good.

Every year thousands of Indian girls are engaged to be married while they are still babies. They are then looked upon as wives, although they do not live with their husbands until they have reached the age of ten or twelve years. If, in the meantime, the husband should die, they become widows, and as such their fate is a sad one.

Hindu widows cannot marry again, and they are despised by their families and every one else. A widow usually lives in the house of her mother-in-law, who does all that she can to make her life miserable, for it is supposed that the husband is happy in heaven just in proportion as his widow is unhappy on earth. She cannot go to parties. She must eat by herself, and must cook her own food apart from the family. The women of India are in many respects the slaves of their husbands. They receive but little education, although of recent years the British have established girls' schools, and more liberty is being granted to women as time goes on. The poorer women do the hardest of work. We see them digging in the fields, breaking stone on the roads, and carrying burdens upon their heads.

There are some people of India, however, who treat their women much better. The Jains are now educating their daughters, and the Parsees, of whom we have already learned something, have good schools for girls. The Par-

A Parsee Family.

see women go about as they please. They are beautiful and are quite as intelligent as their sisters of Europe or the United States.

36. AMONG THE INDIAN FARMERS

THE East Indians are a nation of farmers. Two thirds of them live by tilling the soil, and the country all told has more farmers than there are people in North and South America. As we have already learned, the peninsula of Hindustan has almost every variety of soil and climate, and it therefore produces all sorts of crops. In the high, dry lands of the northwest, great quantities of

excellent wheat are raised, while the valley of the Ganges and other low lands yield the finest of rice. Rice is one of the chief crops wherever the rainfall is heavy; and in the hot soils near Madras where the lands can be irrigated three crops are often raised in one year. In some parts of India the wheat is grown on irrigated lands, and in others the crop depends on the rains brought by the moisture-laden winds from the Indian Ocean.

But let us go out into the country and see how the farming is done. The fields are usually small, and the methods are rude. See that man plowing! He is a well-to-do farmer, for he has on a turban and more clothes than the ordinary man. He is driving two bullocks yoked to what seems little more than a stick shod with iron. That is the Hindu plow. It is so light that the man can carry it out to the field on his shoulders, and so formed that it only scratches the soil. Nevertheless, the fields are gone over again and again, and the land is fairly well tilled, producing large crops.

As we go on we see but little machinery. The grain is cut with the sickle, and the wheat is sometimes pulled up by the roots. Wheat is threshed by being trodden out by bullocks and buffaloes, and is then winnowed in the wind. The straw is saved for feeding the cattle, but there are no barns to be seen, and no elevators such as we have in our wheat lands. The grain is piled up on the ground until it can be shipped to the market. This is very wasteful, and better methods are being introduced into many parts of the country.

Among the crops raised in large quantities are cotton, jute, millet, sugar, and beans. Coffee is grown in Madras and tea in the Himalaya Mountains. The sugar made is from cane which thrives upon the great plain and in

Burma. Millet and beans are to be found almost everywhere, and they form a large part of the food of the people.

Cotton is India's chief fiber crop. The cotton plant grows wild in some parts of Hindustan, and many believe that it originally came from here, although the United States produces a far better cotton than any Indian cotton ever grown. The fiber of the Indian cotton is short, and for this reason it is sometimes used to mix with wool, for which purpose it brings a higher price in our markets than some better cottons. The East Indians manufacture it into a coarse cloth, which is used throughout India, and which on account of its low price competes with our cotton in Africa and Asia. The crop is grown about Bombay and in Madras and on the great northern plain. It is planted in June and is ripe in the middle of our winter, the picking season beginning in January and lasting through March.

One of the most interesting crops of Hindustan depends for its sale largely upon the American market. We use some of it every week in washing our clothes, and it forms a part of many of our paints, dyes, and other coloring materials. This is indigo. Hundreds of thousands of acres are devoted to it, and we can learn all about how it is raised. Indigo comes from a reed which grows to a height of from three to five feet. When the plants are ready to flower they are cut off close to the ground, tied up in small bundles, and thrown into large vats of water. After about ten hours they begin to ferment. The water turns yellow, and it is then run off into other vats in which half-naked men stand and whip the fluid with long bamboo sticks, keeping it constantly in motion for two or three hours.

During this process the color changes from yellow to green, and the particles of blue indigo rise in flakes.

The liquor is then allowed to settle, when the flakes sink to the bottom, forming a sediment which is indigo. The water is now drawn off, and the indigo is boiled and pressed into cakes to be shipped to the markets.

There is another plant raised in India in which we are especially interested, for it gives us linseed oil, which, when mixed with paint, aids in protecting our houses from the weather. It also forms a part of the oilcloth on the floors of our kitchens and bathrooms, and is used for making waterproof coverings for carriages, automobiles, and other such things. This is the flax plant the same as that from the fibers of which, when grown in temperate climates, linen is made. The flax of India, however, is not good for cloth. It is raised for the seeds which are full of this oil and which, when pressed, yield the linseed oil of commerce.

The plants are grown from the seeds, which are drilled in rows about one foot apart. They soon sprout and grow to a height of about two feet. While still green, they blossom out into beautiful flowers of pale blue. By and by the flowers fall, and the little round fruit or seed pods appear. Every pod has ten divisions, each containing one seed. The seeds are smooth, shining, and of a flat, oval shape. They have a rich chestnut color, and look just like our flax seeds at home. They are threshed out with flails, and winnowed by throwing them up into the air while the wind blows. A good crop should yield about five hundred pounds of seeds to the acre, and hundreds of millions of pounds are raised every year.

Is it not strange that these people of East India, away off on the other side of the globe, should be aiding us in making the paint for our houses? This is only one of many things which show us how all the nations of the world are always engaged in trading with and helping one

another. We have seen the Chinese and Japanese children picking the tea leaves we use on our tables, and in Malaysia have watched the little brown people gathering the pepper that flavors our food. Everywhere we go we find the natives using something or other which has come from our country. Here they are lighting their homes with American petroleum, there they are clad in American cotton, and in many places they employ American machinery. We thus learn that we are tied to almost every people on earth by what we do for them and what they are doing for us.

We shall find this the case with many other things in India. Take, for instance, the jute plant, which thrives in a low, sandy soil along the banks of the Indian rivers. It has a coarse fiber which is so long and strong that it makes excellent bagging. This plant is grown for the most part to supply the demands of our cotton plantations. It is used to wrap around the bales of raw cotton, and also as a strong and firm cloth for all sorts of rough use.

In raising jute, the seed is sown broadcast in April, and by August the plants have grown to a height of a man's head as he sits upon horseback, and are ready for cutting. They are cut off close to the ground, and are tied up into bundles which are thrown into water that the outer skin or bark may be rotted off. After a time this skin can be pulled away, when the fibers within, which are long, straight, and silky, are separated and washed. They are then dried, and put up into bales of four hundred pounds each ready to be sent to the mills or the markets. The exports as jute and jute cloth amount to many millions of dollars a year.

We have beautiful poppies in America, but they are grown in our flower gardens. India has vast fields of

poppies cultivated, not for show but for the making of opium. We see many such fields as we travel over the country. They are planted under the direction of the British government, which receives millions of dollars every year from the sale of this drug. The laws provide that no farmer can raise poppies without the permission of the government officials, and that every one who does so must agree to sell the whole of his crop to the government.

The poppy seeds are sown in November, and the plants are plowed and weeded from that time until February, when they burst out into beautiful flowers. As the blossoms are just ready to fall, the capsules to which they are fastened are cut or scratched with a thin piece of iron. This is done in the evening, and by the next morning a thick juice has oozed out on each capsule. This juice is opium. It is of a milky white color at first, but it gradually changes to a rose-red. It is scraped from the plant and saved.

It takes a great many plants to make much opium. The farmer rubs the scrapings of each capsule into the palm of his left hand, until he has collected several ounces, when he puts them into an earthen jar. After he has gathered his whole crop, he turns the jars over to the government and receives the regular price for them.

The officials take the jars, and from their contents manufacture the opium of commerce. Some of the crop is consumed in India, and during the past a great deal has gone to China. Much is shipped to Europe, and some to the United States. Opium is of great value as a medicine; but those who eat or smoke it soon find that they cannot get along without it. They become opium drunkards, and it destroys their bodies and minds.

In traveling over India, we see large areas of irrigated lands. This is especially true of the wide northern plain, which has been made by the earth washings brought down from the Himalayas by the great rivers. These rivers are still carrying loads of rich silt, which adds to the crops wherever it can be spread over the fields. In this way the irrigating canals bring both food and drink to the plants. Moreover, there are many places in Hindustan where the rainfall is scanty. Some of the lands of such regions have likewise been irrigated, and it is calculated that more than one hundred million acres of them have thus been turned into farms. Indeed, India has so many irrigating canals, that if they were joined end to end, they would form a ditch long enough to reach twice around the world.

A great deal of the irrigation is by means of wells, the water being raised from one level to another on wheels turned by bullocks, or in large bags of cow skin, which are dipped into the wells, and then emptied into troughs, from which the water flows into canals.

The people of India have long been farming by means of irrigation, but the greater part of the canals now in use were constructed by the British government, which is doing all it can to raise enough food for the people. The population is so enormous that a bad season or drought is like to cause famine, and in the past millions have been starved at such times. This can be prevented only by the proper cultivation of the land, and the government is trying to teach the people better farming. It has established an agricultural department, and many experiment stations where skilled men are testing new crops and seeds. There are also lecturers who go about among the farmers, telling them how to till their lands, and what crops it will best pay to raise.

37. THE STORES AND TRADES OF INDIA

THE business of the Indian cities is carried on in bazaars much like those we saw at Rangoon in Burma. In some of the towns there are many stores under one roof, and in others they are crowded along streets so narrow that cloth is stretched above them to shut out the

A Business Street in India.

sun. The most common store is not much bigger than a piano packing case; and the dark-faced, bearded merchant within, sits on the floor with his wares piled about him. It is so small that the customers cannot come inside it, and they stand out in the street as they shop.

Nevertheless, many of these little stores are factories as well. In the rear of the merchant, two or more men or boys may be working away, much of the goods being made where they are sold. We see all sorts of manufacturing going on. Here, for instance, is the shoe bazaar. Shoes of bright-colored leathers are hanging on the walls outside the shops and from strings tied to the ceilings. Inside, flat on the floor, sit the cobblers sewing and pegging away. They are barefooted, and they hold the leather between their toes as they sew. Farther on is the bazaar of the woodworkers, where the carpenters are using their feet as a second pair of hands, sawing and planing as they squat or kneel on the floor.

In another street we see scores of men drawing wire. They have shops not more than six feet in width in which they are making the fine gold and silver wire for use in embroidery or in weaving brocade. The wire looks like threads of fine silk, the strands being so thin we cannot believe them to be metal. We say as much to our guide, and he thereupon asks us for a coin. We hand him an American twenty-five cent piece, and he tells the workmen to turn it into wire. They take it, and in a very short time have drawn the silver out into a strand so fine that it is almost a half mile in length. There are a thousand men engaged in wire drawing in Lucknow; and in Delhi we shall see dark-faced Hindu men and boys using such gold and silver wire in embroidering ladies' dresses which are to be sent to Europe for sale.

The Indians make most beautiful embroideries, and they weave curtains and carpets which are unsurpassed in the world. Think of stuff so expensive that enough of it for a gown costs from two hundred to five thousand dollars! This is the famous kincob cloth which is woven at Ahmada-

bad, in north India. It is a heavy brocade of gold and silver, and is, perhaps, the most costly stuff made anywhere.

But suppose we ask the merchants to show us some shawls. India has long been noted for its shawls, some kinds of which sell for several hundred dollars apiece. The best are known as cashmere shawls, being woven of

A Shawl Merchant.

the fine wool of Cashmere goats. They are made by hand, by families who work at the trade from generation to generation. It takes a long time to weave one.

Our turbaned Hindu storekeeper shows us a shawl and asks us to feel it. It is as soft as down, and as light as so many feathers. Now the man tells his clerks to open it out. It is as large as a bedquilt. He asks for a ring. I pull one from my little finger, when lo, he puts one end of

the shawl into the ring and draws the whole shawl through it. This is the famous ring shawl of India, one of the finest of all woolen fabrics.

The muslins of Dacca are equally fine, the hanks of yarn of which the choicest are made requiring four hundred of them to weigh one pound. Indeed, a pound of cotton was once turned into a Dacca yarn so fine that it measured two hundred and fifty miles in length. The East Indians make all kinds of cottons, and almost every variety of fine silks and woolens. Much of such work is still done in the houses, although of late years many mills and factories have been erected, and the spinning and weaving are now done by machinery.

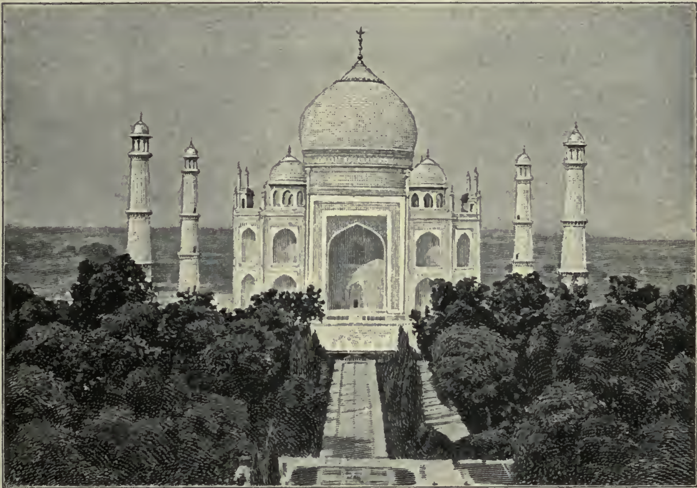
A Hindu Carpenter.

Continuing our travels, we observe that these people can do almost any kind of mechanical labor. They make many dyes, they tan and work leather, and do artistic carving in ivory and wood. They weave beautiful carpets and rugs, and carve and mold brass which is shipped all over the world. Every town has its blacksmiths and coppersmiths, and the whole peninsula is a beehive of industries of one kind or another.

At present a vast number of the things made are turned out by hand; but factories are being gradually established, and machinery will some day make the East Indians one of the leading manufacturing peoples.

As we go on through the business parts of the cities, we

are stopped again and again by dealers and peddlers who beseech us to buy. The men stand in their stores, and hold up their goods, crying out: "Me poor man, Sahib! Me good man! Sahib, buy something!" They now and then bring their goods out to the carriages; and peddlers run along after us and throw their wares into our laps. We find that nearly every important merchant has men



"It is made of the purest white marble."

about the hotels and on the streets who ask foreigners to come to his shop to trade. Each says his master's place is the cheapest, but we know that if we go with him he will get a commission on the money we spend.

The Hindus have been noted for ages for their fine work in gold and silver and in precious stones. They have made not only the most beautiful rings, brooches, chains, and other ornaments for personal adornment, but have done wonders in the decoration of furniture and buildings. At

Agra, in north India, stands the Taj Mahal, which is thought by travelers to be the most beautiful structure of the whole world. It was erected by Shah Jehan, a Mohammedan ruler of northern India, as a tomb for his favorite wife. It is of the purest white marble, and when it was completed, its interior was inlaid with jewels and precious stones. Another fine work of that time was the Peacock Throne used by this same ruler. This was made in the form of a peacock, the feathers being precious stones set in gold in the natural colors of the peacock's tail. It was composed of diamonds, rubies, carbuncles, emeralds, and other jewels and was of such value that it cost, it is said, over thirty million dollars.

As our guide tells us these stories of India's past, we observe that the women of to-day are loaded with necklaces, bracelets, and rings, and we think it would be fine to visit the jewelry shops, and perhaps buy some beautiful things to carry back home. We imagine the stores must be fine, and a vision of plate glass cases containing a gorgeous display of watches and rings, and of pearls, diamonds, and other precious stones comes before us.

What do we find ?

The jewelry store which we visit is little more than a hole in the wall. It is only about ten feet square, and its dark-skinned, turbaned, long-gowned merchant looks more like a beggar than an owner of gold or diamonds. He salutes us politely and asks us to come in, offering us a seat on the floor. He then directs a servant to fetch a red cashmere shawl, and spreads this out between us and him. He gives another direction, and the servant brings in a bundle wrapped round with a dirty white cotton cloth.

The bundle is set down in front of the merchant. He opens it and displays upon the red shawl a stock of gold

and silver jewelry which dazzles our eyes. He lays out bracelets and rings of all sizes, strings of pearls, rubies, and sapphires, and also a magnificent necklace of diamonds, each of which is as big as a good-sized bean. To these treasures he adds strands of topazes and emeralds, set in curiously carved gold, hanging one by the other from a great golden band. In addition there are brooches which cost a small fortune, and we almost gasp as we see the wealth laid out before us.

We pick up a ring, and talk for an hour before we can buy. In India there are no fixed prices, and one always bargains in making a purchase. We cannot get accustomed to this method of buying, and soon learn to say just how much we will give, and then walk away. If our offer is fair, we seldom go more than a few steps before the merchant runs up with the goods, and grudgingly tells us that we can have them at our own price. The average Hindu has more time than money, and he will talk all day for a very few cents.

In doing business with the East Indians we use silver and copper coins whose value is based on the rupee, a piece of silver worth about thirty-three cents of our money, or about one third of a dollar. The rupee is a little larger than an American quarter. The smaller coins are silver annas and copper pice and pies. It takes sixteen annas to make one rupee, so that an anna is worth about two American cents. Three pies make one pice, and twelve pies an anna. A pie is equal to about one sixth of a cent.

Before the British came, the East Indians had no banking system to speak of. Most of their savings were either in the shape of gold and silver coins which they hid in their houses or buried underground or in jewelry consisting of ornaments of gold and silver and diamonds and other pre-

cious stones. Much wealth is still kept in these ways, but there are now banks all over the country, including postal savings banks in which about thirteen hundred thousand people have money on deposit.

The trade and wealth of India is steadily growing, and this is so not only as regards its home trade, but also as to what it buys from and sells to other countries. The imports in some years amount to more than five hundred million dollars, and the exports are often much greater. India's foreign commerce, including exports and imports, is in excess of that of any other country of Asia, so you see that it has an important place in the markets of not only this continent, but of the whole world.

38. THE RELIGIONS OF INDIA. A VISIT TO BENARES

THE people of East India are very religious. As we travel about, we see temples and shrines almost everywhere. We meet pilgrims going from one holy place to another, and frequently see men and women praying to idols of horrible shapes. The empire is one of many religions. It has nine million Buddhists, about sixty million Mohammedans, and more than two hundred million Hindus. Besides these there are the Parsees, whom we saw at Bombay, and many people who worship spirits, as well as some who, converted by our missionaries, now believe in Christianity.

We have already learned something of Buddhism in Japan, Siam, and Burma and we shall find many Mohammedans as we go on to the westward through Persia,

Arabia, and Turkey. The Hindus are to be found in India only, and there are so many of them that they number about one eighth of all the world's people. They have a strange religion, based upon a belief in one God who may appear in so many different forms that the people are sometimes said to have millions of gods. These gods are often represented by images or idols.

Boys of Benares.

Hinduism has had a great effect upon India. It has caused the people to be divided into classes or castes, each of which must do certain things, follow certain trades, and be superior or subservient to the other castes. At first there were only four great castes; the priest, the warriors, the farmers, and the slaves. But these four castes have been so subdivided that there is now a special caste for every trade and every walk in life. It is not permitted that a man should do anything outside the work of his caste. If a boy's father is a priest, the boy must follow the priesthood; if a merchant, he must be a merchant; if a shoemaker, a shoemaker; and if a street sweeper, he can have no hope but that he will be sweeping streets for the term of his life. It is easy to see how backward a people must be when hampered by conditions like these.

It is also believed that when a man dies, he will be born

again as a plant, an animal, or a mineral; or perhaps as a human being of a higher or lower class than that in which he now is. Moreover, one may acquire merit by torturing himself, and for that reason some forsake home and friends to wander among strangers. To be considered saints, some fast until they are all skin and bone; some sleep on beds of broken stones or sharp spikes; while others try to do without sleep altogether. Some will stand on one leg for days at a time, and others will hold up an arm or a leg until it becomes stiff and cannot be moved.

"— gorgeous in jewelry —"

But suppose we visit the holy city of Benares, where tens of thousands of Hindus go every month to worship and bathe in the Ganges. The Ganges is considered sacred throughout its whole length, but the spot where Benares is situated is regarded as the most holy of all. The Hindu who dies within ten miles of it feels sure of salvation, and if he can bathe there, he believes that his sins will be washed away forever.

Benares contains about two hundred thousand people, and many thousands of pilgrims from all parts of India go there every year. Some come on the trains and others on foot walking hundreds of miles and kneeling

down to pray at every few steps on the way. When they arrive, they move about from temple to temple, saying their prayers. They go into the river to bathe and pray, and they may be seen everywhere engaged in their devotions.

Let us suppose that we are among them. The day is just breaking, and we are starting out to see them at their baths in the Ganges. The roads are already filled with dark-skinned men, women, and children clad in long strips of cotton, colored white, red, and blue. Each wraps his strip around his body and pulls it over his face, so that even the mouth and nostrils are covered, and we can see only the eyes. The air is cold and damp at this early hour.

"All have anklets of silver or gold."

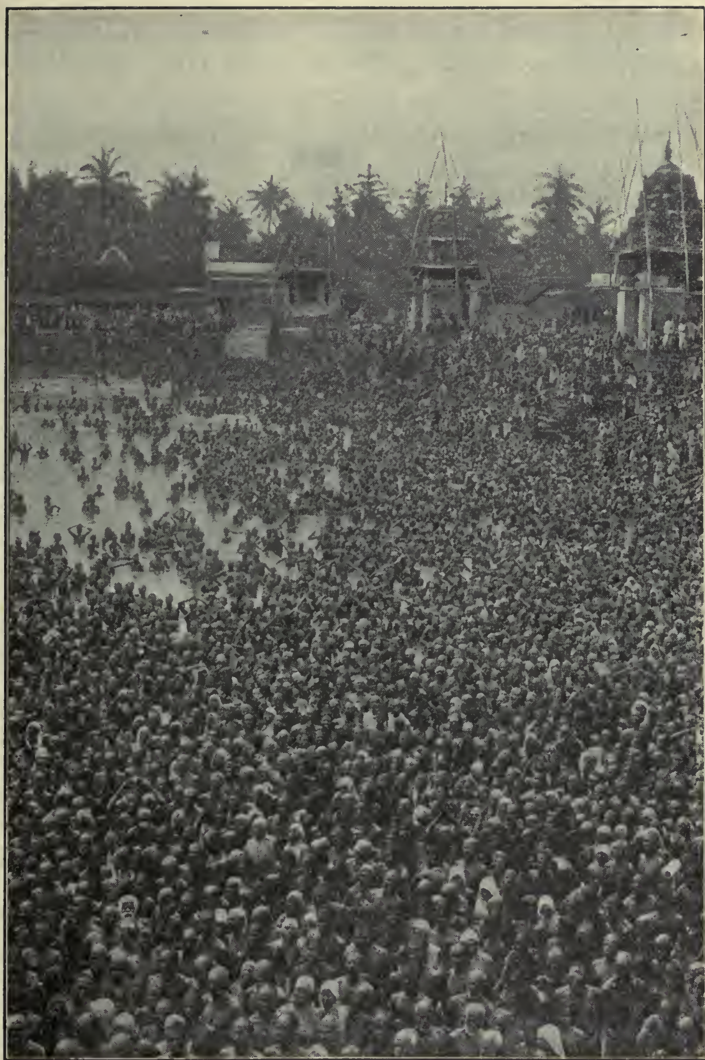
The worshipers are of all classes. Some are half naked, and the legs of many are bare to the thighs. Those of the richer classes have on woolen blankets and cashmere shawls of bright red. The poor are barefooted, and only the richest wear shoes. The women are gorgeous with jewelry. Even the poorest have their arms covered from wrist to elbow with silver or brass bracelets. All have anklets of silver or gold, while not a few actually wear rings and bells on their toes. Some have rings in their noses, and these

rings are often as big around as the bottom of a tin cup, so that its owner must put her food through the ring as she eats. Every one has a brass jar to fetch the holy water of the Ganges up to the temple, or to carry some back to his home.

We push our way through the crowds to the upper end of the city, where we get a boat upon which to go down the river. We have six dusky sailors clad in white gowns and high turbans to row us; and we direct them to keep near the shore. We float along the stream not far from the steps which lead up to the temples, lining the right bank of the river. There are about three miles of these steps, upon which thousands of half-naked, dripping men and women are continually moving. Their wet clothes cling to their bodies, and little streams run down the steps. Now look at the crowd in the river. Hundreds are bathing, standing near the shore with the water up to their waists. Others are kneeling on the banks, or muttering prayers as they sit there; lifting up their brass bowls again and again to pour the sacred fluid over their bodies.

But see, the sun rises! Its rays make the half-naked people shine like polished mahogany. They turn the brass jars to gold, and the jewelry becomes more gorgeous than ever against the wet background of the dark skins.

We reach over the edge of the boat and dip our hands into the water. It is cold, and we do not wonder that the people shiver as they pour it over their bodies. Some are invalids, and they look lean and sickly. Many are brought here to die; for they feel sure that if they should pass away in the river itself, their life in the next world will be happy. As we look, a confused noise of many voices in prayer rises from the great crowd about us, and we wonder at this worship of a stream, which is so real to these millions of people.



(281) "Now look at the crowd in the river."

Among the bathers, we see many gray-haired. A skeleton-like old man wearing nothing but a waistcloth, glued, as it were, by the water to his now dripping skin, is standing there at the foot of that temple. See! he throws his shriveled arms upward, and with long, snaky fingers outstretched, through chattering teeth, prays to the sun. Just beyond him is a young woman who is casting

Four Indian Priests.

flowers into the Ganges, and all about us, on the drier parts of the steps under great umbrellas, half-naked, black-skinned priests are sitting. They have little boxes of red and white paint before them, and they mark the bathers, as they come from the water, with the charms and emblems of the great Hindu gods.

Floating on down the stream, we see a thick smoke arising from a little hollow or ravine in the bank, and ask our

boatman to stop there. The smoke comes from some fires, which have been built, just a little back from the water, for burning the dead. The Hindus believe in cremation and think that, if their bodies are burned on the banks of the Ganges and the ashes thrown into the river, their souls will go straight to the better land. Such funeral pyres may be seen everywhere along the Ganges, and there are burning ghats or cremation places in all the cities.

But let us leave our boat and visit the temples. There are one thousand in Benares, and they represent many gods. They are of every description, the Golden Temple being the finest. This temple has spires plated with gold, which may be seen miles away in the country about. It is devoted to Shiva, a terrible god, who is supposed to sit enthroned on one of the Himalaya Mountains, where he is waited upon by innumerable spirits. One of his symbols is the bull, as shown in a temple near by, where a hundred live sacred bulls are kept all the year round. They are white and dove-colored animals, beautifully formed, having humps on their backs and long ears which hang down like those of a rabbit.

As we enter the courtyard of the temple we find the people feeding and fondling the bulls. They throw flowers to them, and put garlands of flowers around their necks. Some have brought water from the Ganges in their brass jars. They offer this to the bulls, and chant prayers as they drink. Outside the temple are men peddling flowers to feed to the animals, and they are kept fat upon flowers, grass, and vegetables.

Leaving this temple we drive on through the city, seeing sacred cattle here and there working. We have already observed them in all parts of India hauling carts and pulling the plows. They are also harnessed to cabs

and sulkylike carriages, their horns often decorated with ribbons and flowers.

But there is one curious worshiping place that we must visit before leaving Benares. This is a temple devoted to Durga, the wife of Shiva. It is also supposed by some to be the home of the monkey god, Hanuman. It is called

"But there is one curious worshiping place."

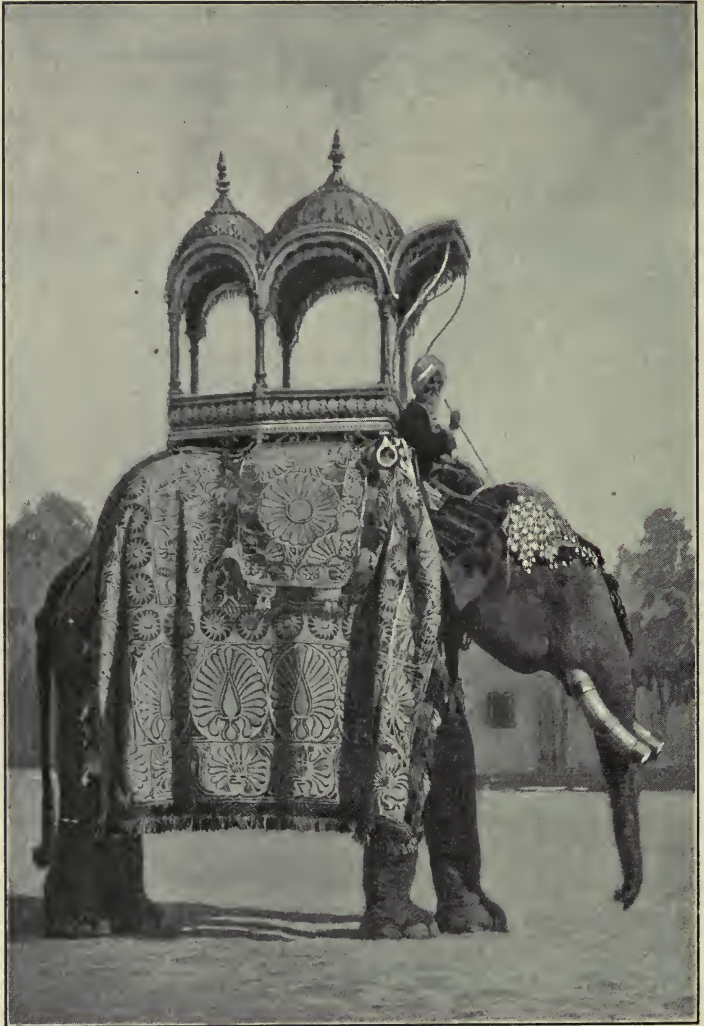
the Monkey Temple by travelers, and we do not wonder why as we enter its court. The temple is surrounded by a wall over which hang mighty trees filled with chattering monkeys, and there are other monkeys playing about in the court. There are peddlers at the entrance who have pop-corn for sale. We buy some and throw it down on the floor. As it falls, the monkeys cry out; they leap down in

droves, and fight over the corn. We feed them again and again, while the guards warn us to be careful, saying that the animals are vicious, and often bite strangers.

39. THE NATIVE STATES OF INDIA. A VISIT TO THE RAJAH OF JAIPUR

TO-DAY we are to visit one of the chief native states. Parts of India, as we have learned, are not directly ruled by the British. Scattered over Hindustan are many provinces, some large and some small, which are governed by native princes or rajahs, each of whom has the help and advice of a British resident or official, whom the Viceroy stations at the capital. The rajahs collect the taxes and administer the laws. They can make public improvements, organize schools, and develop their countries or not as they will. But if a rajah misgoverns or oppresses his subjects, the British adviser rebukes him, and the Viceroy may even dethrone him and appoint another man in his place.

Some of these rajahs are well educated, and they are doing all they can to better the condition of their people. Several have established factories and schools and others are making great irrigation works and teaching their farmers how to get the most out of the land. Almost all of them live in great splendor, having gorgeous palaces with thousands of servants. Some have armies with camel and elephant troops to impress their own subjects as to their power, although the British do not allow them to make war upon their neighbors. They often ride upon elephants when they go in state from one place to another.



(286) "They often ride upon elephants when they go in state."

The most powerful of these native rulers is the Nizam of Haidarabad, whose capital city, surrounded by walls, we have already seen. Another strong rajah governs Mysore in south India, and others have provinces in parts of the great plain, in Kashmir, and in the Himalaya Mountains. Several of the most important rajahs are in western India, in a region known as Rajputana, and we can visit one of them on our way from Benares to Bombay.

The native state we select is Jaipur (jī′pōōr). It is almost twice as large as Massachusetts, and its population is over two millions. The prince who rules it has the title of Maharajah. He is friendly to foreigners, and will make us at home.

Here we are at his capital. It is said to be the finest native city in India, and we have seen nothing like it so far in our travels. Imagine a city as big as Omaha, surrounded by a thick wall as high as a two-story house, which is pierced by seven gates guarded by cannon. Let the buildings be of two stories and of the same height, and painted rose-pink. Let them stand close to the sidewalks with balconies projecting so that arcades run below from house to house, enabling one to be out of the sun as he walks through the town. Let the streets be wide and as hard and as smooth as our best roads at home. Lay them out so that they cross one another at right angles, and you have some idea of Jaipur.

But look at the roofs. They are flat, and upon them sit or walk women and children clad in gay colors. Flocks of parrots, pigeons, and crows are flying about and resting here and there on them. The balconies are filled with dark-faced men and boys wearing turbans and gowns, and with bright-eyed Hindu maidens whose faces are covered with shawls except that their eyes shine out through the folds.

We walk through the arcades, stopping at the shops in which the dark-skinned, bearded merchants sit cross-legged with their goods piled around them. They have cottons and silks, and jewelry of all kinds, together with the knickknacks and other wares used by the people.

We step out into the street and make our way through

A Street in Jaipur.

one of the most picturesque crowds of men and beasts to be found in the world. The people are dark-faced, and many of them are fine-looking. Some rush along, and others move leisurely. Some are chatting; others are pushing and yelling.

There are hundreds of camels, sullenly stalking with ungainly stride through the crowds. Here comes one which a woman is riding. She sits on the hump, her bare feet

upon which show golden anklets resting against the sides of the animal. She has a shawl over her head, but this is so folded that one of her black eyes can be seen, as she motions her servant, who is leading the beast, where to go.

See that other camel coming up the street with a load of stones on each side his hump. He has two great paving flags, each as big as the top of a table, slung there by ropes. He is evidently disgusted; for he moves along with his lower lip down, pouting like a spoiled child. At the side of the road kneels a third camel, being loaded with lumber. His drivers are tying long rafters, one after another, to his back. At each addition the great beast blubbers and cries like a baby. We can see the tears roll down from his proud, angry eyes. Up the street ambles another camel ridden by a soldier, and behind him is one with a boy on his back.

But look at the elephants! There are a dozen of them, each ridden by a black driver in white clothes and turban, moving down the street double file. Those elephants belong to the rajah, and the drivers are his servants who are taking the beasts out for exercise.

And then there are thousands of bullocks, carrying hay, stones, and various kinds of merchandise. Here comes one with a man on his back. He wears a turban, and his long beard, rich gown, and red leather shoes turned up at the toes, make us wonder who he may be.

We see Arabian horses ridden by the rajah's officials and others of the rich men of the city. The riders have gold chains round their necks, gold bracelets on their arms, and gold rings on their fingers. They wear gold-embroidered turbans and cloth-of-gold vests, while their lower garments are of cloths rich and costly. They

sit straight as they ride, and by the side of each runs a groom who having cleared the way for his master goes back and trots along by his stirrup waiting for orders.

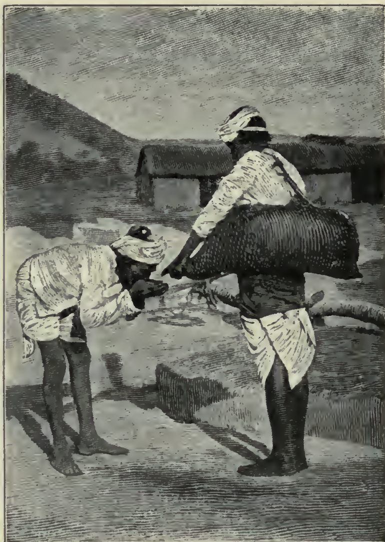
The crowd on foot is equally interesting. See these Hindu girls who are shouting out strange songs as they dance on the sidewalk! They are dark-faced, but by no means bad-looking. They are dressed in gay-colored cottons, and their persons are loaded with necklaces, rings, bracelets, and anklets. Some of them have rings on their toes. They are professional singers who are always in demand at weddings and parties. Behind them come some Mohammedan women wearing a hideous costume. It consists of a short purple jacket and a divided skirt of red cotton which is full at the waist and narrows as it goes downward, fitting tight at the knees and the calves.

As we go on, we see that all the women wear jewelry. Even those who work on the street breaking stones and carrying earth to smooth the roadway have great silver rings on their ankles and bracelets of silver or glass on their wrists. Many have rings in their noses, and some little girls have rings and bells on their toes.

But here comes the street-sprinkling machine of Jaipur. It is a brown-skinned, half-naked man with a bag on his back. The bag is a pigskin, sewed up at the legs and tail, the neck forming the mouth. It contains several gallons, and the man scatters the water over the street by holding his hand at the mouth of the bag and swinging himself this way and that as he walks. He belongs to the caste of the water-carriers, whose business descends from father to son.

Continuing our way through scenes of this kind, we come at last to the palace and gardens of the Maharajah. They

lie in an angle formed by the two main streets and cover one seventh of the area of the whole city. The palaces are large buildings surrounding courts paved with white marble. They contain many rooms which are carpeted with splendid old rugs. There is one great parlor whose floor is covered with hundreds of skins of tigers and leopards, killed by the rajah.



"—the street-sprinkling machine—"

But the officials have informed us that the rajah has ordered that the best of his elephants be brought out for us. We are to spend a day in a jaunt through the country; and the men ask us to first have a look at the elephants as they stand in the stables.

What magnificent creatures they are! They are larger than any we have yet seen in our travels. Their heads are painted or tattooed in the patterns of a camel's-hair shawl. Each beast has a brass chain about his neck, and his white ivory tusks, cut off at the ends, are tipped with brass knobs and bound round with heavy brass rings.

We wait until the keepers lead the huge creatures out into the courtyard, and order each to kneel down that he may be blanketed and have a saddle placed on his back. The saddle is an immense wooden framework

cushioned with cloth. The beasts are so large that even when kneeling the saddles are high from the ground. We do not know how to mount, but the men bring out a ladder, and we climb up step by step.

Now the drivers have straddled the necks of the elephants, each putting his legs behind the two great

"We climb up step by step"

flapping ears. They tell us to hold tight to the framework of the saddle, and then give the signal to rise. They do this by prodding the head or pulling at the ears of the elephant with steel hooks. The beast understands. He gives a grunt, and then rises slowly, swaying a little, so that we have all we can do to hold on.

Now we are high in the air, moving along through the

streets. We are as high up as the roof of a cottage, and the rajah's servants, who have been ordered to accompany us, seem far down as they trot along on each side. The elephants go slowly, but their motion is a swaying one, and we bend from one side to the other, having sensations much the same as when on a boat gently tossed by the waves. We are almost seasick at first, but this soon passes off, and we begin to enjoy our strange ride. We go out of the city, and skirt the sides of the mountains near by.

Our road leads over the hills through the wilds. We are now far out in the country, but nothing we meet seems to fear us. The Hindus are kind to wild animals, and all things having life are respected by them. We pass through woods where monkeys are jumping from tree to tree, or sitting and chattering at us out of the branches as we ride by. Now and then one hops across the road in front of our elephants, frightening them so that they jump backward, and almost throw us to the ground. We see wild peacocks walking unconcerned on the roadway. They spread out their gorgeous tails to the rays of the sun, and brush the ground with their wings like so many huge turkey gobblers. Along the slopes of the mountains we meet droves of wild hogs; and not far from Jaipur skirt a lake on the banks of which a half-dozen black crocodiles look like great logs, as they lie asleep in the sun.

The tame animals we see on the roadway are quite as strange as the wild ones of the woods. We go by droves of little donkeys so loaded with bags and baskets that only their legs show. Indeed, the loads seem to be walking off by themselves. The donkeys are no bigger than Newfoundland dogs. Their dark-skinned drivers yell at them in Hindustani as they move slowly onward, without either bridle or rein.

Here comes a stage hauled by a camel. It is filled with black-faced passengers on their way to Jaipur to trade. We pass other camels ridden by men, women, and boys, who with inquiring eyes stare at us, as we go by, high up on our elephants. Some of the camel riders are by no means polite, as I have learned by a shabby trick which one of them played upon me during a former ride which I took on an elephant. We had gone several miles from Jaipur, and my elephant was rolling along on the trot. It was hot, and the flies swarmed about us in thousands. They half covered the elephant and so attacked my face that I had to use one hand for fanning, while I held on tight to the saddle with the other.

While so engaged, a long, black-skinned Hindu came by on a camel. He also was tormented by flies, having so many that they made his white gown look black, and fairly covered the skin of his beast. As he drew near me, he took his whip and gave the camel a cut. The animal ran, and as he passed, the Hindu unwound his long white turban and swept it back and forth on both sides of the camel. Thereupon, the flies left him, and attacked me and the elephant, while he trotted ahead, flyless.

We continue our ride on the elephants to Ambir, an ancient but now ruined capital of the State of Jaipur. Its palaces are deserted and its gardens are overgrown with luxuriant weeds. We dismount from our great beasts, and wander about through buildings of marble, exquisitely carved, visit the prisons once used by the rajahs, and stay awhile in a temple to watch some Hindus sacrificing a black goat to Kali, their terrible goddess. After this we have lunch and return to Jaipur. We are tired by the time we reach our hotel; and when our elephants kneel we are glad to crawl down the ladders, and go off to bed.

40. ABOVE THE CLOUDS; OR, NATURE AND MAN IN THE HEART OF THE HIMALAYA MOUNTAINS

WE shall now leave the hot lowlands of India for a trip among the Himalayas. The word "Himalaya" means "the abode of snow" and the tops of these mountains are crowned with perpetual frost. They are the highest of all mountains, and the tallest of their peaks have never been reached by man. That of Mount Everest is farther above sea level than any other place upon earth. It is more than twenty-nine thousand feet high; over twice as high as Fujiyama, the sacred snow-capped mountain of Japan, and more than a mile above the altitude of Aconcagua, the tallest of the Andes. It is more than nine thousand feet above the height of Mount McKinley, the highest peak on the North American continent, and more than two miles higher than Mount Blanc, the tallest of the Alps.

The Himalayas have scores of peaks, each of which has an altitude far greater than Mount Blanc, and at least forty which rise more than one mile higher than that famous monarch of the Alps. Indeed, it is said that you could drop the whole Alpine range into some of the valleys of the Himalayas, and at a distance of ten miles there would be no perceptible change in the scenery.

We have read much about the glaciers of Switzerland. The Himalayas have moving fields of solid ice from thirty to sixty miles in length, and one of them, thirty-three miles long, lies between two mountains, each of which is more than five miles in height.

The Himalaya Mountains and the Hindu Kush, which is the name of the same chain farther west, extend in the

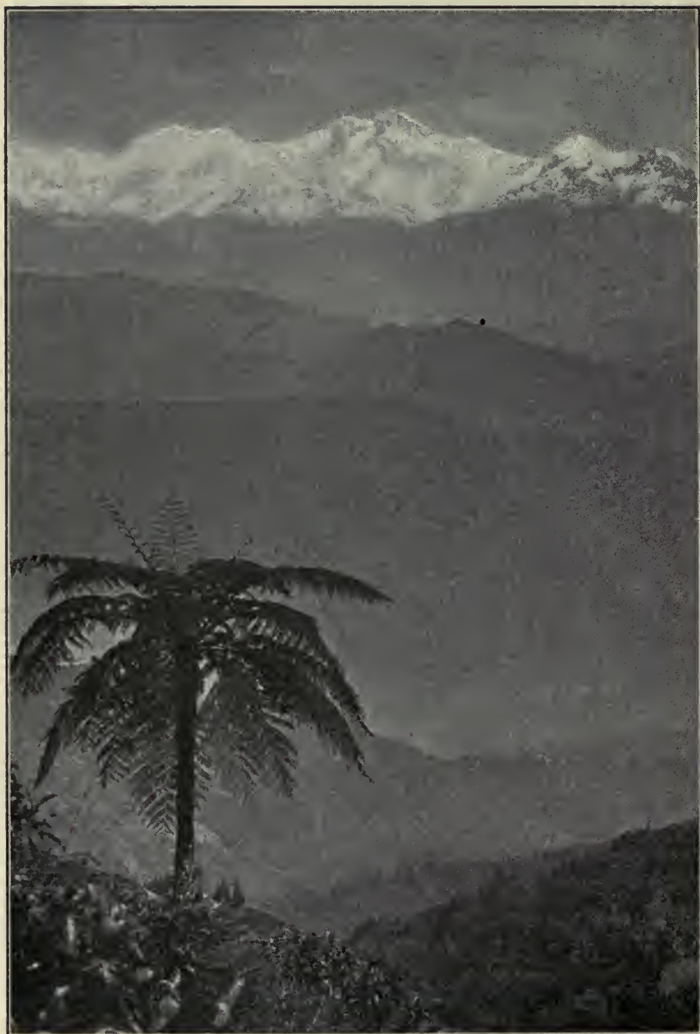
"—moving fields of solid ice—"

shape of a double wall, upholding a wide, irregular trough or valley, clear along the northern boundary of Hindustan. The southern side of this wall rises steeply from the plains to a height of almost four miles, and the average width of the whole is about as great as the distance between New York and Washington, while its length is equal almost to the distance between New York and Denver.

It is this mighty wall and its location which make these mountains the Father of India. This wall is intensely cold, and as the warm winds, loaded with the moisture of the Indian Ocean, strike against it, the moisture condenses and falls as rain, creating the great rivers which water and feed the vast plains below. There is no place upon earth which has a heavier rainfall than some parts of the Himalayas. In several places forty or fifty feet of water fall every twelve months.

The great plain of India, which is so level that one can travel upon it from one side of Hindustan to the other without seeing a hill, is composed of the earth washings brought down by these rivers, so that the Himalayas have really built up the country. The rivers are engaged in a similar work now. At certain times of the year, the Indus, the Brahmaputra, and the Ganges are loaded with silt, which by the irrigating canals is spread over lands, making them produce as abundantly as the valley of the Nile which is coated with a somewhat similar soil brought down from the mountains of Abyssinia.

The scenery of these mountains is unlike that of the Rockies, the Andes, or the Alps. The Himalayas lie almost on the edge of the tropics, and the moisture, rising from the plains and swept in by the winds from the Indian Ocean, gives them a thousand clouds where the Alps have one. As we travel over them, or climb about their rocky



(298) In the Himalayas.

recesses, we see masses of vapor of all sizes and shapes chasing each other over the hills. At a distance of two miles above the sea, the clouds crawl to our very feet up the steep sides of the valleys. They wrap themselves around us; and for a few moments the mist is so thick that we cannot see the heads of the horses upon which we are riding. A moment later it is quite clear. The clouds have passed onward, and are losing themselves among the snows higher up.

Three Little Girls of Darjiling.

During our travels in the Himalayas we frequently have clouds both above and below us. Here they nestle in the hollows in the sides of the mountains, looking almost like men who have sat down for a rest. There they appear to have taken the forms of beasts, and in single file race through the air. In the morning, the sun gilds the clouds so that they become masses of fire; and at night the moon turns them to odd creatures of silver and gold. At daybreak the valleys are filled with mist, and we seem to be standing above an ocean of ice. As we look, the sun rises. It kisses the peaks, and the snow shines forth in all the colors and tints of the rainbow.

The place where we shall visit these wonderful mountains is at Darjiling (där-jē′ling), a large village situated about a

mile and a half above the level of the sea and under some of the highest of the Himalaya peaks. The climate there is cold, although it is not very far north of Calcutta, from where we start for the hills. We ride over the tropical plains on the railroad, and, as the land rises, dash into jungles containing great thickets of bamboos and hundreds of banyan trees, which send scores of sprouts down from their limbs into the earth, and make the jungle almost impenetrable. There are thousands of curious plants, poisonous vines, and great trees forming a vegetation so thick that we can see only a few steps from the train through the green. These jungles are the home of the tiger; and as we pass through them we may perhaps see the bright eyes of this fierce beast staring out of the darkness.

"Our motive power —"

At the foot of the mountains we take a little narrow-gauge railroad that carries us up to Darjiling. Its track is only two feet wide, and it curves in and out among the trees like a snake. Our motive power is a small steam engine which takes us upward more than a thousand feet every hour. There are a dozen horseshoe curves to the mile. There are numerous loops, and we cross our track again and again in making the gradual slope which will permit of our being moved farther on up into the clouds. At times we skirt precipices covered with green, down which, out of the car windows, we can look for a thousand feet; and we climb along the

sides of the mountains, above valleys that fade away into the broad plains of Bengal.

We soon leave the jungle and enter a region of huge forest trees, some of which are two hundred feet high. They are clothed with a luxuriant growth of moss and ferns; and orchids of many beautiful colors and shapes are fastened to their trunks or hang down from their branches. Farther on we observe the tree fern, whose tall, round trunk is from ten to twenty feet long, with immense fern leaves jutting out at the top like the fronds of a palm.

The air is full of moisture, and the vegetation, though not so thick as in the jungle below, is luxuriant. As we rise higher still, the color of the moss on the trees changes from green to frosted silver. It is now somewhat like the Spanish moss of our southern states. It covers their limbs like a coat, and hangs from their branches in clusters, turning the woods into a forest of green dusted with silver.

At about a mile above the plains it is so much cooler that trees similar to those of our American mountains are growing. In the villages roses are blooming, and on the sides of the hills are immense tea gardens, much like some we saw in Japan.

The tea plant grows wild in parts of the Himalayas. Its natural home is said to be Assam, one of the northeastern provinces of India, where travelers say it sometimes reaches the size of a large tree. It is supposed that the plant was taken from there into China, from where it was carried farther on to Japan.

Until within a few years by far the greater part of the tea of commerce was produced in China and Japan. The British, however, have established tea plantations in India, and they are now raising vast crops of excellent leaves. The tea they produce is shipped to all parts of the world,

and fully one third of all the tea sent to Europe and the United States is raised here. Moreover, a great deal of tea is grown in Ceylon, so that India may now be called the most productive of all the tea countries. The United States uses millions of pounds of Indian teas, and even now, while in imagination we are away out here in the tea fields, our parents may be drinking an infusion made from the leaves which last year grew on these very bushes.

Tea Plant.

We pass a number of villages on our way up the mountains, and meet curious people at each stop of the train. Among them are the Leptchas, natives with faces not unlike those of our Indians. They are short and broad-chested, with big calves and long arms. They have copper-colored skins and thick, coal-black hair, which hangs in long plaits or braids down their backs. Both sexes wear robes of striped, coarse cotton cloth which fall below their knees, leaving their arms free.

During the rainy season, the Leptchas put on high boots of deerskin as a protection from the terrible leeches that are then found in the mountains. These leeches are bloodsuckers, and they will fasten themselves to any part of your body. They have been known to live for days in the jaws, nostrils, and stomachs of human beings, causing dreadful suffering and death.

Like the women of the other tribes of the Himalaya Mountains, the Leptchas are fond of ornaments of all kinds. We see girls who have bracelets of silver covering their arms from their wrists to the elbows. Some have heavy rings of gold and silver about their ankles, and flat pieces of gold tied to their ears. Not a few have jeweled buttons fastened in the flesh of their noses.

Leptchas.

The Bhutanese, another hill tribe, look not unlike the Leptchas, and dress much the same, except that they paint their faces with a sort of brown varnish. Nearly every Bhutanese woman wears on her person the greater part of her fortune. She may have beads of coral and turquoise bound round her head, and earrings of gold so heavy that they pull down the lobes of her ears. Even the poorest

have jewelry of brass or stone if they cannot afford silver and gold.

The Himalayan women are strong. We see them digging in the fields and working like men. Little girls go along with big baskets tied to their backs, and the older women thus carry loads of grain and other things, even to the dirt used in fixing the roads. Sometimes a mother has her baby tied to her back.

"Sometimes a mother has her baby tied to her back."

Arriving at Darjiling, we are met at the station by rosy-cheeked girls who offer to take our baggage up to the hotel. We hesitate to let girls act as our beasts of burden, but finally consent, whereupon each maiden picks up a trunk weighing perhaps two hundred pounds and trots off with it up the hill. The charge for the load is an amount equal to about five cents of our money. The men of the Himalayas are as strong as the women; although they work less. They carry great knives in their belts and are very fierce-looking.

We find good hotels at Darjiling. It is a summer resort surrounded by the highest of the Himalaya Mountains, and just far enough up their slopes to have a delightful climate, while the plains below are sweltering in an almost tropical heat. The place, therefore, has many

mountain homes of the richer officials and foreign business men who live in the lowlands. There are beautiful villas and bungalows with wide porches about them, and also boarding houses and hotels.

Another place much frequented by the British is Simla, situated in the Himalayas hundreds of miles farther west. It is to Simla that the Viceroy and the chief officials go in the hot season, and for this reason it is sometimes called the summer capital of India. It is a gay city during the summer, but not so in winter, for then it is cold, and often covered with snow.

During our stay at Darjiling we journey about through the mountains. We ride out before day to Tiger Hill to watch the sun rise on Mount Everest, and make excursions to visit the tea plantations near by. We go to the market, in the center of the town, to purchase curios of the natives who come from long distances into this city to trade. The men are fierce-looking fellows, each of whom carries a great knife in his belt. We buy odd knives and prayer wheels, and also rings and necklaces set with turquoise and other half-precious stones.

In our excursions we now and then stop at a village. The mountaineers live in low huts made of mud and stone, with roofs of straw thatch. The huts are not much larger than dry-goods boxes, and but few of them have gardens or yards. We see the women cooking out of doors and watch them at their meals, observing that all eat with their fingers. Entering the huts, we find but little furniture except boxes and a few pots and pans. The mountaineers are uncivilized. They are mostly worshipers of Buddha, and are in many ways like the Tibetans, the strange people whom we are to visit in the next stage of our travels.

41. TIBET AND THE TIBETANS

TIBET is the most elevated inhabited region on earth. It is so high up in the air that the Hindus call it the Roof of the World. It consists of an immense plateau about one eighth the size of the United States, which is upheld between the Himalayas at the south and other high mountains at the north, the greater part of it being more than two miles above the level of the sea. This lofty table-land is crossed by mountains, and it has some parts which are more than three miles in height. It has both fresh-water and salt-water lakes. The mountains about it are the sources of the Mekong, Hoang, and Yangtze, and also of the Brahmaputra and the Indus. The country is stony and rough, and a great part of it is as arid and sterile as the Desert of Gobi, which lies farther north. As the warm winds of the Indian Ocean blow against the high, cold wall of the Himalayas, they are laden with moisture; but the cold condenses this and it falls as rain or snow, so that when the winds blow north of the mountains they are comparatively dry.

A Tibetan Chief.

Indeed, Tibet is, in places, almost as dry as the Sahara, although its mountains are covered with snow for the greater part of the year. In the short summer, the val-

leys and plains are hot; and, as the winter comes on, the weather grows so dry that the leaves on the trees wither, and may be ground to powder between the fingers. Planks and beams crack and break, and the people sometimes cover the woodwork of their houses with coarse cloth to preserve them. The dryness of the air is such that salt is not needed for the keeping of food. Fresh meat can be left out of doors without spoiling. The air sucks up the juices, and the meat can be powdered like bread. As soon as a sheep is killed, it is skinned, cleaned, and hung up out of doors. It quickly becomes a dry, stiffened mass, after which it may be kept a long time.

But what kinds of animals do they have on this high, cold plateau? There are donkeys, sheep, goats, and yaks. There are also horses and ponies, and wild asses, wild sheep, and antelopes. One species of antelope, known as the chiru, has a pair of long, slender horns which extend almost straight upward from the crown of the head in front of the ears. There is also a monkey, which has a snub nose and long, thick, silky hair. There are yaks, wild and tame. The yak is sure-footed and strong, and it is sometimes used for carrying burdens over the mountains. It is about as large as a good-sized cow, and in some respects looks like one. It has horns and hoofs, and its body is covered with a thick coat of hair which in places is several inches long. The yak's tail is more like that of a horse, and is sometimes three feet in length. It has a hump upon its shoulder, which is composed largely of fat.

Another Tibetan beast is the musk deer, from which comes the scent called musk. This animal is smaller than any deer we have in America. The musk is found in a little ball of fat, inclosed in a sac beneath the skin of

 "The yak is sometimes used for carrying burdens over the mountains."

the abdomen. The fat is of a dark-brown chocolate color; and it looks much like moist gingerbread. When the deer is killed, the fat is taken out and dried. It is then shipped over the mountains to India or China, and thence to the United States or Europe, where it forms the basis of many perfumes.

The people of Tibet number more than six millions. They are mostly stock breeders and farmers. They have irrigated patches in the valleys and raise hardy grains. They have mines of gold, salt, and borax; and also some of the finest turquoises known to the world.

Tibetan Coat.

The Tibetans are exclusive, and they do not like to have foreigners come to their country. For centuries they kept all strangers out, and it was only a few years ago that the British forced their way into the capital, the city of Lassa, and made a treaty with them by which trade could be carried on. They acknowledge themselves to be subject to China, although for the most part they are ruled by their lamas or priests, of whom more is told farther on in this chapter.

These people are of the Mongolian race, and they have their own language. They look much like our Indians, having high cheek bones and dark yellow or copper-colored complexions. The men have no beards to speak of, and all carry pincers to pull the hairs out of their faces.

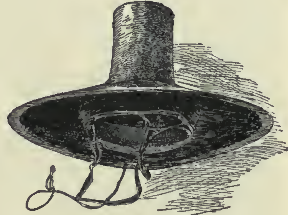
The Tibetans are divided into tribes, each of which has its own customs, although all dress much alike. They have gowns which reach from the neck almost to the ankles, and are tied in at the waist with girdles of wool. In the winter they wear either sheepskins with the wool turned inward, or so many furs that it is hard to tell where the furs end and the bodies begin. The summer clothing consists of native woolen cloth. The Tibetans are fond of

"Both men and women wear boots of red or yellow leather —"

bright colors, and especially of reds, purples, and blues. Both men and women wear boots made of red or yellow leather, held up by garters attached to their tops.

In northern Tibet the people have caps of cloth or felt trimmed with lambskin which come to a point at the crown. These caps are sometimes covered with silk, and they may be green, red, or blue. In some sections of the country they have high hats shaped much like that of a Korean gentleman, but with a broader brim and a larger crown. The brim is often faced with red silk. The hat is tied on by a string around the throat.

Both men and women are fond of jewelry. The men frequently wear, in the left ear, an earring set with pearls and turquoises and often two inches long. The women have chains of gold, silver, and copper about their necks. They also wear earrings, some of which are so heavy that a little strap is tied to the ring and passed over the top of the ear to take the weight from the lobe. They adorn their hair with jeweled trinkets, plaiting gold, silver, amber, and coral in with their braids.



"— they have high hats —"

And how do the Tibetans live? Some of them have tents made of the coarse hair of the yak, and others rude homes of wood or stone, the latter being laid up in clay mortar. Most of the people live in villages. There are only one or two towns which might be called cities, the chief being Lassa, the capital.

In the larger places we may find houses of three stories, the homes of the rich. They are built around a court, and each of them may contain several rooms. The poor man's house is seldom of more than two stories, with a courtyard in front or behind it. The ground floor is sometimes used as a stable. There are very few windows in the houses, except holes in the walls, which may perhaps be covered with oiled paper. Fireplaces are used for cooking, but there are no chimneys, and the smoke must get out as it can. The principal fuel is dried yak manure; and this is so scarce that the cooking fires are expected to keep the house warm.

The Tibetans live largely upon barley, wheat, beans, and peas, which they crush and grind into a meal and cook as a mush or in cakes. They are fond of raw meat,

Tibetans.

and seldom serve their meats more than half cooked. They eat the flesh of yaks, camels, and hogs; and, like most people of cold climates, are especially fond of fats. A favorite dish is a soup of brick tea, butter and water, cooked into a thick, fatty broth. After this mixture has been taken from the fire, some barley meal is added, and it is churned in a little tea churn. The broth, which has now become a thick mush, is ladled out in bowls, and the people knead it into balls with their fingers before eating it. Both men and women are fond of tobacco, which they carry about in horn boxes much like the powderhorns of our colonial days. All the men smoke, and the priests and women take snuff.

Tea Churn.

These people are very religious. They are Buddhists, and are largely ruled by the Buddhist priests or lamas, of whom the land has many thousands. At the head of the priesthood is the Grand Lama, who dwells in the Potala, a temple just outside Lassa. He is usually a boy who is supposed to have the spirit of Buddha within him.

Prayer Wheel.

The Tibetans spend a great deal of their time in praying to Buddha, and they have machines of various kinds to multiply their prayers. One of these is the prayer wheel, a cylindrical tin or brass box which whirls round a stick or pin through its center. A number of prayers are written upon a strip of paper, and this is wrapped around the stick inside the box. As the man rubs the stick between his palms, the paper whirls and he believes that at every turn of the wheel he will have the credit of making

as many prayers as there are on the paper. Large prayer wheels are often turned by the wind, and sometimes by the waters of a creek or brook. In such cases one has to only pull out a peg, and the wind or water prays for him, wiping away sin after sin, so the Tibetans think, as long as the water flows or the wind continues to blow. Nearly all education in Tibet is confined to the priesthood, and the Tibetan books are almost altogether religious ones.

Among the queer customs of this country are those relating to marriage. Instead of having several wives as is common in some Asiatic countries, the Tibetan has only a part of one wife. When a girl marries, she often becomes the wife of all her husband's brothers, or she may marry one or two extra men, so that she has four or five husbands. In such cases she is regarded as the head of the family, and does most of its labor. She cooks, weaves, and knits, and also works in the fields. In the towns, nearly all the shops are kept by women, and woman is the bread earner as well as the bread maker. Nevertheless, she does not think that her fate is a hard one; for a rich Tibetan lady of Lassa once said that she pitied the women of other countries who were so poor that each could have only one husband.

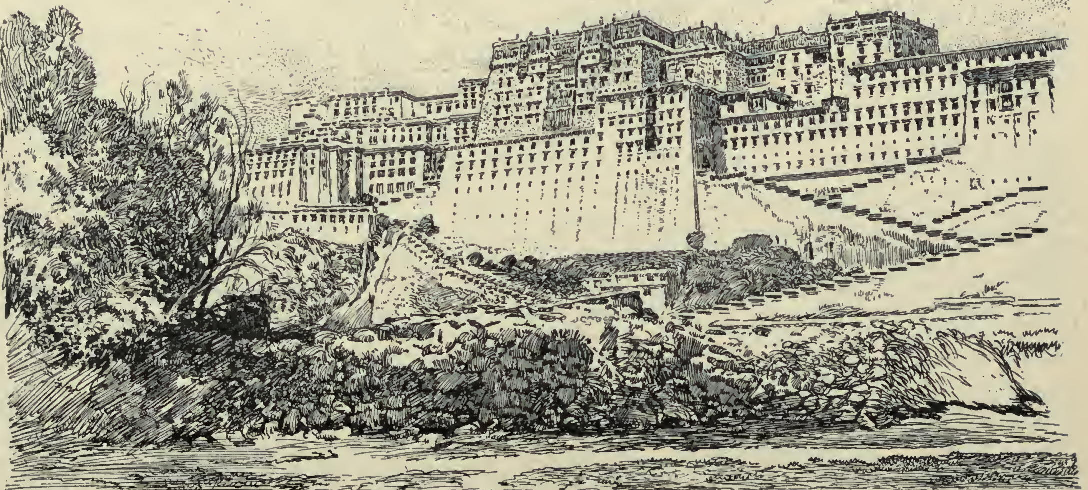
But before leaving we must take a look at the city of Lassa. It is the capital of Tibet, and the center of its religion, government, and trade. The people make pilgrimages to it, and until recently they forbade all strangers to enter it, on penalty of losing their lives. It has now become more accessible, however, and we can find out how it looks. It is not a large city, containing, at best, not more than twenty-five thousand people. It lies in a plain called the Plain of Milk. But we think it should be named the plain of water and mud, for it is surrounded by

swamps, and is reached only by a roadway built through them. The plain is about fifteen miles long and from two to five miles in width. There are great mountains about it, the peaks of which even in midsummer are covered with snow. As to Lassa itself, it is a town of palaces and hovels. There are many rude one-story and two-story houses of stone, cemented together with clay, and larger ones of granite, solidly built. Some of the homes of the priests have roofs washed with gold.

About two thirds of a mile from the city of Lassa is the Potala, the great temple home of the Grand Lama. This is a group of buildings which looks like a fortification. It stands upon a rocky hill, rising above it higher than any church steeple. It is nine hundred feet long, and has enough rooms to house hundreds of the Grand Lama's servants, and about five hundred monks. The Grand Lama's home is in the center of the temple. He is so sacred that he is seldom seen by any one but his servants and priests, most of whom get down on their knees when they enter his presence.

The Grand Lama rules by the direction of advisers appointed by the Chinese government, of which country Tibet is a dependency. There are Chinese soldiers at Lassa, and Chinese officials at the principal places, and we meet Chinese merchants and traders as we go through the country.

The chief foreign trade of Tibet is with China and India. Goods are carried across the mountains on camels or yaks, and are sold at the market towns upon the frontier. The people import brick tea, cloth, and notions of various kinds. They export wool, cattle, borax, salt, and also turquoises and gold. So far most of the country has not been explored, and it may have mineral riches of which we know nothing.



Temple of the Grand Lama.

42. AFGHANISTAN

LEAVING Tibet, we return to India, and take a long railroad ride across the great plain to Lahore, and north to Peshawar (pĕ-shä′war) at the entrance to the Khaibar Pass, which leads into the wild country of Afghanistan (ȧf-găn-ĭ-stän′). We have secured permits to enter this land from the Amir, its monarchical ruler; and he has sent out a company of soldiers to guard us on the way to his capital. Our travels are through the grandest of mountain scenery. The snowy peaks seem even higher than those about Darjiling, and many of them are really three or four miles above the level of the sea. We climb slowly over one awful pass after another, now skirting precipices many hundred feet deep, and now crossing deserts of sand and valleys covered with rocks.

We see irrigated fields here and there, and occasionally some patches of trees on the mountains. We cross raging streams, go through long, winding gorges, and climb over places so high that we have to frequently stop and rest on account of the thinness of the air.

At last we come down into a green fertile valley in which the many cultivated fields and orchards of fruit trees are separated by a network of ditches through which cool water flows. We ride for some miles in this valley and finally reach Kabul (kä′bo͞ol), the capital of Afghanistan.

Kabul is situated in the Hindu Kush Range, on the banks of a river which flows out of a gorge in the mountains. The city is about a thousand feet higher than Denver, and it has nearly the same number of people. The Afghans are mostly Mohammedans, and therefore their houses are surrounded by walls, so that we cannot look in as

"The Amir has soldiers to guard us."

we walk through the streets. The houses are usually of only one story, and the best have many rooms connected only by doors and without halls or passages. They have gardens about them, and orchards loaded with fruit.

The business part of the city consists of bazaars, the streets through which are so roofed as to keep out the sun. The main roads run out from these bazaars in four directions. They are badly paved and have no modern improvements.

During our stay in the city we meet many of the people. They are of different tribes and have very queer costumes. The men wear turbans and gowns, and nearly every man we see carries a gun or a sword. There is a great difference of conditions. Some of the people are rich and powerful and others poor and oppressed. The relations of the several classes are similar to those which prevailed in Europe during feudal times, and civilization is more backward than in India, China, or Japan.

Afghanistan is governed by an absolute monarch, who is called "The Amir." He has also another title which means "Light of the Nation and Religion." He has an army of about one hundred thousand men, and could make a strong fight in case of war. He rules by many officials, having large public offices here at Kabul where we can learn much about the land and its people.

We find that Afghanistan is a large country. It is bigger than either France or Germany, and it would make about six states the size of Virginia. It is mostly mountainous, the great range of the Hindu Kush running through it. It has some rushing rivers and many streams, some of which go dry in the summer. The only cultivated places are in the valleys and upon the foothills, and in little nests in the mountains. Most of the farming is

done by irrigation, and two harvests are often reaped in one year. The first crop is sown in the fall, and cut in the summer. It consists of wheat, and barley, and some peas and beans. The second crop is sown at the end of the spring and reaped in the autumn. It is mainly rice, millet, and Indian corn.

Afghanistan has numerous orchards, and fruit is so abundant that it forms the principal food of a large class of the people. We see apples, pears, almonds, and peaches sold in the bazaars, and also quinces, apricots, figs, cherries, and grapes. Quite a large amount of preserved fruit is exported, and much is laid away for the winter.

We are told that the country is rich in minerals, and that it has iron, gold, copper, and lead. There are also precious stones of fine quality. Only small parts of the mountainous regions have been prospected, and there are probably other rich mineral deposits of which no one knows.

But who are the Afghans? They look far different from the Tibetans, and most of the East Indians. They have straight eyes and light brown complexions; some have rosy cheeks, and not a few long, silky beards, many being descendants of the same race as our own. The Afghans are of several different tribes, and they number all together four or five millions, scattered here and there in villages and cities over the country.

We ask what these people do for a living and are told that they are chiefly engaged in farming, fruit raising, and in rearing cattle and horses. They have also camels, ponies, and donkeys. A few are employed in manufacturing. They weave carpets and cloths of silk and wool, and make shoes and other things of leather. Their exports include wool, silk, and tobacco, and also drugs, spices, hides,

cattle, and horses. They import cotton goods, indigo, dyestuffs, sugar and tea, and also foreign wares of various kinds. The trade of the country amounts to six or more million dollars a year.

Our travels through Afghanistan are on camels and ponies, and we go nowhere without soldiers to guard us. We see no foreigners, for the Amir does not usually allow them to come here, and so far he has prevented the building of railroads. He has been able to do this largely because of the location of his kingdom between the possessions of Russia and Great Britain. These two great powers are jealous of each other; and, in the past, they have been glad to have a state like Afghanistan so situated that it has kept British India and Russian Turkestan apart. For the same reason they have not encouraged the opening of the land to trade and railroads. This will probably be changed at some time in the future, and the railroad systems of the Russian provinces at the north and those of India at the south will be connected by a line across Afghanistan. When this is constructed, one will be able to go almost the whole way from any part of Europe to India by rail.

43. PERSIA

WE are in Persia to-day. We have come south through Baluchistan (bȧ-lo͞o-chĭ-stän′), a dependency of India, and then moved on westward. We are now traveling along upon camels over a wild desert plateau cut here and there by great mountains from the snows of which are fed rivers which irrigate little valleys and patches of plain. Now and then we pass a salt lake, and again we may travel for miles

PERSIA, ARABIA, AND ASIATIC TURKEY
SCALE OF MILES
0 100 200 300 400 500
Longitude 40 East from 50 Greenwich 60
RUSSIA
KIRGHIZ STEPPES
Lake Aral
RUSSIAN TURKESTAN
KHIVA
Khiva
Merv
BLACK SEA
CONSTANTINOPLE
Bosporus
Batum
TRANSCAUCASIA
Tiflis
Caucasus Mts.
CASPIAN SEA
Baku
TURKEY
Brusa
ASIA MINOR
Smyrna
Kaisareh
ARMENIA
Mt. Ararat
Tabriz
Barfrush
Meshed
TEHERAN
PERSIA
Herat
AFGHANISTAN
BALUCHISTAN
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
CYPRUS
Aleppo
Beirut
Damascus
MESOPOTAMIA
Nineveh
Tigris R.
Euphrates
Bagdad
Babylon
Ispahan
Yezd
Kerman
Port Said
Suez Canal
Yafa
Jerusalem
CAIRO
Isthmus of Suez
Mt. Sinai
NEFUD DESERT
Bassora
Zagros Mts.
Shiraz
Bushire
PERSIAN GULF
BAHREIN IS. (Br.)
St. of Ormus
GULF OF OMAN
OMAN
MASKAT
Ras-el Had
NEJD
Medina
Riad
TROPIC OF CANCER
ARABIA
HEJAZ
RED SEA
Jidda
Mecca
DAHNA DESERT
ASEER
YEMEN
HADRAMAUT
ARABIAN SEA
KURIA MURIA IS. (Br.)
Mocha
Aden
St. of Bab el Mandeb
GULF OF ADEN
SOKOTRA I.
Cape Guardafui
AFRICA
Nile R.
INDIAN OCEAN
L.L. POATES ENG. CO., N.Y.

where the land is as sandy and stony as the Desert of Gobi. This is the general character of Persia. It is a high plateau, nearly level except where the mountains cut through it. It is almost a desert, and were it not for the mountains whose cold air squeezes the water out of the winds, it would be altogether arid and sterile. The country is large. From east to west it is as long as the distance from New York

A Nomad Family and House.

to Chicago, and from north to south its width is as long as from Boston to Cleveland. Its area all told is three times that of Germany, and equal to about one sixth of the whole of our Union. Persia would make fifteen Ohios or Kentuckys or Virginias, or more than ten states the size of Iowa, Illinois, or Wisconsin. Nevertheless, it has only fifteen people to the square mile, or about nine or ten millions in all.

The Persians are not unlike the Afghans. They have light brown or yellow faces, straight eyes, and dark hair. Most of the men are bearded, and have their heads shaved. They wear great cone-shaped caps or turbans, and long gowns which are tied in at the waist and fall almost to the feet. Under their gowns they have on very full pantaloons. In the winter many wear furs.

As we move slowly along through the country, we see comparatively few women. These people are Mohammedans, whose women are not supposed to be seen by other men than their husbands. The women live to a large extent in the back rooms of the houses, and when they come out, they are clad from top to toe in a long black or blue gown with a strip of white cloth at the front. This strip is fastened on around the forehead and extends over the gown almost to the ground. In the top of it, just in front of the eyes, is a window of fine lace through which the wearer can see as she walks along the street.

Indoors, the women wear divided skirts which reach to their knees and loose-fitting sacks with long sleeves. They always have their own part of the house, for it is a disgrace for them to meet any other men than those of their own families. For this reason, whenever a man is about to enter the home of a friend, he is expected to stop at the gate and shout out some such words as "Woman away" in order to give the women a chance to fly to their own quarters before he appears.

A Persian does not ask after the wife of his friend, and, if he should be so impolite as to do so, his host in replying would not refer to his wife by name or as his wife, but as the mother of his children. For instance, if the Persian's name were Smith, and he had a son named John, he would not say, "My wife is well," or "Mrs. Smith is well," but,

"I thank you, little Johnny's mother is so-so to-day." The Persian women have but few rights. The parents arrange all the marriages, and girls are often married at ten and boys at sixteen or eighteen. There are but few bachelors, and not many old maids.

Most of the Persians live in cities or villages. We see their towns, as we travel over the country. The villages are in or near the irrigated lands. They are usually square, consisting of dark, narrow streets, lined with houses, each of which stands in a yard surrounded by high walls. The houses are of clay, stones, or sun-dried brick, those of the better classes being coated with mortar or plaster of Paris. The roofs are almost flat. They are made by laying timbers on the mud walls, and covering the timbers with brush, upon which is put a layer of mud mixed with straw. Every summer a fresh coat of mud is spread on, and as a result many of the roofs are a foot or more thick.

These houses have but little furniture. The floor is the ground, well pounded down, with matting spread over it, and sometimes over the matting beautiful rugs. The floors of most homes form the tables and chairs of the family. The people sleep there at night, using no sheets, and covering themselves with thick quilts. In the daytime the bedding is rolled up and put away in a corner.

The cooking is done upon fires out of doors, or in fireplaces. The Persians eat with their fingers, and the plates of the poorer classes are sometimes thin cakes of bread. When a man is through with the rest of his food, he may eat up his plate, and during the meal he tears off bits of it, and, by bending them in half, uses them as pincers to convey the meat from the soup to his mouth. The diet of the common people is largely made up of bread, cheese, and milk, with a little soup or meat in the form of a stew

once a day. They drink a great deal of tea and some coffee.

Outside each village are threshing floors, places where the ground has been pounded and rolled until it is as hard as stone. The wheat or barley is brought here from the fields, and oxen are driven over it to thresh out the grain. Then the farmers take their wooden pitchforks and toss the grain into the air until the chaff has all blown away. The straw is kept for stock feeding.

The chief business of the Persians is farming and the rearing of stock. The farms are irrigated by the streams from the mountains, and canals for this purpose have long been in use. The country produces great quantities of wheat, barley, and rice. It has also large mulberry orchards which feed silkworms; and it exports raw silk, silk cocoons, and silk stuffs. Many fine fruits are grown. The first peaches mentioned in history came from Persia, and the country is celebrated for its excellent dates.

The sheep are of the fat-tailed variety, many of which we have seen in our travels through Asia. They produce excellent wool, from which are woven beautiful cloths and the finest of rugs. Persia has also donkeys, camels, ponies; and horses as fleet as those of Arabia. Much of the stock belongs to the nomads, who dwell in tent villages and move about from place to place to find pasture. The villagers drive their flocks and herds into their yards at night, and take them out in the morning. The milk of cows, sheep, and goats is universally used, and they have an odd custom to make the cows let down their milk. They believe a cow will go dry if it knows that its calf has been taken away; and so, after killing the calf, they stuff the hide with straw and place it beside the cow at milking time.

Weaving Rugs.

But let us take a look at some of the cities of Persia. We shall first visit Teheran (tĕ-h'rän′), the capital. It is situated in the northern part of the country, some distance south of the Caspian Sea and not far from a range of magnificent mountains whose peaks, during much of the year, are covered with snow. Many of them measure over two miles in height, and away off at the east can be seen one which is more than seventeen thousand feet high.

Teheran has some fine houses, but most of the buildings are of sun-burnt brick. They are surrounded by walls, built close to the edges of narrow streets, through which canals run. There are also many mosques with egg-shaped domes faced with tiles of bright blue, and a number of large buildings, devoted to the officials of the government and the colleges and schools. The city is the largest in Persia. It has about three hundred thousand people. Other towns of considerable size are Tabriz (tȧ-brēz′), Ispahan (ĭs-pȧ-hän′), Meshed (mĕsh-hĕd′), and Kerman (kĕr-män′), which range from sixty thousand to two hundred thousand in population.

Teheran is especially important in that it is the capital and seat of the government. It is here that the Shah has his palaces, and here parliament meets. Until 1906 Persia was an absolute monarchy ruled by the Shah, who used the revenues as he pleased. He spent but little towards developing the country, and was often able during his reign to lay aside a vast portion in diamonds and other precious stones. He had the power of life and death, and many of his actions were very oppressive. This continued until the beginning of the present century, when the people began to object, and in 1906 they forced the Shah to grant them a parliament, or national council, which should fix the taxes and control all things of public importance. This

parliament was elected, and Persia is now governed by it under the Shah, so that the country may be called a constitutional monarchy.

The kingdom is divided into thirty-three provinces, each of which has several districts. There are governors over the provinces, and lieutenant governors over the districts, and in addition every town has its mayor.

Shah's Palace, Teheran.

Besides the people so governed, are several hundred thousand nomads who live in tents and move about with their flocks from place to place. They are divided into many tribes, each of which has its chief who collects the taxes and pays them to the general government.

We are told that Persia is rapidly improving under the new government. Formerly its only schools were those

(330) Cooking Chops in the Streets of Teheran, Persia.

connected with the mosques, the teachers being the Mohammedan sheiks, and the children were taught little more than to read the Koran and perhaps how to write. To-day the government is establishing new schools which teach the same studies we have, and in some of which the children learn English. A number of newspapers are now being published, and many movements have been started to develop the country. Caravan and wagon roads are being

Street Scene in Tabriz, Persia.

laid out to connect the chief cities, and in time will come railroads.

Leaving Teheran, we take a long caravan trip, during which we visit the city of Tabriz, the chief business center. Tabriz lies in northeastern Persia not very far from Mount Ararat, where it is said Noah's Ark rested after the flood. The town is made up of a vast number of one-story and two-story buildings, with larger buildings here and there

scattered through it. The houses are surrounded by walls built close to the streets, and the streets are so narrow that we are often crowded against the walls to keep out of the way of the donkeys and camels which, with great loads on their backs, are continually passing through this way and that.

We spend some time in the bazaars. They consist of little shops, built along both sides of streets which are so

In a Persian Bazaar.

roofed that the sun cannot come in. The shops are much like those of India. Each merchant sits in a little cell walled with goods, and he has goods piled around him. He usually sits cross-legged on the floor, and the customers stand out in the street as they shop. There are no price marks. The man charges as much as he thinks he can get, and the buyer offers as little as he thinks he can make the man take. The result is that it requires a long time to buy anything.

Howbeit, many of the articles sold are of considerable value, and some are wonderfully beautiful. This is especially so of the rugs for which the country has been famous for ages. Persian carpets were bought by the ancient Greeks, and, during the Middle Ages, they were carried to Venice, and from there over the Alps into north Europe. Persian shawls are also greatly admired, and some are worth hundreds of dollars. There are many rugs made in Tabriz. In one factory there we see a thousand boys weaving them in all sizes and of different designs. The boys are paid about ten cents a day. We visit also many smaller factories, and find rug making going on in most of the villages. The rugs are all made by hand, and a fine one may require months of continuous labor. A considerable part of this product is shipped to America.

44. ARABIA, OR LIFE IN THE DESERT

WE have traveled from Tabriz southward through Persia to Ispahan, another of its chief trading and manufacturing cities, and from there have gone by caravan to Bushire (bo͞o-shēr′), the chief port on the eastern coast of the Persian Gulf. Here we cross that Gulf to Bahrein (bä-rān′), Arabia, and on the way visit the pearl fishing grounds from which more than a million dollars' worth of pearls are taken every year. The pearls come from pearl oysters, which live far down on the bed of the sea. The shells are gathered by Arab divers, who plug their ears and noses with cotton and tie heavy stones to their feet in order that they may the more easily remain under the water. Each diver has a belt around his waist to which a rope is attached. He carries a basket which he fills with the oys-

(334) Two Little Arabians.

ter shells. He then signals by pulling on the rope, and is drawn to the surface. The shells are now opened, and the pearls taken out.

We watch the divers awhile, and then go on to the mainland of Arabia, and make our way down the coast to Maskat, the chief city of the province of Oman, where we get a ship which carries us to Aden. Most of our travels through western Persia were in the desert. We have passed over tracts in eastern Arabia which were all sand and stone, and our journey in the Indian Ocean has been along barren shores. We are now in Arabia, lying at anchor in a harbor, surrounded by low, ragged mountains which are all brown rock and white sand. There is not a green tree or blade of grass to be seen, and everything is brown, gray, or dazzling white. This is typical of a great part of this country, which is one of the chief desert lands of the world.

The city of Aden itself is all white and brown. The houses are mostly one-story buildings of sun-dried bricks, covered with plaster; and on the outskirts, climbing the hills, are huts as brown as the rocks upon which they stand. Everything seems dusty and dirty. The hot, dry air from the desert sweeps over our ship. It parches our tongues, and as soon as we land we look about for a drink of cool water.

We soon find that water is worth money in Aden, and that every one must pay for all he gets. It rains but seldom, and sometimes two years pass without a drop falling. There is only one well in the city, and most of the water comes from the ocean, the sea water being turned into steam which when condensed is fresh water. The machines for doing this belong to the British government, which has control of the city. It sells the water to the

people, reserving a certain amount for the British soldiers who are stationed here.

As we walk through the town, we see long caravans of camels coming in and going out. They are laden with wool, dates, and coffee; and we are told that two hundred thousand of them come here every year. Camels form the chief means of transport over the deserts, and if we would

Aden.

travel over them, we must ride on these beasts and have soldiers on camels to guard us.

But before we go farther, let us take a look at Arabia. It is one of the least known lands of the world, and much of it is still unexplored. It consists of a stony, sandy peninsula lying between Africa and the main body of Asia, being separated from Africa by the Red Sea, and from the remainder of Asia in part by the long Persian

Gulf, through which we have sailed. It has a coast line of more than four thousand miles, but the winds are comparatively dry before they blow over it, and the rainfall is almost as scanty as in any large region on earth.

The greater part of Arabia is a high plateau surrounded by mountains beyond which, bordering the Red Sea, and extending down to the water, is a long, narrow plain, which in Yemen (yĕm′ĕn) is exceedingly fertile. The southern part of the plateau is almost sterile, but there are fertile patches in Oman and farther north, and in the interior vast tracts fitted for the grazing of camels, horses, sheep, and goats.

Arab Girl.

In the past it was thought that the whole plateau was a desert, but recent explorations have shown that perhaps two thirds of it may be used for grazing or farming. There are no large rivers, but many wadies, or river beds, which, for the greater part of the year, although dry on the surface, have water flowing below them. These underground streams are reached by wells, and the wadies, therefore, form the chief caravan routes.

A part of northern Arabia and of the coast along the Red Sea is nominally governed by Turkey. Much of the western and southern coasts are subject to the British. The latter nation, through its government of Egypt, controls the peninsula of Sinai and several important provinces along the Red Sea, and Aden belongs to it outright. Most of the country, however, is independent, being inhabited by tribes of Bedouins, each ruled by its chief. Many of the Bedouins are tent dwellers, but some inhabit cities, and they have many villages of mud or stone houses scattered here and there over the mighty plateau.

The Arabs number all together eight or ten millions. They come from the same race as ourselves, although their life and habits in the hot deserts of Arabia have given them a different complexion, some being almost as black as a negro. They are a lean race, tall and well-formed and, on the whole, fine-looking. They have straight black hair and black or brown eyes. Their faces are oval, their noses aquiline, and their eyes small and deep-set. They are very proud, but are polite, good-natured, and hospitable. They seem to be distrustful of strangers and are ready to quarrel whenever occasion offers.

We may see Arabs in Aden, and shall meet them everywhere as we travel over the peninsula. Here comes one now leading a camel, his black face shining out in contrast to the white cotton gown which he wears. His gown is open at the chest and bound round the waist with a girdle of leather. He has also a goat's-hair coat of black and white stripes which falls to his thighs, and his head is covered with a bright yellow silk handkerchief, tied on with a black woolen rope as thick as your thumb. The rope is bound round his head again and again in such a way that the handkerchief covers a part of his forehead and neck and

falls on his shoulders. His feet are bare, but they are protected from the hot road by sandals of wood.

Behind the man walks a Bedouin woman. See how straight and fine-looking she is! Her face, strange to say, is not hidden; and she is evidently proud of her necklace of silver and of the earrings of gold which half cover her cheeks. Her black face is tattooed, her eyelashes darkened, and her finger nails and toe nails stained a bright red. She wears a blue gown which falls to her feet, and has a piece of dark blue cotton over her head. Other women we meet have on veils of various kinds, and we learn that most of the women cover their faces when they go out of doors. In some places they hide all but the eyes, and in eastern Arabia a thin black cloth serves as a veil. The Arabs are Mohammedans, whose women as we have already seen seldom go about with bare faces.

The inhabitants of Arabia are divided into two classes; those who live in tents and those of the towns and villages. The tent dwellers are wandering tribes, known as Bedouins, who live by rearing stock, moving about with their sheep, goats, camels, horses, and asses from one grazing ground to another. They are of many tribes, each of which has its own district and is ruled by a chief. They are the men of the desert, and we shall find many of them also in the arid lands of Syria farther north.

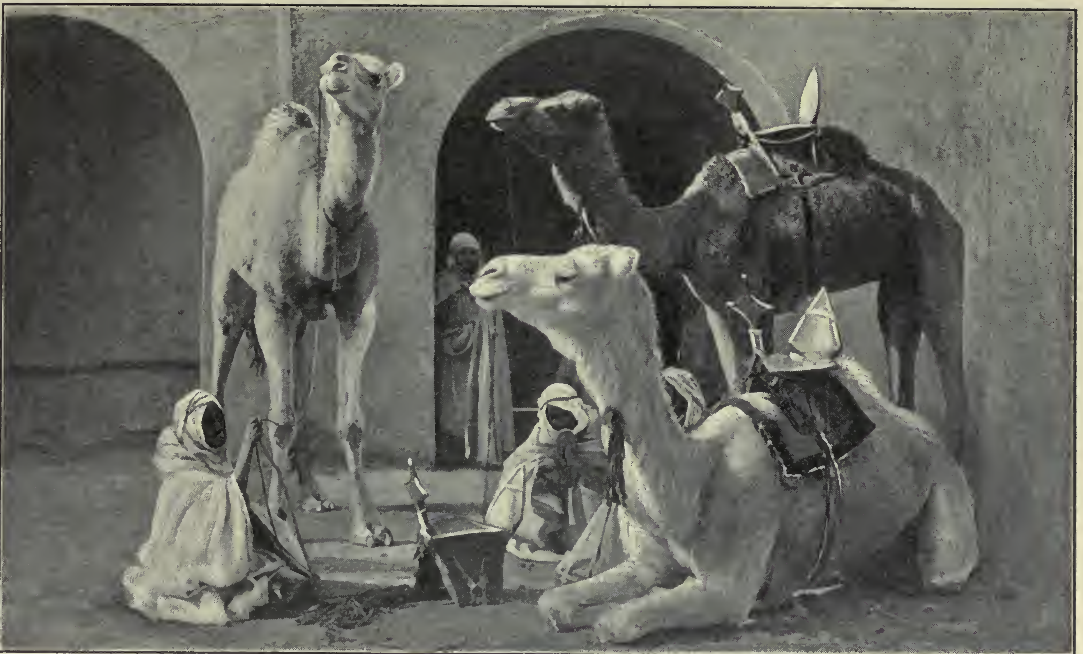
The Bedouins are bold, and as a rule are not friendly to strangers. If we would travel with safety, we must pay a tribute to the chiefs, or sheiks, to keep their subjects from robbing us, and a powerful chief may send his soldiers along with us to protect our caravan from wandering bands on the way.

We stop now and then at one of the Bedouin camps. The tents are of homespun, goat's hair, or wool, dyed black

and woven into a coarse cloth by the women of the tribe. The ordinary tent is seldom more than twenty feet long. It is usually divided by a curtain into two rooms, one for the women and children, and the other for men. There is but little furniture. The ground serves as the table, chair, and bed of the family. The cooking is done over open fires, and all eat with their fingers. Millet and dates form the principal food. The millet is ground between stones to a flour, and made into cakes. The dates come from the date palm, of which there are many varieties. They are eaten also by the horses and camels, and even by dogs. Some of the tent dwellers raise a little wheat and barley, but millet is the chief crop.

There are many children in these little tent villages. They watch the flocks, play with the horses and colts, and roll about on the sand. The babies are naked, and the girls and boys wear no clothing until they are quite large. We see children as old as ourselves who have on almost nothing. Their skins are dark brown or black, and they shine under the tropical sun, which is so hot that we feel like throwing off our clothes and playing as they do.

Of all the stock kept by the Bedouins, the camels are most interesting and especially the camel colts which are still with their mothers. They are ungainly little creatures, and when we chase them they run off at great speed. The Bedouin boys tell us that some camels are slow and some fast. There are riding camels and freight camels. The riding animals are for traveling; they make six or more miles an hour, and some will go seventy-five miles in one day. The freight camels are used to transport goods over the country. They go about three miles or less in one hour, but each will carry three hundred pounds. Camels are especially fitted for work in the desert. Their



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"— the camels are most interesting."

stomachs are such that they can store away enough water at one drinking to last for a week, and are therefore able to traverse the long distances in these sandy wastes where no water is to be had.

Arabian horses are among the finest known to the world, and the best of them are produced in the province of Nejd, on the central plateau. The Arabian horse is not as large as the average American horse, and we have many race horses which can go faster than any Arabian. These horses, however, are so beautifully formed, and are so noted for their kindness, endurance, and other good qualities, that every one wants them. They are usually gray in color, although some are chestnut, sorrel, or black. Reared in the desert, they become accustomed to go long distances without water, and it is said that a desert-bred steed will travel a whole day and night in the summer and about twice as long in the winter without either water or food.

We find that the Bedouins think much of their horses. They keep them staked near their tents and allow them to run about everywhere. They treat them so kindly that they seldom become vicious. The children are allowed to play with them, and they are really made a part of the family. The horses are ridden with halters, being guided this way and that by a pressure of the knee.

45. IN AN ARABIAN VILLAGE. MECCA AND MEDINA

TO-DAY we shall see something of the cities and villages of Arabia. The cities are small, most of them small settlements along the coastal plain of the Red Sea

and in Oman at the southeastern end of the peninsula. By far the largest are Mecca and Medina, in western Arabia. These two cities were the homes and chief preaching places of the prophet Mohammed, and for that reason are considered so holy by the Mohammedans all over the world that they go there to worship in crowds every year.

A Home in the Desert.

We shall first visit the villages. They are to be found in such places as contain considerable tracts of cultivable land. They are everywhere of much the same character. The houses are seldom of more than two stories, and the most of them of but one story only. They are built of mud bricks or of stones put together with mortar. They have flat roofs, and are often surrounded by walls. Each

village is cut up by winding streets and it has a market place in the center about which are the shops where the people come together to trade. The shops are often kept by women, and but little else than food is sold in them.

But suppose we pay a visit to a high-class Arab. His house is exceedingly rude, although it is somewhat better than that of the average native. There are no windows facing the street, and the door is so low that we must stoop to go in. Entering, we come into the gentleman's parlor, where all male guests are received. If we should stay overnight, we may sleep in this room on the floor.

Our host is well-to-do, and his home has some furniture. The floor is covered with rugs, and there are cushions here and there, upon which we sit in Oriental fashion with our legs crossed. At one end of the room is the fireplace, where a brass coffee pot steams. As soon as we are seated our host claps his hands, and a servant offers each of us a cup no larger than half an eggshell. It is filled with a brown fluid so thick that it looks more like molasses than coffee. The steam rises, as the coffee is poured from the pot, and we blow it a little to cool it. We then sip it slowly, enjoying the delicious aroma. This country is one of the homes of the coffee plant, and the famed Mocha, which is considered about the best of all coffee on earth, comes from a city of that name in Yemen, Arabia.

We find our friends hospitable, and remain with them until evening. As the night approaches, dinner is served, and we sit down around the meal on the floor. The food consists of thin wheat cakes baked to a crisp in an oven, and a stew of camel's flesh. At great feasts a sheep or lamb may be roasted, and this is brought in whole to the guests.

We eat with our fingers, picking the meat out of the stew with pieces of cake which we double up for the

purpose. When we have finished the stew, dates and other fruits and sweets are brought in; and after that a basin of water is passed round and every one washes his hands. Now a boy brings a covered bowl in which incense burns. He sways this about each guest in order that he may perfume his face, hands, and clothes. We have no wine at the meal. The Arabs are Mohammedans, and they do not believe it is right to drink anything which intoxicates.

A Sheik of Mecca.

As we go on with our travels, stopping at one village after another, visiting with the people in their tents and houses, we come to like them very much. They are cleanly as to their persons. They bathe often, and take such care of their teeth that they shine out like rows of ivory, made whiter by the darkness of their complexions. We observe that the men and boys shave their heads, and that they wear fez caps or large turbans.

The Arabs have bright minds, although the schools are few and not many of the people can read or write. The

teaching is mostly confined to the Koran, or Mohammedan Bible, and the sheiks or the priests are the teachers. Nevertheless, a long time ago, the Arabs were among the most learned men of the world. They had the best doctors, and were famous as astronomers and mathematicians. It was they who introduced the study of algebra into western Europe, and for a long time they were noted for their geographical knowledge.

A Mohammedan at Prayer.

But suppose we take a look at Mecca, where Mohammed was born. Arabia, as we have already learned, is altogether a Mohammedan country. It was long the seat of the Mohammedan religion, and Mecca, as the birthplace of their prophet, is still holy to the many millions of that faith. They consider it so sacred that whenever they say their prayers, they kneel down with their faces towards it, and this is so whether they be in Java, China, India, Africa, or in any other part of the world. Indeed, Mecca is considered so holy that strangers are not allowed to visit it, and it is only through those, who have gone there in disguise and described it, that we know much about it. It is a town of fifty thousand or more,

lying in the interior of the country, about seventy-five miles east of the Red Sea. One way of reaching it is by the port of Jidda, from where the people go in by camels or on foot; and another is by a railroad which the Mohammedans have recently built from Damascus down through the desert by the way of Medina.

The great sight at Mecca is the sacred mosque which contains the Kaaba, a little building in its center which is supposed to be especially holy, and also a black stone, which, according to their tradition, fell down from Paradise when Adam was thrust out of the Garden of Eden. The Mohammedans believe that when they kiss this stone, their sins pass away as their lips touch the rock. They tell us that when the stone fell to earth it was whiter than snow, but that, having been kissed by the people through so many generations, their sins have gone into it and turned it jet-black. The character of the stone shows it to be of meteoric origin, and we know that there are similar ones in other parts of the world.

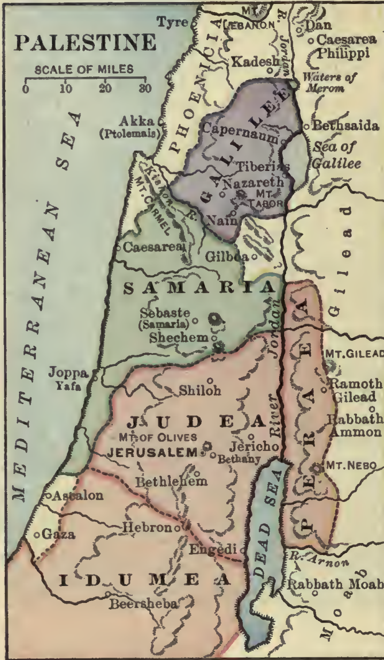
Medina, where Mohammed was buried, is much less than Mecca in size, and is not considered so sacred. It is surrounded by a wall forty feet high; but the streets are narrow and dirty, and the houses are flat-roofed and of two stories only. The tomb of the Prophet lies inside a great mosque, which covers a space of almost three acres.

46. ASIATIC TURKEY. IN PALESTINE AND MESOPOTAMIA

OUR next journeys are to be devoted to the many curious countries of Asiatic Turkey, including Syria, Mesopotamia, Armenia, and Asia Minor, lying west of

Persia and north of Arabia, and bounded on the north and west by the Black and Mediterranean seas.

These countries comprise a territory more than ten times the size of the state of Ohio, and some parts of them are thickly populated. They have all together about sixteen million inhabitants, including many different peoples and tribes. There are Turks, Arabs, Syrians, Greeks, Armenians, and Jews, all of whom we shall see as we go on with our travels. Asiatic Turkey is governed by the Sultan, who lives at Constantinople in Europe, and who rules it through the governors and local officials.



The land is one of mountains and tablelands with several valleys and plains of wonderful fertility. It has some large rivers such as the Euphrates and Tigris, which have been famous as far back as man can remember. It was in the valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates, known as Mesopotamia, that the ancient cities of Nineveh and Babylon stood, and many men think that there was the place where the Tower of Babel was started. Bagdad, of which we have read so much in the "Arabian Nights," stands on the Tigris, and in the western

part of Asiatic Turkey are Damascus and Jerusalem and the lands of the Bible.

If we should cross Arabia by caravan to Mesopotamia and visit Bagdad, we should find that it is still a thriving city with bazaars, much the same as when Haroun Al Raschid ruled there; and did we go down the Tigris and the Euphrates, we should travel through many rich, irrigated farms, including some of the largest date groves of the world. The date palms number hundreds of thousands, and they annually yield enough fruit to give every man, woman, and child in our country three pounds, and leave some to spare. The fruit is picked from the trees and packed up in bags or wooden boxes in which it is sent to Bassora (bäs′sō-rä), the port at the head of the Persian Gulf, and from there to the United States, to Europe, and indeed all over the world.

We shall find it much easier, however, to continue our journey northward, through the Red Sea and the Suez Canal, to Port Said on the Mediterranean, from where, almost every night, ships sail for Yafa in Palestine. The journey is a short one, and when we awake in the morning, we are at anchor in front of a ragged white and gray town built upon the rocks on the very edge of the sea. We have trouble in landing, for the water is rough; but we finally get to the shore, where we take the railroad train for Jerusalem, which lies about forty miles distant in the Judean Mountains.

The ride is delightful. We first go through the orange groves for which Yafa is famous and then cross the flat plains of Sharon, where the Philistines lived. We next climb the mountains, passing over the country where Samson was born, and, farther on, see where little David had his fight with Goliath.

Gathering Dates in the Valley of the Euphrates.

The plains of Sharon are fertile, and the grass is as green as that of our country in June. The sides of the roads and the borders of the fields are covered with great beds of poppies, the flowers of which are as big as the palm of one's hand and as red as fresh blood. In some places the farmers are plowing. They wear white gowns and turbans, and use plows made of two sticks of wood fastened

" In some places the farmers are plowing."

to a yoke which rests on the necks of the camels or donkeys. The farmer holds the plow with one hand, and carries a long goad or stick with the other, with which he pokes up the beasts as they travel the furrows.

As we climb the hillsides we see many shepherds watching their flocks of white sheep and black goats, and in some of the wheat fields see girls picking out the weeds known as tares.

It takes us about an hour to reach the country where the Israelites lived, and the road then winds in and out among rocky mountains. We pass groves of olive trees, and climbing ever higher and higher, at last arrive at the little plateau upon which Jerusalem stands. We are now about twenty-five hundred feet above our starting place at Jaffa on the edge of the sea, and in front of one of the most famous and interesting places of the whole world.

Boys of Jerusalem.

Before we enter Jerusalem, let us take a bird's-eye view of Palestine. We knew that it was a small country, but we did not realize how very small it is. On the average, Palestine is not more than fifty miles wide, and it is just about one hundred and fifty miles long. Were it level, a high-power automobile could cross it in one hour, and if the road ran lengthwise, one might start at eight o'clock in the morning at Dan, which lies at the north in the foothills of the Lebanon Mountains, and by noon he could be at Beersheba (bē-ĕr-shē'bȧ), at the extreme southern end and on the edge of Arabia. The country is so small that, standing on the Mount of Olives outside Jerusalem, one can, if the day be bright, see the Mediterranean on one side of him and the Dead Sea and the Jordan on the other.

The land is for the most part a low, mountainous range covered with limestone, and much of it is so barren and rocky that it cannot be cultivated. On the east is a deep valley in which lie the Dead Sea and the Sea of Galilee connected by the winding river Jordan, and on the west is a narrow coastal plain. Another plain or valley crosses the country from the lower end of the Sea of Galilee to the Mediterranean.

The Jerusalem of to-day is large. It contains all together eighty or ninety thousand people, more than half of whom live inside a great wall which runs around most of the town, skirting the edges of a little plateau. The walls are of yellow limestone taken from the quarries near by. They are beautifully made, rising to the height of a four-story house. On three sides of the plateau the ground slopes from the walls down into valleys at an angle so steep that it is almost impossible to climb up except on your hands and knees. The fourth side of the city faces the plain. We can see that a place so situated could be easily defended, and that this was one of the reasons why the Israelites chose this site for their capital.

But let us take a look at the city inside the walls. The space is covered with boxlike stone houses built one on top of the other in all sorts of shapes. The houses are crowded along narrow streets which wind this way and that. Above them, here and there, rises the spire of a church, and in one corner are about thirty-five acres where stands an immense building with a green dome of bronze. That is the Mosque of Omar. It is on the site of Solomon's Temple, and under it scientists suppose the ruins of the temple to be.

In the center of Jerusalem, high above the mass of stone boxes, may be seen another great dome. It crowns the

Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and is supposed to cover the spot where Jesus was crucified. It is there that pilgrims from many parts of the world come to worship, and there is kept the marble tomb in which, as the Oriental Christians believe, the body of Jesus was laid.

We are surprised at the meanness and squalor of Jerusa-

Jerusalem.

lem. It is made up of narrow streets, walled with houses more closely packed together than those of any other city of the world. The buildings are swarming with people. There are families of Jews, Greeks, and Armenians, each living in one room, so small, indeed, that it would be thought hardly large enough for a bedroom in America. Many of the rooms have no windows, and some are like vaulted caves and are lighted only at the front. Most

of the buildings are walled, floored, and ceiled with stone. Sometimes they are built around courts upon which the rooms open; and in such cases the people often cook in the courts because there is no space left inside the house.

The roofs of these Jerusalem houses are flat, and not a few of them are covered with grass. At night they form the loafing places of the families, and in the summer the people sleep there. We see no chimneys. The fuel most commonly used is charcoal, which makes but little smoke.

But let us take a walk through the streets. We shall find them quite as queer as the houses. In some places they are like tunnels, being roofed over by the second stories of the buildings and walled on each side by what seem to be long lines of vaulted caves. These caves are shops or stores which open right out upon the street. They are not large enough for the customers to enter and hardly big enough for the turbaned merchant to turn around inside them. Indeed, it looks to us as though Jerusalem might have been made by the descendants of the cave dwellers. This cavelike character prevails also in the villages of Palestine, many being cut out of the hills, which form the back walls of the houses.

"— roofed over by the second stories of the houses."

What a variety of faces we see on the streets! There

are men here from all parts of the Turkish Empire. There are pilgrims by the thousand from Russia and Greece and visitors from every country of Christendom. Let us climb to the roof of one of the houses and look down on the crowd which passes below. That dark-faced, bearded man in a long brown and white gown, with a yellow handkerchief covering his head, is a Bedouin. We can see the black rope tied round the kerchief, and he reminds us of the camel guards we had in Arabia. Next him is a shepherd from Bethlehem in a coat of sheepskin, below which a white gown falls to the feet. He has his daughter with him, and we see that her face is as fair and her features as regular as our own. She wears a gown of red and green silk and has on a cap covered with rows of gold coins. That cap contains her dowry, and it shows how much money she will bring to her husband when married.

Shepherds from Bethlehem.

As we look, little droves of donkeys laden with grain pass beneath us, and men from the desert come in upon camels. There are also many Russian pilgrims on foot. The men wear long coats and trousers and boots which come to the knees. The women are clad in short gowns and high boots. There are also Armenians and Greeks,

some of whom wear clothing like ours. Some have skull-caps of red felt, known as the fez, and others wear turbans. We see Christians from Abyssinia with faces like jet, and men from northern Europe with cheeks as fair as our own. There are also many Mohammedans, but it is impossible to tell who they are, for their dress does not indicate their religion.

There are some, however, whose faith we cannot mistake. I refer to the Jews. They have olive-brown faces, curved noses, and their features are usually strong. The men all wear beards and two long curls of hair, one of which hangs down in front of each ear. They wear cloth gowns or coats that come almost to the feet, and many of them have caps bound round with a fur, that sticks out like the quills of a mad porcupine. The Jewish women wear bright-colored dresses and shawls upon which flowers are embroidered or printed. We can tell them, also, by their bare faces, the Mohammedan women being always veiled when they go out on the street.

Leaving Jerusalem, we take horses and ride all day to the eastward, over the hills to the valley of the Jordan. We descend into the valley and follow the course of the river to where it empties into the Dead Sea. We are now on the shore of the lowest body of water on earth. The Dead Sea lies thirteen hundred feet below the level of the ocean, and it has no perceptible outlet. Its waters are far more salty than the ocean, containing so much mineral matter that if you should boil down a tumbler full, one fourth of the contents would be found to be salt. They are so heavy that when we go in for a swim we find that we cannot possibly sink. We bob up and down like a cork; and if we move, our feet seem to be thrown to the surface. The Dead Sea is not large. Its

Two Girls of Bethlehem.

length is only forty-seven miles and its width not more than ten.

Climbing back up to Jerusalem, we make our way northward through a hilly country into Samaria, and thence to Galilee to visit Nazareth, where the boyhood of Jesus was spent. It is a little town in the mountains, surrounded by green fields and beautiful flowers. We

Fishing on the Sea of Galilee.

enjoy ourselves awhile there, playing with the children, who are noted for their beauty, and then go on eastward to the Sea of Galilee. We stop on the way to visit the spot where Jesus is said to have preached the Sermon on the Mount, and then have the fishermen take us out in their boats. The water is now smooth, and the scenery delightful. We remain a day at Tiberias and then cross the sea to the railroad on which we ride to Damascus.

47. TRAVELS AMONG THE TURKS

DAMASCUS is one of the oldest cities of the world. Its origin is not known, but it was a thriving commercial center in the times of Abraham and David. It is an oasis city, lying on the edge of the Syrian Desert, in a large tract of fertile soil which is irrigated by two rivers

Little Turks of the Lebanon Mountains.

from the Lebanon Mountains. It now has several hundred thousand inhabitants, and its vast bazaars are filled with fine goods. We visit the shops and make excursions into the country near by, looking at the great orchards of oranges, lemons, and figs. We watch the caravans of camels coming in from Persia and elsewhere, and later take the railroad for a trip over the mountains to the thriving Mediterranean port of Beirut (bā′rōōt′).

From Beirut we steam northward to Smyrna, a commercial center with many Greek citizens, and then go through Asia Minor into Armenia and other parts of Asiatic Turkey. We observe that the country has much waste land. It has some forests on the mountains, and is rich in minerals, but only a few good mines have been opened.

The chief business of Asia Minor is farming, but the tools are of the rudest description. Most of the crops are cut with the sickle, and near each little town is a threshing floor upon which the grain is trodden out by oxen or donkeys. The farms are usually small, and the owners are compelled to pay the government a part of the crop.

Greeks of Smyrna.

In many places the soil is exceedingly fertile, producing grain of all kinds, as well as cotton, tobacco, and opium. About Smyrna and elsewhere are orchards from which quantities of fine figs are exported to America and Europe, and we find oranges, olives, almonds, grapes, and nuts almost everywhere. We can buy Smyrna figs in our grocery stores. In the mountains are mulberry groves, and the people rear silkworms and export their cocoons. They also weave many fine silks.

Asia Minor is noted for its excellent wool. The plat-

eaus are covered with a rich grass upon which large flocks of sheep and goats are fed. This is the home of the Angora goat, whose wool, called mohair, is about the finest known.

We watch the people of the villages weaving the goat's hair and sheep's wool into rugs, just as we saw them doing in Persia. They work in their homes on rude looms, before which they kneel or sit cross-legged. Several are often employed upon a single rug, each taking a section of the pattern. The fine rugs are made entirely by hand, the tufts of wool being tied together and fastened to the threads without the aid of the shuttle. Such rugs are as soft as the best of our machine-made carpets, and their colors are better. A good workman can weave only three or four square inches a day, and a hearth rug of the best quality requires months of continuous labor.

But let us visit some of the farm villages. The farmers live in little houses of stone or sun-dried brick. The roofs are flat, and the windows are mere holes in the walls. In Armenia the houses are often built either wholly or partly under the ground. An excavation is made in the side of a hill, and the building is so erected within it that one can hardly tell it is there unless he sees it from the front. Such houses are usually of one story, and their flat roofs are often covered with two or three feet of earth on which the grass grows. There are no fences about the roofs, and the cattle and sheep may be seen grazing on the very tops of the houses. The floor is often below the level of the ground, and we have to step down to go in. Upon entering, we find a cow stable on one side, and on the other a room which forms the kitchen, parlor, and sleeping place of the family. It is cold in Armenia during the winter, and these cavelike homes are easily warmed.

The village people have but little furniture, the possessions of many a family consisting of only a straw mat which covers the floor, a rude chest for the clothes, a few copper vessels, and some stone water jars. The cooking is done over open fireplaces or in ovens of clay or stone. The meals are served on the floor, and fingers take the places of knives and forks.

The cities of Turkey have some large and comfortable homes. There are many rich and well-to-do people in whose houses there are separate quarters for the women and men, the men guests never being admitted to those parts where the women live.

Turkish Woman.

In the better-class houses the quarters of the women are often guarded by servants. The women are not allowed to go upon the street without so concealing themselves in blue or black cloaks that they look as though they were walking about inside so many balloons. In addition to these garments, the woman covers her face with a veil, so thick that her features are hidden. Indeed, a boy may pass his mother on the street and not know her, and a man could hardly recognize his wife if he saw her out shopping. While at home the women wear jackets, and very full trousers. Their feet are either bare, or clad in slippers of soft bright-colored leather.

Turkish gentlemen usually wear shirts and full pantaloons, and over them gowns which reach from the neck to

the feet. In the cities some dress as we do. The poorer classes and those out in the country have only full trousers and a jacket, much like a roundabout. The trousers are tied at the ankles, and the men's shoes are without heels and turned up at the toes. The jackets are often embroidered with silver and gold. The Turks are cleanly as to their persons, and the men and boys have their heads shaved, with the exception of a lock on the crown. They wear skullcaps or turbans, which they keep on while in the house.

A Barber.

The boys and girls do not come together at parties, and the men and women are always apart. Husbands and wives do not eat together. All marriage arrangements are made by parents, who often make the engagements when their children are still babies. Boys are usually married while in their teens, and as the girls approach twenty years of age they are considered old maids.

These people are not very well educated, but new schools are being started, and now there are several thousand scattered over the empire. The Mohammedan priests are often the teachers, and the mosques are sometimes the school-houses. In such schools the boys sit on the floor, holding their books on their knees or in their hands. They have no desks nor chairs. They study out loud, swaying back and forth as they sing out the verses they are trying to commit to memory. The chief studies are the Turkish language, and the Koran or Mohammedan

A Modern Turkish School.

Bible; they also have some arithmetic, geography, and history. Almost every man knows how to read. Education is free and the schools are under government control. The laws provide that all children must be educated, but in many districts such laws are not enforced and the people are ignorant.

Turkish Soldiers at a Railway Station.

Within recent years, however, great changes have been going on in Turkey. The government is being reformed and the taxes reduced. Railroads are planned to open up the most important parts of the country, and in time many improvements will probably be made. For ages Turkey has been an absolute monarchy ruled by the Sultan; but a few years ago a Parliament was elected, and from now on the people will make their own laws, and to a great extent govern themselves.

48. RUSSIA IN ASIA. — TRANSCAUCASIA, TURKESTAN, AND THE STEPPES

OUR last journeys are to be in the vast provinces of Asia belonging to Russia. Of all nations, the Russians are the largest landholders. They own about one seventh of all the land upon earth, and their possessions in Asia cover more than one third of that continent. Siberia is one third greater in extent than the whole of the United States, including Alaska; and the Russian provinces which lie south of western Siberia and north of Afghanistan, Persia, and Turkey have all together an area equal to one half that of our country.

These vast territories are for the most part thickly settled. The southwestern provinces are largely made up of deserts, and northern Siberia is as cold and bare as northern Alaska. The countries are so vast that we shall travel rapidly over them, stopping only at such places as have to do with the commerce and work of the world.

We begin our explorations in Transcaucasia, a beautiful little country which is bounded on the north by the Caucasus Mountains. It is only about four times as large as the state of Pennsylvania, but it has over eleven million people and is by far the most thickly settled province of Asiatic Russia. The soil is rich, producing grain, cotton, rice, and tobacco, and such fruits as grapes, figs, peaches, and almonds.

The people are of several races, and we meet everywhere Georgians, Armenians, and Russians. The Georgian men wear long robes, pantaloons, high boots, and cone-shaped caps of black wool. Their robes are belted in at the waist. They have rows of cartridges upon their breasts and pistols

RUSSIA in ASIA

SCALE OF MILES

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in their belts. Many of them carry swords, and they impress us by their fierce looks.

The Georgian women are so beautiful that the richer Turks come here for their wives. Indeed, there was once a regular business of buying and shipping these girls to Constantinople. But this is now contrary to law, although some are still sold and smuggled out of the country. These women have fair, rosy complexions, black hair, large eyes, and white teeth. They are slender, with small hands and feet. Most of them can dance well, and many play upon the tambourine and guitar. They wear gowns much like those of our country, but their headdress consists of a small round cap, over which is thrown a white silk or lace handkerchief tied under the chin.

We start at Batum, on the Black Sea, and from there go by rail to Baku (bȧ-kōō′), on the Caspian. The road runs through the mountains, passing Tiflis (tyē-flēs′), the capital, a large and well-fortified city. At Batum (bȧ-tŏŏm′) we see many tank steamers loading petroleum; on the railroad we go by long trains of tank cars; and at Baku find ourselves surrounded by huge oil tanks, tall derricks, and great pumping works which remind us of the oil regions of California, Texas, or Pennsylvania. The land here is underlaid with beds of petroleum, and there is a vast industry in raising the oil and shipping it to Russia and other parts of the world. The Russian oil, although by no means so abundant as ours, is our chief competitor in the foreign markets. Much of it is carried in tanks or in pipes to Batum, and thence over the Black Sea into the Mediterranean, whence it goes to the various countries of Europe, Asia, and Africa.

At Baku we find a steamer which takes us across the Caspian Sea and lands us on the opposite shore, where we get

the Trans-Caspian Railroad, which carries us more than a thousand miles eastward into the heart of central Asia. Both the engines of the steamer and those which pull our cars use petroleum as fuel.

We travel for miles through deserts, visiting now and then an oasis, or fertile spot, where the land is cut up by irrigating canals and where every drop of water is saved to feed the dry soil.

Citizens of Bokhara.

We pass through Khiva (kē′vȧ) and Bokhara (bō-kä′rä), little countries ruled by kings or emirs subject to Russia. The people are Tartars and they look not unlike the Turks. They are chiefly farmers raising wheat, rice, barley, cotton, tobacco, and silk. We find delicious peaches, melons, and grapes. The railroad takes us through vast fields of cotton whose product is now competing with ours in the markets of Russia. We see also wandering tribes who have flocks and herds of goats, sheep, horses, and camels. They dwell in round tents which they move about to the best feeding grounds. They have also cities and villages. This region was the original home of the Turks, from where they moved westward to the Mediterranean Sea.

"They dwell in round tents."

There are several other races in Bokhara, however, and on the whole the people look very strange. Caravans of camels bring loads of freight to the stations, and we see men riding about on horses and camels. The villages and cities are dirty and squalid. The houses are made of mud bricks, and even the railroad stations are mud. We visit the oasis of Merv, and crossing the great river Amu (ä-mōō′), go on to Bokhara and Samarkand through a fertile irrigated country cut up by countless canals.

The land rises as we journey on toward the east. We reach the Pamir (pä-mēr′), which is one of the highest countries of the world, and then move northward over a plateau through Russian Turkestan on our way to Siberia. Our train takes us by Tashkend on to the great body of salt water, known as the Aral Sea, and thence across the Kirghiz Steppes, where we meet the Tartar herders and shepherds

who form its inhabitants. They are known as Kirghiz. They are one of the nomad races of Asia, numbering more than three millions. Their country is about one third as large as Russia in Europe.

The Kirghiz have vast herds of camels, sheep, horses, and cows. They dwell in circular tents covered with felt, and move about from one pasture field to another. They are proud of being stock breeders rather than farmers.

These people remind us of our American Indians, and also of the Tartars north of the Great Wall of China. They have high cheek bones, small, oblique eyes, and skin the color of copper. Both men and women wear yellow or red leather trousers, and over them a long robe much like a dressing gown. The trousers and robe are tied in by a belt at the waist. In addition to these garments the women have a close-fitting shirt. They are fond of jewelry, and paint and powder their faces, braiding ribbons and horsehair into their hair to make it seem longer.

The Kirghiz have many odd customs. Girls are usually wedded at fifteen or younger, and the groom has to pay for the bride, giving her parents a certain number of sheep, horses, or camels before the marriage takes place. A poor and rather homely girl is often sold for one or two camels; but a beautiful rich one may bring as much as fifty camels or one hundred sheep.

Among these people the wife does the most of the work. She puts up and takes down the tents and loads them upon the camels when the tribe moves to a new feeding ground. She aids in watching the stock, and is expected to do all the milking. This is a great task; for not only the cows but also the sheep, goats, and mares are milked. The cows, sheep, and goats are milked only

morning and evening, but the mares are milked three times a day. One of their chief dainties is kŭmiss, which comes from mare's milk. It is a liquor made by putting the milk into a leather bag, and keeping it there for about two weeks, during which time it is frequently shaken. It soon ferments, producing a drink which tastes somewhat like buttermilk, but which will intoxicate one if he takes over much.

"— mares are milked."

49. RUSSIA IN ASIA. SIBERIA

WE are traveling this morning on the great Trans-Siberian Railroad. We reached it at Chelyabinsk (chĕl-yä-bēnsk′), a station which is sometimes called the western gate to Siberia. It is situated on the eastern slope of the Ural Mountains, being surrounded by groves of birch trees. It has railroad shops, round houses for engines, and manufacturing establishments.

A few hours after our arrival we bought tickets for Vladivostok and return, and we are now coming back from a trip over this, the longest continuous line of railroad in the whole world. The road is more than five thousand miles long, and with its Asiatic and European connections many thousand miles longer. It extends from the Ural Mountains to the Pacific Ocean, and from Harbin, Manchuria, a

Russian Emigrants.

branch line goes south to Mukden and to Dairen on the Yellow Sea. The latter is sometimes called the Chinese Eastern Railroad. It connects at Mukden with the railroads of China and Korea, so that one can now go by the Trans-Siberian to Peking, or to Fusan on the lower end of the Korean peninsula, from where a few hours by ferry will put him on the Japanese railroads.

The Trans-Siberian Railroad is one of the chief trade routes of Asia. It carries to Europe much of the tea, silk, and other products which were formerly transported by sea. It has many passengers; for by it one can go from Peking to London in less time than he can cross the Pacific and besides there is no seasickness to fear.

Our journey is comfortable. The train carries first and second class compartment cars which have excellent beds. We have a dining car whose tables are supplied with fresh fish from the Pacific Ocean and from Lake Baikal and the many rivers we cross. We have excellent butter and eggs from the farms near the stations, and also beef, pork, mutton, and chicken, as well as venison, wild duck, and other kinds of game.

Going eastward during the first part of our travels, we cross a cheerless plain spotted with salt lakes and marshes, the Steppes of western Siberia. Here the country is much like that of the Kirghiz which we have just left. We stop awhile at Omsk on the Irtish River, and thence ride on to Tomsk on the Ob (ôb). Both are small but fast-growing cities, inhabited by Russians. They have fine homes and good stores and are centers of trade.

Crossing the Ob on a bridge a half mile long, we travel more than eleven hundred miles farther to Irkutsk on the Angara (än-gä′rä), about two hours from Lake Baikal (bī-käl′). Here, in almost the center of southern Siberia, is another large city with banks, stores, hotels, libraries, and schools. The place is lighted by electricity and its streets are wide and well paved.

We stop over a train to fish in Lake Baikal. It is one of the deepest bodies of fresh water known. It is twice as large as Lake Ontario and more than half again as large as Lake Erie. The country about is covered with forests,

but east and west of it are vast plains some of which are already settled by farmers. There are extensive grass lands and great fields of wheat. There are many villages of log cabins put up by the Russians who go out from them to their work in the fields. We are told that they hold the lands in common, and that the elders of the towns divide the various tracts among the people year after year.

Droshkies.

We find more settlements as we go eastward, and at Vladivostok see the chief Russian seaport on the Pacific. It is a slice of Russia in Asia, containing a mixed population of about fifty thousand Russians. It has a regiment or so of Russian soldiers and also many Koreans and Chinese. The streets are filled with long-bearded men, wearing black caps, thick coats, and full pantaloons which are stuck inside their high leather boots. We ride about the town in droshkies drawn by black horses which gallop

like mad. We do not speak Russian, and we motion the drivers which way to go.

We visit the Chinese and Korean parts of Vladivostok; and now and then meet one of the aborigines or natives, descendants of those who were the only inhabitants of Siberia before the Russians came. They look much like our Eskimos, having copper-colored skin, slant eyes, thick lips, and flat noses. Among them are the Buriats from about Lake Baikal. The latter are full of superstition; and when one of them dies, they kill a horse in order that its spirit may carry him safely and comfortably through the land of the hereafter. They are fond of tobacco, and we see children of eight or nine years with pipes in their mouths.

Equally odd are the Tunguses who come from the valley of the Amur and parts farther north. Most of them are hunters who roam through the woods without tents, dwelling in caves or hollow trees. They have reindeer, and they travel from one part of the country to another on sledges. They are fond of the animals and rear them for sale.

Vladivostok is one of the seats of government of Siberia. It has many officials who know all about the country, and from them we learn much concerning these vast regions which have been so little explored. The land, as a whole, is an irregular plain which slopes from the highlands of Asia towards the north, ending at the Arctic Ocean. This plain is made up of three great belts. The first, along the edge of the ocean, is bleak and treeless and is frozen for the most of the year. It is swampy in summer, but during the winter the Arctic Ocean freezes for hundreds of miles from the shore, and one might ride there for days over the snow without knowing where the land ended and the sea began. This is the home of the reindeer, polar bear, and black fox.

(378) "They look much like our Eskimos."

It is the land of long days and long nights, where during midwinter there is nothing but darkness, and where the midsummer is one long, long day when the sun never sets.

South of this icy region is a belt of almost impenetrable forest, filled with wild boars, wolves, and other fur-bearing animals. Here are found sables worth more than their weight in silver, and ermine whose beautiful white skins were formerly used to line the cloaks of kings.

The third belt is that through which we have been traveling. In many respects it is like our far northern states, or the wheat belt of western Canada. Its winters are long, but in the summer the nights are so short that the crops have enough sunshine to make them mature. This belt contains rich farming land, and it is being gradually settled, as we have seen from the many villages and towns through which we passed on our journey. The climate is healthful, and it will some day support many millions of people.

The officials we meet tell us that the resources of Siberia are by no means confined to its farms. The land contains all sorts of minerals. In almost every district gold is known to exist. There are valuable mines of gold quartz in the Altai and Ural Mountains, and along the northern coasts thousands of men are at work digging up the frozen land and melting it with fires to wash out the gold. Nuggets weighing as much as a quarter of a pound have been found, and the grains on the average are larger than those of any other part of the world. Siberia has plenty of coal, and there is one iron mine in the Ural Mountains which is said to contain about two billion tons of fine ore. The country has silver, copper, nickel, and lead, and salt and petroleum as well.

The forests of Siberia are extensive and valuable; and its great rivers, the Ob, Yenisei (yen-ē-sĕ'ē), Lena, and Amur abound in fine fish. Indeed it is almost impossible to appreciate the wealth of this great land and to think what it may become in the future.

We conclude our travels by returning to Chelyabinsk, from where we get a direct railroad line to Moscow and Warsaw. From Warsaw a fast train takes us to Paris, and we spend a day or so at the French capital. After that we travel across the English Channel to London, thence go to Southampton, and one of the largest of the ocean greyhounds brings us over the Atlantic to dear old New York.

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